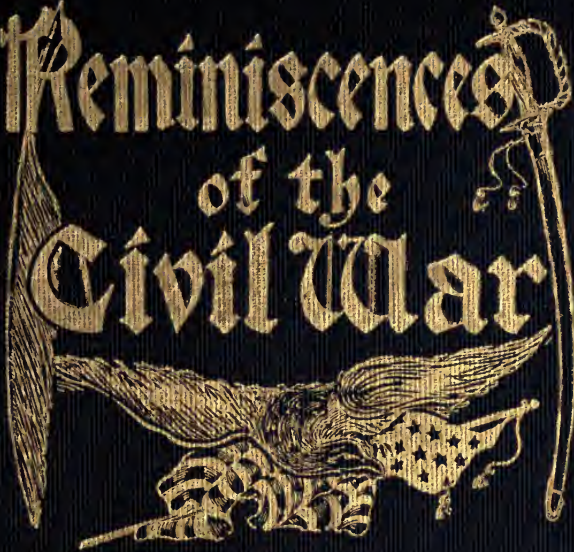


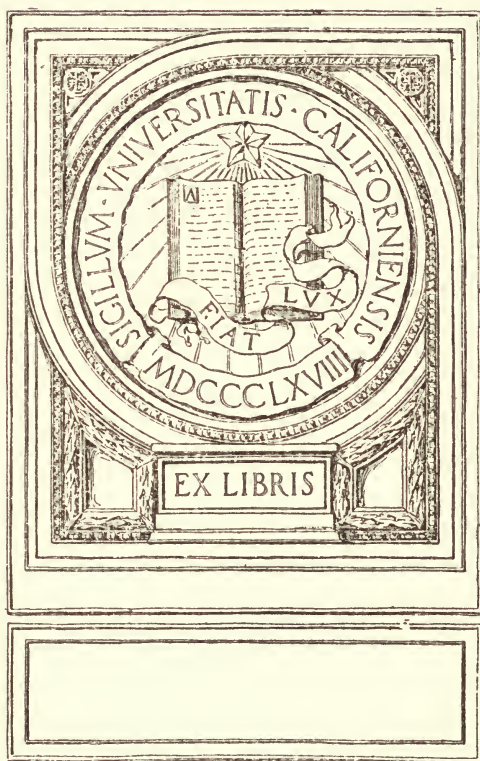
Reminiscences
of the
Civil War



Dept. of Political Science

Gift of Miss Zora Williams

May 8, 1912.





JUDGE AND MRS. WILLIAM P. LYON
Eden Vale, Cal., 1907

REMINISCENCES
OF
THE CIVIL WAR



Compiled from the War Correspondence of
COLONEL WILLIAM P. LYON
and from personal letters and diary

By
MRS. ADELIA C. LYON

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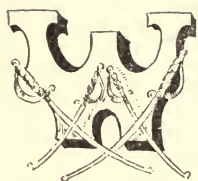
PRESS OF MUIRSON & WRIGHT
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

DEDICATION



ALL the brave boys of the Thirteenth Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers, and of Company K of the Eagle Regiment, who consecrated their lives with patriotic devotion to the cause of their country, this record of some of their labors, perils and sacrifices for the preservation of the Union, is dedicated with tender affection and gratitude by one who witnessed their heroic fidelity to duty and who was the grateful recipient of many thoughtful acts of kindness on their part when, for many months, she shared with them the privations and vicissitudes of army life endured by soldiers in active service.

INTRODUCTORY



HERE this publication intended to add another volume to the long and ever increasing list of books relating to our civil war of 1861-65, and the actors therein, written for general circulation, some reasonable cause therefor would justly be due a patient public. But such is not the purpose and intent of the publication.

My husband served as an officer in the Union army during the war. The first year he commanded Company K of the 8th Regiment, and the three years following he commanded the 13th Regiment, both of the Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, and was in active service in the field during the whole time. The matter contained in this publication is taken mostly from his letters to me written while he was doing duty in the South.

It was my good fortune to be permitted to visit my husband several times during the war, remaining with him and his command several months at a time in Tennessee and Alabama, and for a less time in Missouri. I was thus with the army in those states about a year and a half in all.

I have compiled in this volume some of my own letters to relatives and friends written while with the army, and others written by my husband to the same parties; also certain entries in my diary made during such visits.

Nearly all the letters which furnish material for the following pages were written in camp or on the march, in the hurry and tumult of active military service in the field, under numerous adverse conditions inseparable from such service, and without a thought that their

INTRODUCTORY.

contents would ever be given to the public. Many of the statements therein were necessarily made upon reports, the accuracy of which there was no opportunity to verify; and some of the opinions therein expressed may have been the result of imperfect knowledge of the situation. It is too late now to attempt their correction or to verify their accuracy. Hence such statements, when not verified by the writer's personal knowledge, and such opinions, must be taken subject to all infirmities in the evidence upon which they were made or formed.

My purpose is to present a copy of this publication to each surviving comrade of my husband who served with him in the war as a member of either of his immediate commands, who desires to have it. This purpose will be executed not because the volume has much intrinsic value, but in grateful recognition of the lifelong affection those veteran comrades have constantly manifested for their old commander; and for their unceasing kindness to me and solicitude for my personal welfare and comfort when I was with them in the field of service—a witness of their patriotism, courage and fidelity to duty. I trust that this little souvenir will be accepted by them as an evidence that all of their kindness to us is appreciated and their affection tenderly reciprocated.

I have only to add that this publication has been made possible only by the valuable aid given me by our daughter, Mrs. J. O. Hayes (Clara Lyon), of Eden Vale, California, who has done much of the editorial work required in its preparation.

Pursuant to a suggestion made by her, some public addresses delivered by her father several years ago are inserted herein as an appendix.

ADELIA C. LYON.



COLONEL WILLIAM P. LYON
Racine, Wisconsin, 1863

REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR

*The Experiences of
William P. Lyon and Wife*



AS SOON as the news of the battle and disaster at Bull Run was received a public war meeting of the citizens of Racine, Wisconsin, was held, which was largely attended. The company previously raised at Racine was in the battle and had been seriously crippled by the loss of many of its men. At this meeting a fund was subscribed to aid in the fitting out of additional troops. Resolutions were adopted, one of which was that it was the duty of the city of Racine to furnish another company of volunteers. Mr. McMynn, Mr. Bartlett and Mr. Lyon were appointed a committee to receive enlistments and form a company. The three headed the roll with their own names, which were soon followed by many others.

An effort was also being made to form a company in Walworth county. Those who had enlisted there, hearing of the effort to raise a new company in Racine county, came to Racine and joined the local company, and the quota was thus speedily filled. Mr. Lyon was elected Captain of the Company, Hon. Albert E. Smith, of Delavan, First Lieutenant, and Mr. J. O. Bartlett, Second Lieutenant. In the meantime Mr. McMynn had

accepted a commission as Major of the 10th Wisconsin, of which regiment he afterwards became Colonel.

The company thus recruited and organized tendered its services to the Governor and was accepted; its officers thus elected were commissioned as such, and the company was ordered to proceed to Camp Randall at Madison to join the 8th Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, then in process of organization at that place, of which it was to be a part. The company immediately proceeded to Madison and was mustered into the service of the United States as Company "K" of that regiment.

After remaining a few weeks at Camp Randall under instruction in military tactics, the regiment was ordered to St. Louis. Its movements and services thereafter while Captain Lyon remained a member of it are detailed in the following pages:

CAPTAIN LYON TO THE RACINE ADVOCATE.

"Camp of Instruction, Benton Barracks,
St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 15, 1861.

"Messrs. Editors: On Saturday evening last our regiment struck tents at Camp Randall and started for the seat of war. We reached Chicago at 4 o'clock p. m.; left there at about 8 o'clock p. m.; arrived at Illinois Town, opposite St. Louis, at 8 o'clock Sunday evening, and the next morning crossed the river; marched some four or five miles through the city in a northwest direction, and arrived at this camp a little before noon.

"Our journey here was a very pleasant one. The weather was fine, and we were greeted by people along the whole route, and especially for the last one hundred miles of it and in this city, with much enthusiasm. We had what the newspapers call 'a brilliant reception,' in Chicago. It consisted mainly in being stared at by a

large number of people, some few of whom cheered us as we marched through the city.

"Sunday was a balmy, beautiful day—very beautiful—and we traversed all day long a magnificent country, and as we gazed upon it and remembered that Illinois has sent, and is sending forth, 50,000 of her sons to do battle in the sacred cause of Liberty and Good Government, we felt that we were in a glorious state—in a state which, when the history of these times is written, will figure conspicuously and honorably upon its pages.

"This camp is pleasantly located on high, level ground, embracing several hundred acres, including the grounds of the Missouri State Agricultural Society, in the west part of the city, and, I am told, also including within its limits the celebrated Camp Jackson, where Lyon and Blair captured Claib. Jackson's rebel state troops last spring.

"Yesterday was a very warm day, as warm, I think, as the last 4th of July in Racine, and the men suffered much on the march to camp, burdened as they were with their overcoats, canteens, haversacks, knapsacks and guns; but they stood it very well, and last evening many of them were dancing in their quarters so briskly that a bystander would scarcely believe that they had on the same day performed a fatiguing march of several miles through the heated, dusty streets of a city, and that, too, at the end of a journey of 400 miles. The members of our company are all well, or nearly so. At least we have none in the hospital, and no case of serious illness.

"11 a. m.—We have just received orders to take five days' rations and 20 ball cartridges, and to leave here at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning. The right wing of the regiment goes at 4 o'clock this afternoon. Where our destination is, and what we have to do when we get

there, we know nothing about; but you will hear from us again. The men are delighted with the prospect of immediate service, which they testify by loud shouts and cheers. Busy preparations for departure are going on throughout the regiment, and I must bring this hastily written communication to a close.

WM. P. LYON."

LETTERS FROM CAPT. LYON TO MRS. LYON.

"De Soto—October 17, 1861.

"We are forty miles from St. Louis, southwest, and just leaving for Pilot Knob, forty-two miles farther southwest. We are in 'Secessia.' Last night we slept on the ground with our arms by us. We had the whole regiment in line three times during the night, by reason of alarms. By reason of this practice we could form the line in three minutes. A bridge on a railroad we traveled on was burned on Monday by the rebels, and they had a little fight there with a small guard from the 11th Wisconsin, one killed on our side. I do not believe the enemy are near us in force. Where we go there will be four or five thousand troops when we get there."

"Pilot Knob, Saturday, Oct. 19, 1861.—We arrived here on Thursday afternoon. This place is ninety miles southwest of St. Louis. Iron-ton is only two miles from here. The country is rough, wild and mountainous. Pilot Knob is a conical hill, rising some eight hundred feet above us. There are also extensive lead mines in the vicinity. I wrote you at De Soto, forty miles from here. We came on to where the bridge across Big River was burned, and my company and another were sent on here in advance of the rest of the regiment. Col. Murphy, who was with us, had a telegram from here saying the

rebels were advancing on this place. We hurried up, the train running with frightful velocity, and when we got here the inhabitants were running from the place to the hills and everybody said a battle was being fought three or four miles out. We expected to be sent right on. It was concluded, however, that we should wait for the balance of the regiment, which had been sent for in great haste. Before they arrived we learned the facts about the fight. It was a mere skirmish, some twenty miles from here, between three hundred Indiana cavalry stationed here and a detachment of cavalry from the rebel army. Five or six men wounded on our side, none killed. Several reported killed on the other side.

“There are about four thousand troops here. The men are all anxious to fight. It is impossible to foretell our future movements. Do not be disturbed by any newspaper reports about us. One of the St. Louis papers yesterday puts us in a battle here and has us badly cut up. That is a fair specimen of their accuracy. I was in more danger on the cars Thursday than I shall be in any battle. When I see the misery and suffering which I see this war causes here, I thank God that you are all in peaceful homes and that the trials and perils of the contest, so far as you are concerned, can be borne by me alone.”

“Pilot Knob, Mo., Oct. 25, 1861.—Were ordered to Frederickstown (25 miles southeast of here). Marched all night through a mountainous country. We were after Jeff Thompson, who had a large force. Our force was nearly 5,000 strong. When we got there we found that Jeff had left the day before and gone south. We were joined here by 1,500 Illinois troops from Cape Girardeau. Our regiment was on the left flank, the second post of honor, so on the march would, of course, be in the rear. The head of the column met the rebels about three-quarters of a mile from town, and just as our regi-

ment was starting. The rebels had gone on ten miles south, were reinforced and returned, and took a position at that point to fight us. They were 5,000 to 7,000 strong.

"The fight opened immediately at the head of the column and we started on a double quick for the battle field. When about half way to the scene of action we were ordered to act as a reserve. The firing continued about half an hour where the battle commenced, then gradually receded, showing that the rebels were retreating. The battle was fought mostly by artillery and cavalry, but one regiment of infantry being under fire, the 21st Illinois. Our forces pursued the rebels several miles. The grand result of the fight is that we killed at least 300 of them. Our forces found and buried 242, and large numbers were carried off by them. A great many were wounded and taken prisoners. Two pieces of artillery were also taken. Our loss is eight killed and thirty-three wounded. The defeat was total, breaking up their army and cleaning out this whole section of the state. One of their principal officers, Col. Lowe, was killed.

"We moved south 10 miles on Tuesday, but we ascertained that there was nobody in this section to fight us, so on Wednesday we returned to Frederickstown, and yesterday returned here. We have slept in tents but two nights since we left St. Louis, yet I never slept better in my life than I have some of these nights in the open air. The days are hot and the nights are cold, yet we do not take cold.

"Our regiment is No. 1. The men started for the battle with the utmost enthusiasm and were terribly disappointed when they found the rebels were retreating without giving us a chance at them. Our position was such that had the force first engaged met a reverse, we should have had the brunt of the fight. The rebels were poorly armed, which accounts for the great difference of loss on our side and theirs. We found a great many

bodies on our march on Tuesday, one badly eaten by hogs. Another was shot just as he was getting over a fence, and his body was stiffened in that condition. We buried them.

"Our march was through a rugged country, hilly, rocky, and almost mountainous. We have returned here, but don't know how long we shall stay. Our men are footsore, but otherwise well. Today received your first letter. Was overjoyed to get it.

"You ask me how I felt when going into battle. It is hard to analyze my feelings. I did not forget the danger to myself, but I was cool and self-possessed. The predominant thought was that probably many of the brave men who followed me would never return, and I wondered—if I came out alive—over which of them the scalding tears would fall ere the sun should set. The roar of artillery, the rattling of musketry, and the sight of wounded and dead men was very solemn. It was necessary, however, and I take my full share of responsibility; although, of course, none fell by my hand."

"Nov. 5, 1861.—We are ordered to march to Greenville. I think there will be no fighting—just to show the Secesh that we are about. I expect that we shall be gone 10 or 12 days."

CAPTAIN LYON TO RACINE ADVOCATE.

"Greenville, Wayne Co., Mo.

Tuesday, Nov. 12, 1861.

"Editor Advocate: By looking at the map you will see that this place is about 40 miles south of Pilot Knob, and nearly west of Cairo. In company with a detachment of some 300 of Col. Baker's 1st Indiana Cavalry, a battery of artillery from Col. Blair's 1st Missouri Regi-

ment, under command of Capt. Manter, and the 21st Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, Col. Alexander, we left Pilot Knob on the 5th inst. for the purpose of paying our respects to a rebel force reported to have gathered at Bloomfield, the county seat of Stoddard county, distant from this place fifty miles in a southeast direction.

"We arrived here on the 7th, and on the 8th and 9th (Friday and Saturday) marched to the Indian Ford, 25 miles, in the northeast part of Butler county, on the St. Francis river. On Sunday morning we were ordered to turn back and retrace our steps, and we arrived at this place again at 10 o'clock this morning, having marched ninety miles in a week. It is understood that the commander of the expedition received reliable intelligence that the rebels had dispersed, which rendered it unnecessary to proceed to Bloomfield.

"On our arrival here we met the Illinois 38th, which had been ordered to follow us. We expect to remain here a few days and then return to Pilot Knob, from whence, it is generally believed, we shall soon go to Kentucky.

"Our first two days' march was through a rugged, mountainous and sterile country; the last three was through a better country, yet we saw but few farms which a Wisconsin man would consider worth cultivating. The surface, except in a few narrow valleys, seems to be underlaid with rock and uncultivable. Timber of all kinds is plentiful.

"Everything is perfectly stagnant. The dwellings are the worst kind of log houses, except in the villages, and you see no barns, no carriages, no farming implements, even, of any account. I have seen but one barn worthy the name during the whole march. You may travel all day here, probably, without meeting a settler who can read or write.

"A resident here, a gentleman of intelligence, conversing on this subject, illustrated the ignorance of the

masses by relating to me an anecdote of a member of the Legislature from this county who was asked to state the population of his county. He replied, 'Coonskins and peltry.' 'I do not mean the products of your county,' said his interrogator, 'I want to know the census of it.' 'Oh, you mean the senses, do you?' replied the Honorable Member, 'why, they are mostly d—d fools!'

"Greenville is the county seat of Wayne county, and has been such for 35 years. It is very pleasantly situated on the St. Francis river, and contains buildings sufficient for a population of about 100. In common with all the villages in this county, however, it is nearly deserted. Hardee made it his headquarters for several weeks in the summer, when the Union men fled; and now that we occupy the place, 'Secesh' has to do the same thing.

"Most of the people, however, are passive. They are for the Union now, and doubtless when the rebels were here they were on the other side; and after seeing them we think it is of but little consequence which side they are on.

"Our troops respect the rights of property, taking comparatively little without compensation. The truth of history compels me to admit, however, that a process which the soldiers call 'jerking' has been indulged in to a trifling extent, when we were in the neighborhood of pigs and chickens, and rations were scarce.

"We are having the measles extensively in the 8th. We left three of our company at Pilot Knob just getting over this disease, and have several with us who were attacked after we left there. It is of a mild type, however. Those who have this disease, or have had it, are Mack, Olp, Lowe, Humphrey, McPherson, Dunham and Osterlough. Their relatives need not be uneasy about them, as they are well cared for and are not dangerously sick.

"The weather is very warm and dry. At Pilot Knob,

which you know is amongst the mountains, the nights were invariably cold; but here in a lower region they are comfortably warm. Indeed, it seems more like September than November. We pitch our tents every night and sleep upon the ground, with nothing but our rubber cloth under us and our blankets over us, and our sleep is sound and refreshing. We eat our Pilot bread or hard tack and pork with a keen relish, and we give up the comforts and luxuries of our homes with much less of regret, and adapt ourselves to our new mode of life much more easily than we supposed possible.

"I neglected to mention that our camp at Pilot Knob and about 200 of our regiment are left under the command of Lieut. Bartlett during our absence.

"Dr. Murta takes this to Pilot Knob, where he goes to make arrangements for the accommodation of our sick men. The doctor labors day and night in the discharge of his duties, and his services are invaluable to the regiment.

Respectfully,

WM. P. LYON."

LETTERS FROM CAPT. LYON TO MRS. LYON.

"Pilot Knob, Nov. 15, 1861.—We have just returned from our expedition, making a march of 135 miles in 11 days. We went south to Greenville, the county seat of Wayne county; and then 25 miles farther southeast to the St. James river, only 25 miles from the Arkansas line. We have been here just four weeks, and have marched 16 days, and over 200 miles, in the time.

"I assure you that I have an abiding faith that I shall return to you well and sound, our lives made all the happier by the consciousness that I have discharged my duty to my country in the hour of her peril."

"Nov. 19.—Nothing of interest today or since I wrote. I celebrated the fourteenth anniversary of our wedding yesterday by going dressed up all day and by smoking the best cigars I could get."

EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO THE RACINE ADVOCATE.

"Pilot Knob, Mo., Nov. 21, 1861.—On the 5th inst., in company with the 21st Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, the 1st Indiana Cavalry, and Capt. Manter's Battery of artillery, we left our camp on an expedition to disperse a body of armed rebels said to have collected in Bloomfield, in Stoddard county, about 100 miles southeast of this place.

"We marched through Greenville, Wayne county, to the Indian Ford across the St. Francis river, in the northeast part of Butler county, and about 25 miles west of Bloomfield, where we learned that the rebels had already been dispersed by a force from Cape Girardeau. We accordingly took our line of march for this place, where we arrived on the 15th inst.

"The country through which we passed is very wild and mountainous, and but thinly settled. The majority of the people are very stupid, ignorant, dirty, and, of course, poor. They are probably a fair specimen of the 'poor whites' of the South. It was rarely that we found one outside of the villages who could read and write. Many of them had been made to believe that the Federal troops wherever they went indulged in indiscriminate rapine, violence and murder, and, of course, these deluded people were secessionists; but when they found themselves kindly treated by our troops, their property and all of their rights protected, they straightway became good Union people. With the exception of a few

leaders, there is no inveterate hostility to the Government in the minds of the inhabitants here; and when they are disabused in relation to the objects of this war and the purposes of the Government, they return readily and cheerfully to their allegiance.

“We see much discussion in the papers relative to the removal of Major-General Fremont, some of them predicting disaster and ruin to the Union cause as the result of it. It is proper for me to say that, so far as I can judge (and I have some opportunities to learn the feeling of the army in Missouri on that subject) the army acquiesces in the action of the Government without complaint. We believe here that the success of our cause does not depend upon the rise or fall of any man or set of men, but, under God, upon the justice of our cause and the courage and fortitude of the hundreds of thousands of men who are now in the field defending that cause. In those we trust, and not in the genius of any one man; and we are ready to do battle under such commanders as the Administration of our own choice may place over us.

“In closing this rather desultory communication, I will only add that the men are in excellent spirits and in good fighting trim, and their most earnest desire is that they be sent where they can do their part towards crushing out this rebellion. When the record of this war is made up, be assured that it will be found that the 8th Regiment has done its whole duty.

Respectfully yours,

WM. P. LYON.”

TO MRS. LYON.

"Nov. 27, 1861.—Good news. Col. Murphy is going to send me home on recruiting service. I shall be with you in a few days."

"Sulphur Springs, Mo., Dec. 1, 1861.—The arrangements are not completed yet, but progressing. There is every reasonable probability that I shall be detailed on this service. The service is very distasteful to me. The prospect of returning home atones for the irksomeness of the service. I see by your letters that you are worrying about me. Now I tell you that I am perfectly comfortable physically. I have a good boarding place, at \$3.00 a week. I sleep in my tent and never slept better. I have a feather bed, given to me at Indian Ford by one of the teamsters, who, I presume, stole it. I have plenty of blankets and straw. I enjoy the company of the officers. I have never regretted for one moment that I entered the service; and had I not done so, with my present views of duty I would volunteer tomorrow. The idea of personal danger to me, which haunts you so much, does not disturb me at all. You must be brave. You must be a true woman, for remember you are a soldier's wife. Let us both be willing to peril all, if necessary, in the discharge of our duty."

"Sulphur Springs, Mo., Dec. 6, 1861.—I fear I shall be unable to come home. General Halleck has issued orders that all officers be with their regiments. See Mrs. Bartlett and tell her to hold herself in readiness to come here with you on two days' notice. The weather is as warm as June."

"Dec. 8.—I can not come home. We want you to start on Thursday. Come as soon as you can."

We started the next week on Tuesday. I had to go to the military headquarters in Chicago to get our transportation. We stayed in St. Louis all night. We arrived in Victoria a few days before Christmas and met with a warm reception. The regiment had been sent to Victoria from Sulphur Springs to guard a number of bridges on the Iron Mountain Railroad, after they sent for us.

Mrs. Bartlett and I went out and bought chickens and potatoes for a Christmas dinner for Company K. The boys were very happy to be remembered. We were at a pretty fair hotel and had more comforts than we expected to have. Our babies were great pets. John Humphrey would often come and borrow my baby and take him out to the company. He told me that some of the men shed tears when they kissed him.

The regiment remained at Victoria until about Jan. 12. Our husbands went to Sulphur Springs with us, and we stayed there a couple of days. They were ordered to Cairo. We left them at Sulphur Springs. The regiment moved a few days after. The boat they were going on got on a sand bar, so they went by railroad.

TO MRS. LYON.

“Cairo, Sat., Jan. 18, 1862.—We arrived here last night, slept in the cars, and have this moment taken possession of the barracks. Do not know when we shall go. It rained, thundered and lightened all night. The storms here are terrific. I never saw *mud* before. It is sublime beyond description. The mud here is ankle deep everywhere off the sidewalks, and you may judge what sort of traveling it is.”

“Cairo, Sun., Jan. 19, 1862.—Cairo is on a very low

peninsula at the junction of two rivers, and has a levee all around it to protect it in high water, the surface being some feet below high water mark. Cairo contains about 2,000 inhabitants I think, but how they live here is more than I can tell. The business of the place is all done on the Ohio river, which appears nearly as large as the Mississippi.

"The troops that have already left here are back of Columbus somewhere, and have done no fighting yet. Some of the gunboats have gone down the river and there are seven here, all finished but one, and that is nearly done. I can not tell you anything about what is to be done; and, indeed, we know but little about what is going on all around us. We rely upon Chicago papers for intelligence mainly.

"Columbus is only twenty miles from here, and of course is to be taken; but when, and who is to do it, I do not know. The ragged 8th expects to have a hand in it, however, when the thing is to be done. The companies are in barracks and in the best of spirits. Barracks comfortable."

"Cairo, Wednesday p. m., Jan. 22, 1862.—The boys are all in good health and spirits. The mud has dried up so that it is comfortable getting about on foot. A steamer that passed Sulphur Springs the next evening after you left there, with a regiment, the 55th Illinois, on board, has just arrived here. Wouldn't we have had a nice time had we got off on a steamboat?

"We are very well situated. The boys have fixed up the barracks (each company has a building by itself) so that they are very comfortable. Our quarters at one end are almost as good as a parlor. We have three coal stoves, one in the quarters and two in the barracks, and have no difficulty in keeping dry and warm.

"We are gratified with the victory at Somerset, Ky., over Zollicoffer. It shows how western men fight. We

shall whip them every time we meet them on anything like equal terms—up west here. Deserters from below say that the rebels fear and dread the Northwestern troops. When the grand expedition starts down the Mississippi the blows will fall thick and fast and most effectually on secession.”

“Camp Cairo, Cairo, Ill., Sunday a. m., Jan. 26, 1862.—The weather is fine, mud all dried up, and we drill every day four hours. The health of the men is good, except some diarrhœa occasioned by drinking the river water. This water looks like weak coffee with milk in it, it is so muddy, but it tastes very well. I do not drink any of it. My drink is almost entirely coffee. I keep out of the night air and take every possible care of my health, and with entire success. When warm weather comes there will be a good deal of ague here.”

“Feb. 2, 1862.—Large numbers of troops, several regiments of General McClernard’s Brigade, leave here today for Smithland, at the mouth of the Cumberland river. It is supposed they will go on an expedition up the Cumberland river. We were attached to this brigade, but I now learn we are to be attached to General Paine’s Brigade. He is in command at Bird’s Point, just across the Mississippi river, in Missouri.

“Our fear now is that the fight will come off at Bowling Green before we start, and if the rebels are defeated there they may retreat from Columbus without giving us battle. We really want a turn with them at Columbus.”

“Cairo, Sunday, Feb. 9, 1862.—Since writing to you there has been a battle and victory at Fort Henry, on the Tennessee river. The battle was fought on our side by the gunboats, our infantry taking no part in it. We are not stationed here permanently. We were only left because we had not our blue uniforms.* We have them

* When the soldiers enlisted, gray uniforms were furnished by the

now. But for this we should doubtless have been at Fort Henry. The boys are much disappointed. We may go there yet, as regiments are constantly going up there. I suppose they will have another fight in a few days on the Cumberland river about fourteen miles east of Fort Henry, at Fort Donelson, but we have no orders as yet.

"I have been for the last two days acting as President of a Regimental Court Martial for the trial of minor offenses. There were twelve cases before us. It takes a good deal of evidence in my court to convict."

"Mound City, Ill., Wed. p. m., Feb. 12, 1862.—Last night an order was received on dress parade that Company K proceed to Mound City and take charge of the post. So we went on a steamer this afternoon, and here we are."

"Mound City, Feb. 14, 1862.—Here we are, separated from the regiment for reserve duty again. We are to guard a large amount of ammunition. The hospital here contains from 600 to 700 patients, with accommodations for 1,000. Bartlett and I were all through it yesterday. Saw the men that were scalded on the Essex. They are an awful sight.

"We are now almost discouraged about getting into the field. I hate this reserve duty."

"Feb. 16, 1862.—We are in a post of honor, and except that it keeps us out of battle would be deemed very desirable, but we want a hand in. I suppose that Fort Donelson is taken, or will be in a day or two, and then the backbone of this rebellion will be broken up west here. A part of our regiment went to Paducah, I hear, as a bodyguard for General Sherman, who I understand has gone up there."

"Mound City, Monday noon, Feb. 17, 1862.—The regiment is now all at Cairo except Company K and

State. This caused confusion because the Confederates also wore gray uniforms—hence the change.

about 100 men who, with Col. Murphy, went yesterday to Alton with the prisoners taken at Fort Henry. They are having a desperate fight at Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland river. General Paine came down yesterday, bringing intelligence that we have already lost 2,000 killed and wounded, among whom are several Illinois Colonels and other officers. Several gunboats came down from there last night and this morning; but, not stopping here, we got no news from above.

"There has been heavy firing at Cairo within an hour. At first we thought the place had been attacked from Columbus, but as it ceased all at once we have concluded that they had heard that we had taken Fort Donelson and were firing a national salute in honor of the victory. The boys chafed like chained lions when they heard the firing at Columbus this morning."

"Evening.—It is true that Fort Donelson is taken, and with it 10,000 to 15,000 prisoners. The backbone of this rebellion is broken. Now for Columbus and home! Our hearts bound as we begin to see the end of this war."

"Mound City, Ill., Wed. p. m., Feb. 19, 1862.—There has been nothing going on here to break the monotony for a few days past except the arrival of a part of the wounded from Fort Donelson. These, with those that have previously been sent here, make about 400 of them at this hospital. A great many of them are severely wounded. They seem to be in good spirits. Surgeons have flocked in from all about and tendered their services. Some are prisoners. Steamer after steamer heavily laden with prisoners has gone down the river. I really begin to think that the war will be closed in a few months; and that, possibly, without the 8th having a fight. I tell you, when I see our wounded and maimed soldiers it makes me feel as though I wanted one chance at the authors of all this misery and suffering. I don't believe that I have any apprehension of being hurt."

"Feb. 26, 1862.—I moved Saturday to my own quarters. Board with a Mrs. Reyburn, whose husband is a sutler. My bed is in the parlor, and I have white sheets. Everything is as neat as wax and the whole family are so solicitous for my comfort it is almost embarrassing. I can tell in a day or two when you had better come.

"I can give you no idea of our future movements. It is supposed that our troops are at Nashville and that Tennessee has caved in. We do not think that there will be any fight at Columbus or Memphis. Both places are expected to surrender soon. Their terrible defeat at Donelson seems to have taken the life out of the rebels. We have given up all idea of seeing any more fighting. The buds and grass are starting and spring is here."

"March 2, 1862.—Col. Murphy sent orders for Company K to be ready for marching. He is trying to join an expedition down at New Madrid, which is below Columbus, to cut off communication from that point down the river. It looks as though they would have a fight at Columbus.

"We hear that a large force of our troops is also concentrating at Paducah, 50 miles up the Ohio, and everything looks like a movement on Columbus. We thought after the fall of Donelson that we should get Columbus without a fight, but the indications now are that the rebels will make a stand there."

"Mound City, Ill., March 5, 1862.—I was down to Cairo yesterday, and while there the regiment received orders to march to Charlestown, a few miles west of Bird's Point. Company K was not included. You are glad. Columbus is evacuated, no fight there. The boys are hungry for a fight."

LETTER TO THE RACINE ADVOCATE.

“Mound City, Ill., March 6, 1862.—I see by your paper of last week (a stray copy of which has just reached us) that you are under a misapprehension in relation to the movement of our regiment. No part of it has been at Fort Donelson. Company K was sent to this place on the 12th ult. Soon afterwards, and before the capture of Donelson, the right wing of the regiment went up the Ohio river as far as Paducah as an escort to General Paine, returning to Cairo in a day or two. Since that time Col. Murphy, with Captains Redfield and Perkins and a detachment of one hundred men from Companies A and C, escorted the Fort Henry prisoners to Alton. Company E, Captain Young, has been to St. Louis in charge of a large number of rebel officers, captured at Donelson. On Sunday, the 23d ult., a detachment of three hundred men of the 8th, under command of Col. Murphy, went down the river to Columbus, where they were met by a flag of truce from the rebels, as already stated in the newspapers.

“These were the only movements made by the 8th since we arrived at Cairo, until the 4th inst., when the whole regiment, except Company K, was ordered on an expedition into the country back of Bird’s Point, and left Cairo the same evening. We do not know the object of the expedition, but suppose that it is to prevent marauding parties of rebels in the neighborhood of New Madrid from passing north of Bird’s Point and attacking Government transports on the river, large numbers of which are constantly moving laden with troops and supplies. It is expected that the regiment will return to Cairo in a few days.

“I wish to refer to another matter before I close. I learn from the Advocate that Lieut. Gibbons, of Waterford, has resigned and returned home, and that his neigh-

bors are indignant at his conduct, charging him with cowardice. I fear that the good people of Waterford are doing Lieut. Gibbons injustice. There are frequently valid reasons why an officer may resign—without loss of honor—and when I remember that the Lieutenant saw service in Mexico, and knew precisely what he must encounter when he volunteered in the service last summer, I can not believe that he is a coward. A coward may accidentally get into one war, but I do not believe that he would voluntarily go into a second one. Of course, I know nothing of the facts, but I trust that public opinion will not pronounce the terrible judgment of cowardice upon Lieut. Gibbons without the most convincing proofs.

Respectfully yours,

WM. P. LYON."

TO MRS. LYON.

"Mound City, Sunday, March 9, 1862.—How lucky now that you did not come to me. I got orders last night to join the regiment, which is 20 miles west of Bird's Point. We are all packed up and expect the boat every hour. I presume we shall go to New Madrid. If you hear of a fight, keep cool until you have the particulars, and then throw up your hat, for we shall whip them."

"Mound City, March 12, 1862.—We are still here, and shall be for some days. There is a new administration at Cairo. General Strong has charge, General Paine being in the field near New Madrid, and they do not know at headquarters anything about the order relieving us. So if you hear of a fight at New Madrid you may be sure (humiliating as it is) that Company K is not there."

“Mound City, March 16, 1862.—We have not gone yet. The 8th is at or near New Madrid, and there has been some fighting down there. The situation there is about this: The rebels have fortified Island No. 10 in the Mississippi river, about fifteen miles above New Madrid, and occupy it now. They also had a fort at or near New Madrid. This fort was commanded by our artillery all day last Thursday, and on that night, during a severe thunderstorm we had here, they evacuated it and our troops occupied it. We expect every day to hear that our gunboats have cleaned out from the island, as it is not a strong position. The infantry have had but little to do, it being (as I always told you the battles along the river would be) an artillery fight. One captain in the 10th Illinois was killed by the rebel pickets on Wednesday night, through his own folly and imprudence, by going unnecessarily near the rebel lines. I never shall get killed that way. When I peril my life it will be where some good is to be accomplished by it. We had a report here on Friday that our regiment had been in and got cut up, but I do not believe it has been under fire at all.”

“Cairo, March 18, 1862.—They are fighting like fun at Island No. 10. No infantry engaged. It is a naval battle.”

“Mound City, March 25, 1862.—We are ordered to leave here at six this evening to join the regiment, to report at Cairo. No fighting where they are.”

“Sikeston, Mo., March 28, 1862.—We are put off here at Sikeston to guard a railroad 26 miles west of Bird’s Point. This is a very pleasant place.”

“March 30, 1862.—Jeff Thompson and Pillow both had headquarters here last winter and ravaged the country. The regiment is still at Mt. Pleasant doing nothing. We do not expect to join it until we can go down the river. Our forces are cutting a channel through from

above Island No. 10, about one-half mile long, which leads into a bayou or slough and will give us water communication to New Madrid without passing the island. Our business here is to take care of a section of the railroad and to help in the trans-shipment from cars to wagons of supplies for the army at New Madrid."

"Sikeston, April 6, 1862.—Company K is ordered to join the regiment. One of our gunboats ran past the batteries to New Madrid and we hear that our troops will cross the river tonight. We do not know whether the 8th will be sent across or not. The fighting will doubtless commence immediately. We can not possibly reach them before Tuesday. Our teams left here this morning for the regiment. We can not go until they return and until other troops relieve us."

"Cairo, April 10, 1862.—Since the capture of Island No. 10 our regiment has moved to New Madrid and I have received orders to join it forthwith. I came from Sikeston to make necessary arrangements for leaving. We shall march from Sikeston on Saturday. Think we shall get through by night.

"The fighting at No. 10 was all done by the navy and artillery. The infantry had nothing to do but look on. Not so at Pittsburg Landing. There on the Tennessee a terrible battle has been fought. Our loss is very heavy. The 16th Wisconsin was in the fight. I can get no definite intelligence of its fate."

"April 13, 1862.—We are just starting for the regiment, which left New Madrid last night, or will this morning, to go down the river. We shall catch them the first time they stop. 'Forward to Memphis' is the word. We are all in capital spirits and our hearts bound with exultation at the prospect of diving into the very bowels of 'Secessia'."

"April 15, 1862, on board of steamer, Tiptonville, Tenn.—We went to New Madrid and found the regiment

still there. We went on board this steamer about nine o'clock, in company of half a dozen steamers laden with troops. We went forty-five miles, nearly to the Arkansas line, when we met an express boat with orders from General Pope to return to the first landing and tie up and await orders. So we came back here, fifteen miles below New Madrid."

"April 18, 1862.—We remained at Tiptonville until yesterday afternoon, when we started and steamed down the river until dark, and then tied up to a tree, and this morning ran on down to a point said to be within ten miles of Fort Pillow, 20 of Fort Randolph and 70 from Memphis. There we were ordered back to New Madrid. We do not know the significance of this movement, but think the high water in the river prevents present operations against Fort Pillow. I think that when we get to New Madrid we shall find nearly all of General Pope's army there."

"On Steamer McClellan, New Madrid, Sat., April 19, 1862.—We take it for granted that we are going up to help fight another great battle, and, as I firmly believe, achieve a great victory. If we are victorious there it opens the road to Memphis, secures the opening of the Mississippi with but little more fighting, and virtually ends the war in the West.

"When Chase and I were making speeches at flag raisings last spring, we told the ladies they must give up fathers and sons, husbands, lovers and brothers to their country, although it might wring the heart-strings to breaking. You have made this sacrifice with thousands of others. Let it be a cheerful sacrifice on your part. Believe, as I do, that I shall in due time return safely to you and our beloved children, and console yourself for my absence with the thought that never were men called from kindred, homes and friends, to

hardships, privations, dangers and death, in a more sacred cause.

‘I am cheerful all the time, and it is the result of an ever-present, undoubting conviction that I am precisely where I ought to be. My greatest happiness consists in doing my duty and indulging in fond anticipations of the time when, the war being over, the Government restored, and our work well and faithfully done, I shall return to you and our sweet babes, and I will feel I am in Eden. God bless you and help you to bear your part of the weary burden that this war throws upon you with the unfailing courage of a Spartan matron, dreading more than his death the failing of your loved one to do his duty.’

“Five miles above Pittsburg Landing, Miss., April 22, 1862.—We are still on the boat. I started out this morning to find the 16th Wisconsin, and after wading five miles, part of the way in mud nearly to my knees, I found it, and to my inexpressible joy found Sperry [Sperry Northrup, a brother-in-law] alive and well. They had a terrible fight on Sunday, the 6th, being under fire from sunrise to 5 o’clock p. m., and losing, killed, wounded and missing, at least 200 men. His company went in 59 strong and came out with 28 only. The roads for miles are full of troops. The trees are all cut up by the shot. The woods are full of graves. Governor Harvey was drowned a few miles below here Sunday night at Savannah.

“We also visited the 18th. It was cut up more than the 16th, especially in officers. The Colonel, Major, acting Adjutant and several captains were killed, Lieut.-Colonel badly wounded. The Lieut.-Colonel of the 16th, Cassius Fairchild, is badly wounded in the thigh. One of the last acts Governor Harvey did was to appoint Captain Gabe Bouck, Colonel, and me, Major of the 18th.

I do not know that I shall accept. I think I will stay with Company K for awhile."

"Hamburg, Tenn., April 25, 1862.—We are encamped here with an immense and constantly increasing army, camps, artillery, cavalry, and all the machinery of war, for several miles up and down the river. There is undoubtedly to be a great battle before long. We, Company K, go out a few miles this morning as part of the grand guard. This is a guard along the whole front of the army, about three miles in advance."

"Camp six miles west of Hamburg, Tenn., April 28, 1862.—We are here encamped in a beautiful wood, almost like our openings. Our lines, which are many miles in extent, are being steadily and continuously advanced toward Corinth. Our advance line must be within five or six miles of those of the rebels. They must meet in a few days."

LETTER FROM WM. P. LYON TO ISAAC LYON.

"Camp twelve miles southwest of Hamburg, in Miss., May 3, 1862.—Here we are in the State of Mississippi, only ten miles from Corinth. The whole army is advancing slowly and surely upon that place, and in a very few days the rebels there must either fight us or run.

"We moved six miles to this place day before yesterday and expect to move on still further in a day or two. The caution with which the advance is made inspires us with confidence in General Halleck. There will be no more surprise here.

"We have a better, if not a larger army, than the rebels, and are better off for artillery than they are. I think the heaviest fighting will be with the artillery. I have not seen Sperry but that one time when we first

arrived. He must be three or four miles from where we are.

"This is a fine country to look at, but where cultivated seems worn out. The timber is light, much like our openings. On our march out here I saw corn large enough to be hoed, and cherries nearly full size. Crops, what little there are, look very poor.

"We see no signs of energy, enterprise, or taste among the few people we encounter. The days are usually warm, but the nights are very cool and pleasant.

"I received news today of the death at Sikeston of John H. Lowe, of Springfield. We left him there very sick."

TO MRS. LYON.

"Camp eight miles from Corinth, May 5, 1862.—Company K was immediately sent out three miles toward Corinth as grand guard, or outpost picket. It rained terribly all the afternoon and nearly all night, and we were out in the whole of it. The next day coming into camp we had to wade a slough filled with water by the rain. I got in up to my neck, to the infinite amusement of the boys. I did not take cold and feel none the worse for it.

"The rebel cavalry were in sight of our picket lines, and there is skirmishing all along the lines every day. The opinion is that the rebels will retreat from Corinth without a fight. When we were out the other night we could hear their bands and drum corps play, and also the whistle of their locomotives, distinctly. There is so much woods here that we can not see far ahead."

LETTER TO GOVERNOR SALOMON.

“Army of the Mississippi.
Camp near Farmington, Miss.,
May 5, 1862.

“Hon. Edward Salomon,
Gov. of Wisconsin.

“Governor :

“On my return to camp this afternoon with my company, from grand guard duty in the direction of Corinth, I received the following telegram from the lamented Governor Harvey, forwarded to me from Cairo by General Strong, and dated at Pittsburg, April 17th ult. :

‘To Capt. Wm. P. Lyon—You are appointed Major of the 18th Wisconsin, and requested to report at once to Grant.

L. P. HARVEY.’

“I have no knowledge whether a commission has been issued to me, or, indeed, whether you were apprised of his intention to appoint me. Neither do I know whether you would deem it proper to carry out such intentions, were you cognizant of it. I have, therefore, concluded (under the advice of friends) to remain in command of my company until I hear from you. If you send the commission I will accept it—provided the vacancy in my company caused thereby be filled from the company in the regular line of promotion; that is, 1st Lieut. Albert E. Smith to be Capt., 2d Lieut. James O. Bartlett to be 1st Lieut., and 1st Sergeant Theodore W. Fellows to be 2d Lieut. They are good officers, and their promotion will be acceptable to the company and to the officers of our regiment. It would be a gratification to me to receive their commissions with mine.

“Permit me to add, Governor, that while I deeply appreciate the kindness which prompted my lamented friend, Governor Harvey, to select me as the Major of the

18th, I am not, as he well knew, solicitous for promotion. I am well satisfied with my present position, and should leave my company and regiment (with whom I have been so intimately connected for the last eight months) with many regrets. If, therefore, my appointment has not been officially made, and there is any other person you would prefer to appoint, or have already appointed, I beg to assure you that your decision will not disquiet me in the least. I have the honor to be

Very respectfully Your Obdt. Servt.,

WM. P. LYON,

"Capt. Co. K, 8th Regt. Wis. Vol."

LETTER TO GENERAL GRANT.

"Army of the Mississippi.

"Camp near Farmington, Miss., May 5, 1862.

"Maj.-General U. S. Grant,

"Comdg. Army of the Tennessee.

"General: I have the honor to report that I have this day received the following telegram, dated Pittsburg, April 17th ult., which was forwarded to me from Cairo by General Strong:

'To Capt. Wm. P. Lyon—You are appointed Major of the 18th Wis. and requested to report at once to Gen. Grant. L. P. Harvey.'

"In consequence of the untimely death of Governor Harvey, so soon after he sent the above dispatch, I am led to believe that my appointment was not officially made, and that therefore his successor can appoint some other person if he chooses. Indeed, I am not informed whether Governor Salomon is aware of the intention of Governor Harvey in the premises. I have, therefore, written Governor Salomon informing him of the receipt

of the telegram and requesting him to notify me of his determination. Should I receive a commission, I will report to you in person at the earliest possible day. I am

Very respectfully Your Obdt. Servt.,

WM. P. LYON,

“Capt. Co. K., 8th Regt. Wis. Vol.”

*

WRITTEN FOR THE RACINE ADVOCATE.

The Battle of Farmington.

“Camp of 2d Division, Army of the Mississippi, near Farmington.

May 10, 1862.

“The Grand Army of the West is slowly but surely advancing on the enemy. The final act in the great drama can not be much longer delayed.

“Last Saturday General Paine’s Division advanced to Farmington, within about three miles of Corinth; and after some heavy skirmishing with a considerable force of the enemy, drove them back and took possession of the place. On Sunday, Stanley’s Division (the 2d of Pope’s Command) moved forward to within about three miles of Farmington and went into camp. Paine’s Division had also fallen back to this position, and encamped directly in front of us, leaving only a small force of cavalry to occupy the ground from which the rebels had been driven. Rain fell in such quantities on Sunday and on Sunday night as to render the roads almost impassable for the next two or three days. On Thursday, the roads being considerably improved, these two divisions, Stanley’s and Paine’s, advancing beyond Farming-

* This correspondence did not result in any change in the officers of Company K. The result was very satisfactory to Captain Lyon, because he much preferred to remain with his old company.

ton and reconnoitered the ground up to within a short distance of Corinth, the enemy retiring before us. There was considerable skirmishing during the day, in which we lost several men, but no serious engagement.*

"Farmington is a small village of about thirty or forty houses, on the road from Corinth to Hamburg, pleasantly situated among open fields which are bounded on every side by the woods. As the position was considerably in advance of the main body of our army, it was deemed prudent towards night to draw off our forces to their camps, which had not been moved, leaving only one brigade in the rear of Farmington to hold the position, or at least hold the enemy in check should he attempt to advance. The brigade thus left is the 2d of Stanley's Division, commanded by General Plummer and composed of the 26th Illinois, 8th Wisconsin, 47th Illinois and 11th Missouri regiments. The brigade fell back to an open field surrounded by woods, on the right of the Hamburg road and about a mile this side of Farmington, and here remained during the night. Company A of the 8th and four companies from other regiments, under command of Major Jefferson of the 8th, were stationed as outposts during the night, about a mile and a half or two miles in advance of the brigade.

"About daylight the next morning the enemy advanced through the woods beyond Farmington and attacked our outposts. Major Jefferson, seeing that the enemy were in strong force, deployed his force as skirmishers, charging them to keep cool and retire slowly,

* The Eighth was in General Paine's Division.

General Paine was a resident of Illinois and a graduate of a military academy, but had resigned from the regular army before the Civil War began. He was an excellent officer; a very brave man; and, although a little rough at times, a great favorite with the men under his command.

A characteristic anecdote of him is that at one time a Tennessee woman came to his headquarters and complained bitterly that the Union soldiers had stolen all of her chickens. The General treated her kindly, blamed the soldiers for their conduct and sympathized with the poor woman in her trouble; but he closed the conversation by saying to her, "Madam, we are going to put down this rebellion if it takes every — chicken in the State of Tennessee."

firing as they went. He also sent an orderly to Colonel Loomis of the 26th Illinois (who in the absence of General Plummer commanded the brigade), notifying him of the approach of the enemy and asking for reinforcements. This Colonel Loomis could not grant, as he had instructions not to advance his force beyond their first position. In the meantime the enemy, driving our skirmishers before them, advanced into the village of Farmington and planted a battery there, from which they opened a galling fire upon the skirmishers.

“Great credit is due to Major Jefferson and to Captain Redfield, and the other officers and men employed as skirmishers, for the coolness and courage they displayed under the enemy’s fire. Retiring slowly from one sheltered position to another they kept up a galling fire upon the enemy, which caused them to advance with great caution, so that it was more than three hours from their first appearance until they became engaged with our main force.

“About ten o’clock, the enemy still advancing in three lines of battle, covered the open fields in front of Farmington and planted another battery in the edge of the woods to the right of our front, about a mile distant. He also soon opened another at about the same distance on our left. About this time General Palmer came up with four Illinois regiments and Hescock’s battery.

“Hescock’s battery was placed about five hundred yards in our advance, and two of the regiments were posted a little to the rear and right of the battery, their right resting on the woods and their left in front of the right of our brigade. The other two regiments of Palmer’s Brigade were posted on an elevated position to the left of the Hamburg road. Captain Hescock, who behaved with great gallantry during the engagement, having got his guns in position, opened a very vigorous and

apparently very effective fire on the enemy's battery in the woods on the left.

"Their guns for a time were silenced, and there was a short pause in the battle. The enemy were, however, steadily advancing all the time under cover of the woods on our right and left, endeavoring to flank our position, in which they came very near being successful. Soon the rebel batteries opened with redoubled fury. Their guns were evidently manned by skillful artillerymen, for they fired with great rapidity and fearful precision. They sent shot and shell alternately into Palmer's line and then into ours, and at times clear beyond into the woods in our rear, along the only road by which reinforcements could come or a retreat be effected. About twelve o'clock the sharp crack of musketry in our front, mingling with the sullen roar of cannon, told us that Palmer's men were engaged with the advancing rebel infantry. This officer, seeing that his position was rapidly being flanked, after a few volleys drew off his men and formed another line in our rear. Hescoc's battery was also compelled to retire in order to avoid capture. This left our line exposed to all the fury of the battle.

"Our brigade was drawn up on the side of a gentle rise in the open field, our right and left resting on the woods. The 26th Illinois occupied the right, the 8th Wisconsin on its left, the 47th Illinois on our left, and the 11th Missouri on the extreme left of the line. Palmer having fallen back, and the only battery we had engaged having retired, the enemy now turned their guns upon us, and soon their shot and shell fell thick and fast in our ranks. One of their first shot passed close to the head of Major Jefferson and took off the leg of Lieut.-Colonel Miles of the 47th Illinois, who shortly after died.* Another shell

* Colonel Miles was mounting his horse and had just put his foot in the stirrup when a ball struck the foot that was on the ground and took off the leg. He died that night.

struck close to Company G of our regiment and exploded, mortally wounding Lieutenant Beamish and Corporal John White of that company, and slightly wounding another. The first two died soon after they were brought from the field. The brigade was ordered to lie down, and having done so found great protection in the elevated ground in front of it. Still the enemy, depressing their guns, got such accurate range that their shot and shell tore up the ground in every direction along our line, killing and wounding some in each regiment, except the 11th Missouri, who were so far to the left and so completely under cover of the woods that they escaped without the loss of a single man.

"Soon the rebel infantry advanced in heavy force in our front and in the woods to our left, and opened fire upon our line. The firing was now, for a short time, absolutely terrific. Grape shot and bullet flew thick and fast as hail in a wintry storm. Men who were through the Mexican war declare that they were never under such a fearful fire before; and it is a matter of astonishment that our casualties were so few. It can only be accounted for by the fact that our men kept close to the ground and so avoided the deadly missiles which passed over them. Nothing is more trying to the nerves of men than thus to have to remain silent and motionless under a fire which they are not permitted to return. The 8th, however, bore it without flinching; until at length Colonel Loomis gave the word: "Up, 8th Wisconsin, and give it to them!"

"Our boys now rose up, and advancing to the crest of the elevation in front of them poured volley after volley into the rebel ranks. The fearful yells, and still more fearful fire, of the Badger boys evidently produced a stunning effect upon the enemy, for soon their fire slackened, then their lines wavered, and finally they broke and retired in disorder to the cover of the woods.

At this time about four hundred of our cavalry came up, and passing our regiment on the right, charged the battery in our front, driving the rebels from their guns; but not being supported, and being exposed to a heavy fire from the rebel infantry in the woods, they were compelled to retire without capturing the battery.*

"In the meantime, the enemy were rapidly flanking us in the woods on our right, and the regiment supporting us having fallen back, the 8th was also ordered to retire and form another line in the woods in the rear. This our men did in good order, moving off the field almost as deliberately as in ordinary battalion drill.

"The enemy still endeavoring to get on our flank and in our rear, and having evidently abundant force for the accomplishment of their object, our entire force was ordered to move through the woods to the road and fall back thereon to our next lines, which we found formed in an open field about a mile and a half in the rear of our first position. By this time the whole of Pope's command were advancing and forming in line, all supposing that a general engagement had begun. The enemy, however, made no further advance, but hastily withdrew, leaving our pickets to occupy the battlefield during the same night.

"During the entire engagement the conduct of the 8th in every way sustained the reputation which the Wisconsin troops have won on other fields. Lieut.-Colonel Robbins (who in the absence of Colonel Murphy commanded the regiment), Major Jefferson and Adjutant Sprague, proved themselves to be brave men and able officers. Indeed, all the officers and men, as far as known, behaved with a steadiness and gallantry worthy of veterans. General Palmer, riding up to the regiment on the field, inquired what regiment it was. Being told that it

* The command that made this gallant charge was the 2d Iowa Cavalry, commanded by Colonel (afterward General) Elliott.

was the 8th Wisconsin, he said, in a most emphatic manner: "You have done nobly!"

"It could not have been the intention of General Pope to bring on a general engagement at this point, otherwise we should have been reinforced and held the position at all hazards. The accounts of deserters and prisoners represent the force of the enemy at from twenty to forty thousand strong, commanded by Generals Bragg and Hardee. The force we had on the field was not over five thousand men. We were nearly three miles in advance of the main body of our troops, and the only road by which we could be reinforced is a narrow road running through woods and swamps, which the enemy were able to shell from the position where they had planted their batteries. Being much better acquainted with the country than we, they no doubt intended and expected to surround and cut us off before reinforcements could reach us. In this they were completely foiled, and the reception they met probably convinced them that it would neither be safe nor pleasant to attempt to advance any further in this direction.

"The entire loss of all our troops engaged is about one hundred and fifty in killed and wounded. The enemy probably lost quite as many. Though the loss of our regiment (owing to the manner in which they took advantage of the inequalities of the ground) is comparatively light, it yet includes some of our best men. Their names are as follows:

"Captain John E. Perkins, Co. C—mortally wounded by a minie ball in the side. Since dead.

"Lieutenant Richard D. Beamish, Co. G—Struck by a shell. Dead.

"Corporal John A. White, Co. G—struck by a shell. Dead.

"Corporal August Ludkie, Co. D—Shot through the hand.

"O. D. Leonard, Co. D—shot through the thigh.

"Wm. Buckley, Co. C—fracture of the forearm. Since amputated.

"Blake W. Griffith, Co. F—shot by musket ball in side.

"Sergeant B. Bush and H. W. Allen, Co. F—slightly. Not disabled.

"Zebulon Johnson, Co. I—in leg below the knee. Since amputated.

"Iver Oleson, Co. I—shot through the neck. Severely.

"Alva Wood, Co. I—wounded in leg and missing.

"Jas. Kendall, Oliver Wood, George W. Trude, S. B. Cox, Co. I—all slightly.

"Harmon V. Sacia, Co. I—missing.

"Jas. Rogers, Co. G—slightly.

"Hans Nisson and Thomas Toney, Co. K—slightly. Not disabled.

"George W. Quimby, John C. Green and Charles Colher, Co. A—slightly. Not disabled.

"Three companies had been detailed as outposts during the previous night and as skirmishers in the morning. Only one platoon succeeded in getting to the field in time to take part in the principal engagement. This platoon, under command of Lieutenant Baker, formed alongside of Captain Green's company, and there rendered good service. Only fourteen men of Company D were present, the rest of the company having mistaken the orders the preceding night and gone back to camp; but these, under command of Lieut. McDowell, rendered good service. Company B was left behind, as a camp guard, so it met with no casualties.

"Besides those mentioned in the above list there are quite a number who were struck and more or less scratched and bruised by the enemy's missiles; but they are scarcely enough damaged to be classed with wounded

men. I find, however, that it is customary to swell the list of wounded by reporting as such all who have been in any way scratched or bruised in a fight.

"Captain Perkins, who commanded the company known as the Chippewa Eagles, who made such a sensation when they came into Camp Randall with a living eagle (which they still carry with them), was a man of giant frame, and one who had a large heart—a man of the most generous and patriotic impulses. His loss is felt and deeply regretted by the whole regiment.*

"Lieut. Beamish, of Company G, was a young man of superior intelligence, of fine social qualities, and a brave and useful officer. Corporal White was a young man of excellent character, intelligent, upright and correct in his deportment, both as a man and as a soldier. There are no better men left than these in this or any other regiment. They offered their lives to their country in her hour of need, and with their blood have sealed their devotion to her integrity and her honor. Peace to their ashes and honor to their memories!

WM. P. LYON.

"P. S.—I forgot to say that on our return to camp from the battlefield we found that Colonel Murphy had arrived, but too late to be in the engagement. You may be sure the whole regiment was glad to see him."

* "The Eau Claire Badgers are going into battle under the protective aegis of the veritable American Eagle. It was captured by the Indians of the Chippewa river, and purchased by the Badgers. Its perch is to be the flag-staff of the Stars and Stripes. Who could not fight under so glorious emblems?"—The Eau Claire Free Press (Sept. 5, 1861).

"An incident occurred yesterday as the Chippewa company arrived at Camp Radnall. They bore in advance of them a platform on which was a live eagle, surmounted by a small American flag. Just as they entered the camp the eagle expanded his wings and seized the flag in his beak. The incident attracted much attention, and if it had happened in other days, in a Roman camp, would have been regarded by the augurs as a singularly favorable omen."—Madison State Journal (Sept. 10, 1861).

"At Madison, the eagle's visitors numbered thousands, and among them were dignitaries of civil and military professions. Here, by Captain Perkins, he was donned with the title of 'Old Abe,' in honor of Abraham Lincoln, the faithful President and patriot. By vote of the company, the 'Badgers' were to be styled the 'Eau Claire Eagles,' and, by voice of the people, the Eighth Wisconsin was designated as the 'Eagle Regiment.' The first fight the eagle was in was

RESOLUTIONS ON DEATH OF OFFICERS KILLED AT
FARMINGTON.

"The field, staff and line officers of the 8th Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers, having met to express their sentiments relative to the decease of Captain John T. Perkins of Company C, and Lieutenant Richard Beamish and Corporal John White of Company G, all of whom fell, mortally wounded, in the engagement with the enemy near Farmington, Miss., on the 9th of May, inst., while bravely fighting for the maintenance of the Government and Constitution of our Country, do unanimously resolve:

"1st.—That we deeply deplore the afflicting dispensation which has removed these gallant soldiers from amongst us, endeared to us as they were by intimate associations for many months in camp and field, while they shared with us the privations and perils which we have been called to encounter in the service of our beloved Country.

"2d.—That our lamented friends were true patriots and brave soldiers, prompt and faithful in the discharge of their duties, invaluable to the companies to which they respectively belonged, and an honor to our regiment and State. And while we deeply mourn their loss, we gather consolation from the knowledge that they fell at the post of duty, calm, fearless, heroic to the last; and (should it be our lot to meet the foe in deadly conflict) their glorious example will strengthen our arms and nerve our hearts to dare all and risk all for our country;

the battle of Farmington, Miss., where he showed a great deal of sagacity. When we were ordered to lie down on the ground, under a dreadful artillery fire from the enemy's batteries, he flew off his perch, getting as low as he could, and lay there until he saw the regiment rise to advance, when he flew upon his perch again, and remained there through the engagement.'

"In this battle fell Captain Perkins, mortally wounded—a brave soldier and true patriot—Lieutenant Victor Wolf succeeding in command. In his report, General Palmer highly complimented the 'Regiment that bore the Eagle.'"—J. O. Barrett.

and should it be our lot to fall, we could not desire a death more glorious than theirs.

“3d.—That we deeply sympathize with the sorrowing relatives and friends of the deceased in their bereavement, for we know full well how heavily and sadly the intelligence will fall upon their hearts that loved and honored members of the family and social circle will return no more, that they have been stricken down in the vigor of manhood, upon the bloody battle field, and sleep their last sleep in a distant land.

“4th.—That the editors of newspapers in Wisconsin be requested to publish these resolutions.”

TO MRS. LYON.

“Near Farmington, May 10, 1862.—At last we have been under fire and have come out unscathed. I succeeded in ‘keeping cool’ throughout, thus satisfying my superior officers and the expectations of my own men. I can not say that I lost the sense of personal danger, and I know that I did not lose the apprehension of danger to my men during the battle; yet I had nerve and self-command, and that it all I expected. I am called off on fatigue duty.”

“Camp Redfield, May 13, 1862.—I was called off to superintend building a road through a swamp. I was sent out with Captain Young’s company (he being sick). We were out nearly all night, being within one-half or three-quarters of a mile from the rebel pickets. I was very weary and did not write yesterday. We are all in good health and spirits. Reinforcements continue to pour in to us and we have an immense army here. If they stand us a fight we shall whip them, but since they have run away from New Orleans, Yorktown and

Norfolk, I almost believe they will run away from Corinth. I still feel that I shall come home to you safely. I felt so when the storm of death beat around me on the battle field. I knew that from the lips and hearts I love so dearly in my far-off home earnest prayers went up for my safety, and it nerved me to do my duty fearlessly in the hour of peril and death; and the greater the peril that surrounds me, the more clear are my convictions that I am where I ought to be. Let us both with fervent faith and undoubting trust commit our future destiny to His hands 'Who doeth all things well'."

"May 16, 1862.—We are ordered to march at daylight with two days' cooked rations. It may be for another reconnoissance, and it may be—and probably is—an advance of the whole army upon Corinth. In that case the rebels must fight or run, and it is about an even chance which they will do. We do not for an instant lose our faith in our ability to whip them. You had better not lay plans to come to me in case of accident, for I would come home if unable to do duty."

"Farmington, Miss., Tuesday a. m., May 20, 1862.—On Saturday, just at night, our whole force advanced about three miles to this place. We are about a mile south of our battle ground of the 9th inst. We bivouacked that night in line of battle and the next morning went to work and entrenched ourselves. This is done by digging ditches sufficiently wide for two ranks, and deep enough so that the men when standing can just see to shoot over the embankment of dirt from the trench which is thrown up on the outside. When the men sit down they are completely out of sight below the surface, and perfectly safe unless a ball or shell happens to fall directly in the trench. The artillery is posted directly behind us and shoots over our heads.

"Behind our regiment are ten field pieces, one twelve-pound howitzer for shell, four ten-pound Parrott

guns and five six-pound brass pieces. Then immediately on our left is a battery of four thirty-two-pound Parrott siege guns; and this is a specimen of our defenses through the whole line stretchinig miles away to the north.

"We are waiting here now for the rebels to attack us, as our position is very strong. We are on an elevation, with a broad plateau of cleared fields before us which they must cross before they can reach us. There is constant firing of pickets and some cannonading up the line every day at different points. I hear the big guns talking now a few miles north of us. If they do not attack us here we shall soon move up still nearer to them and fortify another line. At the longest I think the struggle will be over here in the course of two weeks, perhaps sooner. We do not doubt our ability to defeat them. I feel calm in view of the approaching contest. My greatest solicitude is for the brave boys that I lead to battle; but they, and all of us, are engaged in a righteous cause and are in the hands of Him 'Who doeth all things well.' Now, be brave and hopeful. You will hear of the great battle many days before you know my fate, as I can not telegraph to you. I will write as quickly as I can. I am in perfect health."

(The following letter was written in the trenches in lead pencil, on the brown paper that was wrapped around his loaf of bread) :

"May 31, 1862.—I wrote you yesterday in the trenches, two miles from Corinth and one mile from the rebel fortifications. Today I write you from the same place.

"Yesterday there was a brisk artillery fight, lasting nearly all day, between one of our batteries and a rebel fort a mile off, mounting four guns. Their shell and shot passed over our entrenchments, in which we lay quietly and safely. During the night there have been

movements going on which convince us that Corinth is evacuated. There has been great activity among our troops this morning, and as I write our men are taking possession, without fighting, of the fort that fired at us so vigorously yesterday and on Wednesday. The stars and stripes wave over it in plain view of us, and the wild cheers of our men give but a faint expression of our delight.

"Lieut. Lathrop, of Company I, who is acting as Aide to Colonel Loomis, in temporary command of our brigade, just rode along our lines and informed us that two of our regiments were already in Corinth. And thus, through the masterly generalship of General Halleck, the battle of Corinth has been fought and won with so little loss of life. Where the rebels have gone, or what our future movements will be, is yet a profound mystery to us. And now, after telling you for the fiftieth time that I am perfectly well and that the health of the boys is very good, I will give you a few more details of the fight.

"On Wednesday the rebel line of attack was immediately in front of the 8th Wisconsin and the 5th Minnesota, posted on our left. We lay behind the brow of a slight elevation of ground. We heard the rebels coming, heard their officers cheering them on in terms more earnest than polite, but we lay still until they were within ten rods of us, when the old 8th rose and poured a volley into them that threw them into the wildest confusion. Before they reached the woods in their rear we poured ten more volleys into them. As they retreated our artillery got a raking fire on them, killing and wounding large numbers. We found fifteen or twenty dead and wounded immediately in front of our company. The dead we buried, the wounded we cared for.

"Our regiment stood firm *to a man*, and did the most

of the fighting done by infantry on that day. Thousands of men saw us in the fight, and everybody speaks in the highest terms of the courage of the 8th. Let Wisconsin be assured that her honor will never be compromised by her sons of the 'Eagle Regiment.'

"Our loss is remarkably light. I have already told you that Ralph M. Coon of my company was killed. He was standing in the front ranks, fighting bravely, and was shot through the body. He said he was wounded, walked calmly to the rear, and was carried off the field. He soon became insensible and died in an hour. We sent his body back to the camp, and yesterday sorrowing friends laid the brave young hero in his last resting place. Let his name be added to the roll of honor!

"Charles Noyes, also of Company K, was severely wounded in the leg, just above the knee. He, too, was in the front rank, bravely doing his duty when he was struck. He appears to be doing well and is in good spirits. S. A. Henderson was also slightly wounded in the hand.

"I must give you a little circumstance, too good to be lost, showing the temper of some of our boys.

"Lucas Lathrop, son of A. H. Lathrop, of Mount Pleasant, is as fine a specimen of a soldier and patriot as you will find. Brave, intelligent and earnest, he has gained the respect of the entire regiment. He is a soldier of the Cromwellian stamp, a devoted Christian, carrying his religion with him, holding prayer meetings in his tent, and striving to set a worthy example to his comrades. Speaking of him in a recent skirmish, one writes the following incident:

"'Lathrop and Finch were standing side by side loading their guns. Not far in advance of them stood a great, powerful looking rebel sharpshooter, also loading his piece. Lathrop saw him, and tapping Finch on the shoulder said, pointing: "There stands a tolerably large

man," and deliberately drawing his gun to his shoulder, fired. Suffice it to say that the traitor never finished loading his gun. Lathrop turned coolly around and remarked: "Mr. Finch, I think I hurt that man, but it can't be helped now." "

"Booneville, 25 miles south of Corinth, June 4, 1862.—We marched until midnight last night. I don't know what we are here for or where the enemy is. I am very weary. I have not been in camp for over a week, yet I keep well. It is singular that the rebel army has twice as much sickness as we have, and they are accustomed to the climate and we are not. I saw Spud Smith, who told me all about you and the pets. It was a great comfort to me."

"Camp near Booneville, Miss., 25 miles south of Corinth, on Mobile & Ohio R. R., Sunday, June 8, 1862.—We are lying quietly here, encamped in a beautiful grove, on dry, clean land. Our regiment is in better health than almost any regiment near us, and yet we have a large number of sick men back in the hospitals. For myself, I seem to grow stronger and more healthy every day. The climate seems well adapted to my constitution. We have warm days usually, with cool, delicious nights. I sleep every night on the ground under a shelter of boughs, our tents not having yet reached us, with nothing but a rubber blanket under me, and I sleep soundly and sweetly. I do not think we shall move from here until the Mississippi river is open so that we can get our supplies by railroad from Memphis. We now have to haul them with teams from Hamburg, between forty and fifty miles distant. The Tennessee river will soon be so low that it will be difficult to get them to Hamburg.

"I have no idea where Beauregard's army is, but we have plenty of evidence that it is sadly demoralized. I do not expect any more hard fighting here, for I do not

believe that the rebels will face us, but I may be mistaken. If McClellan takes Richmond, and the Mississippi is speedily opened, I shall confidently expect a speedy termination of this wicked rebellion. Then, our duty performed and our beloved country relieved from peril, with glad emotions will we return to the arms of our loved ones and to the sacred peace of our happy homes. God speed the joyful hour!

“I have now been in two fierce battles and have faced death for long, weary hours, and amid the wild terrors of the contest have been enabled by our kind Heavenly Father to preserve my self-command and do my duty. Oh, how sublime a scene is a battle! I can not describe it, but it seemed like the thunder on Sinai or the day of judgment, as our imaginations picture those wonderful events. Aside from its fearful perils, a battle fills the soul with the most sublime emotions. Then life is regarded at its true value, and the obligations of honor, patriotism, duty and humble trust in God fire the soul to meet manfully the terrible responsibilities of the hour. I thank God most devoutly that I have been enabled to render some service to my country, and that thus far our sweet babes will never have occasion to blush at the thought that their father failed to do his duty. The conviction that I shall return to you in safety at the end of the war keeps my feelings constantly calm and happy, and I sincerely hope that you feel so. I am well satisfied that I did not accept the promotion to the 18th, for I feel justifiable pride in the renown which our regiment has achieved. I feel now very clearly that it is my duty to keep with my company. The devotion of my men to me, evidenced in a thousand ways, often brings tears to my eyes.

“I am vexed with the newspapers. Some of them are dissatisfied because we did not fight a great battle and, of course, have a great slaughter; and they

call the whole operation a defeat. This is frightfully, cruelly wicked. These men are in a rage because ten thousand more homes are not desolated. The fact is, the whole campaign has been conducted with the most consummate generalship. Corinth is a most important position in a military point of view, flanking both Fort Pillow and Memphis. We wanted the position. The rebels themselves, with their arms and supplies, were of but little consequence to us. We won the position with but little loss of life, and these cowardly home-guards gnash their teeth in impotent rage because no more of us were butchered."

"Camp five miles south of Corinth, Friday, June 13, 1862.—I have been doing picket duty at Booneville. We shall probably remain here some time. Indeed, I think we are in summer quarters, unless some exigency of the war should call us away. We are encamped in scattering timber, on a dry and, I think, healthy location. We have hot days, but cool and comfortable nights, and no mosquitos. The water is tolerably good.

"General Halleck turned all of the lying newspaper reporters out of his camp after the battle of Farmington. Hence their hostility to him. The army is well satisfied with him and has unbounded confidence in him. He was not fooled by quaker guns, for there were none of these weapons at Corinth except a rusty revolver of mine which wont shoot! I have already explained to you that the position was what we wanted, and it does seem to us here that it was better to win it without much bloodshed. Talk about soldiers getting blood-thirsty! Why, the desire which seems prevalent at the North that thousands of us should have been uselessly butchered before the formidable entrenchments at Corinth beats us blind in cool blood-thirstiness! My dear, put not your trust in the newspapers!"

"Camp near Clear Creek, Miss., Tuesday, June 17,

1862.—I went over to the 16th Regiment, which is located near Corinth, about four miles from here, and stayed all night with Sperry. He is perfectly healthy, and fleshier than I ever saw him. He expects every day to receive his commission as 2d Lieutenant from April 29th. His pay will be \$105 per month from that date instead of \$20, which he received before. He stands a chance of being Captain within sixty days. I also saw Colonel Bouck, of the 18th. Neither of these regiments can turn out two hundred well men. They have not been in any fight since the battle of Shiloh."

"June 20, 1862.—Last night it was quite cold. We were out on grand guard duty. I slept on the ground out of doors, with nothing but a rubber blanket under me and an elevation of ground for a pillow. I had a little cold yesterday, but today I am nearly well. I live quite luxuriously in camp. Our mess consists of Lieut. Smith, Henry Bull, A. S. Henderson, of Bloomfield, and myself. We have a large Secesh tent with an awning in front, and live principally on biscuit, ham, black tea, and pork and beans. The boys make excellent biscuit."

"June 24, 1862.—Although I have considerable to do, yet the duties of one day are so much like those of another that life is monotonous. I will tell you how we spend the time. Drill from 5:30 to 7 a. m.; recitation in army regulations at 10, in tactics at 2 p. m. and drill from 5:30 to 7 p. m.; the intervals filled up in study, doing company business (of which there is considerable), eating, sleeping and smoking, are the pursuits and occupations of a day. The routine is broken about one day in eight by grand guard duty, which sends us to the woods about a mile from camp for twenty-four hours, and in pleasant weather is a great relief."

"Camp Clear Creek, Miss., Friday, June 27, 1862.—We are still here, pursuing the old routine of duty, and I am still entirely well."

"Camp Clear Creek, Miss., Sunday, June 28.—The boys are usually well, but I have quite a number sick at the hospital ten miles back, none dangerously. Out of 63 men here, all, except three or four, are fit for duty, and none of them are very sick; yet I notice that when a man gets sick here it takes a long time for him to recover his strength again, but the men have to stay right here and do the best they can. There are but few paroles now granted to either officers or enlisted men, and it has become almost impossible for an enlisted man to get a discharge. An officer can only get his resignation accepted on account of sickness. Many of our regiment have been taken sick and resigned since we came up the Tennessee. I think this climate well adapted to my constitution, and I have no fear of being sick, neither have I the least disposition to leave the service until this rebellion is put down. When that will be, God only knows; but I do not despair of getting home next fall. I see no prospect of any more fighting this summer, if ever.

"We are under marching orders to leave in an hour. I do not know to what point we are going, but I hear it is Ripley, a place west of here and south of Grand Junction, on the Miss. Cent. R. R."

"Camp Clear Creek, Miss., July 1, 1862.—We went to Danville, a little huddle of a dozen old houses, four miles south of this place, and the next day went five miles farther south to a small village, Rienzi, where our orders were countermanded, and we returned to Danville. Remained there over night, and came into camp this morning. I have learned that we started for Holly Springs, seventy miles west of here, but a force that preceded us found that we were not needed there, hence the countermand.

"There is a rumor here that General Pope, who has been assigned to the command of the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia, is trying to get the Army of the Missis-

sippi transferred to that section. The men all hope it is true and that he will succeed. I think the decisive fight must occur at Richmond, however, before we get there. I doubt whether there is any considerable force of the rebel troops in this section, and I do not expect any more fighting here this summer."

"July 5, 1862.—I had a very pleasant visit from Dr. Miller, of Geneva. He is appointed surgeon of the 6th Wisconsin Battery, Captain Dillon, which is at Rienzi, nine miles from us. He stayed all night with us, and then went to his post. I enjoyed his visit very much indeed.

"Colonel Heg called to see me yesterday. His regiment, the 15th, is encamped near us. Out of 750 men we have here in camp, not more than 40 are sick, none seriously so. My own health is perfect, not a throb of pain, scarcely of weariness, and the health tingling to my very toes' ends.

"We hold ourselves in readiness to march any hour, and in any direction. We think that Beauregard's army has not gone to Richmond, but that a part of it is at Vicksburg and the balance about fifty miles south of us on the Mobile & Ohio R. R., near Okolona. I think we shall neither attack them nor be attacked by them very soon. Their cavalry scouts have been within twenty miles of us at Booneville and had a skirmish with our cavalry. Things look better at Richmond since McClellan has changed his front, contracted his lines, and got out of the swamps."

"July 9, 1862.—I see there has been terrible fighting at Richmond, we fighting, as usual, against fearful odds. My only surprise is that our army was not annihilated. This check, unless speedily retrieved, will prolong the war a year, but the effect of it, I think, will be to send immense reinforcements to the field and insure a more vigorous and more severe prosecution of the war. The

time has come, or will soon come, to march through this nest of vipers with fire and sword, to liberate every slave. I would like to help do that. Wisconsin has sent over twenty thousand men to the field, and must send within ninety days five thousand more, even though the drafting process be resorted to. I do not know as it is right, but life seems of no value to me unless we can crush out this rebellion and restore our Government; and we shall do it, if every man is driven to the field and our rivers run red with blood for a generation."

"Camp Clear Creek, Miss., Sunday, July 13, 1862.—This is the only way I can celebrate your birthday, to write a long letter. Well, my dear, you are thirty-six years old, are you? Old enough to be a grandmother! I think it about time for you to give up thinking you are good looking, and begin to learn how to grow old gracefully. Confidentially, however, *to me* you are, etc., etc. I wonder what you will have for dinner today, and speaking of dinner reminds me that some time ago you asked me to tell you how I live, which I believe I have neglected to do thus far. I do not mean that I have neglected to live, but I have failed to give you the *modus operandi*—to tell you how the thing is done.

"Reveille beats at daylight. We get up, clean our tents and quarters, shake blankets, wash, and at 5:30 a. m. turn out and drill for an hour. Then we have breakfast—ham, warm biscuit and very good butter, black tea, pickles, blackberries or currant sauce, is the usual bill of fare for breakfast; ditto for dinner, ditto for supper. I consume very large quantities. We get ham, flour and tea of the commissary; pickles, butter, cheese, etc., of the sutler. Once in a great while I smoke. I have done so today. I think I may possibly repeat it before night. We have battalion drill at 5:30 p. m., and dress parade until sundown; tattoo at 8:30, and then to our downy beds. Mine is luxurious. I smoothed it off the other

day with a spade. As usual, I shirk a good deal. For instance, I make the sergeants and corporals take charge of the company at morning drill, under pretense of their learning how to give the commands! Then I divide the company into squads, and put a sergeant over each squad, charged with the duty of seeing to the men—their cleanliness, their arms—in short, everything. This I do under pretense that the ‘Regulations’ require it. ‘Regulations’ is a great institution in the army. It teaches us ‘how not to do it,’ which is the true philosophy of *thinking*. Blessed be the man who invented the ‘Regulations.’ So, when I say, ‘we’ do anything, you will understand that I speak in a sort of Pickwickian sense. I mean that the boys do it and I help them if I can’t dodge. This last remark applies with peculiar force to the one item of getting up in the morning before daylight.”

“Camp Clear Creek, Miss., Monday, July 21, 1862. —Yesterday I was Field Officer of the Day (the officer who has charge of the pickets and outside posts), and I was in the saddle nearly all day and tramping a good deal of the night, so I feel stupid today.

“I keep your picture hanging in my tent, where I can lie on my bed, that is, on the ground, and gaze at it and get sentimental, and fight flies. Speaking of flies, the Egyptian plagues, although they had locusts, and lice, and frogs, I believe, were a failure, because they did not have flies. Such swarms of them as infest our camps, drawn here by the debris of a great army, you can not conceive of. They are the common house fly and, like everything else here, are dull and stupid—don’t know enough to go when you tell them to. So much for flies.”

“Camp Clear Creek, Miss., July 28, 1862.—So you fear my good spirits are assumed. *Nary a bit of it.* With an appetite that enables me to eat two rations,

with physical vigor that keeps me free from an ache or a pain and lets me sleep on the hard earth as soundly and sweetly as I ever did on the softest bed, with a tolerably good looking, middle aged wife and two cute children 'up North,' with the consciousness of doing my duty, and an increasing habitual reliance upon the protection of Divine Providence, why shouldn't I be in good spirits!

"Should you hear rumors that the North is whipped, you need not believe it. 'Tis no such thing. History doesn't tell of so successful a campaign as ours has been since the first of February. Some reverses were to be expected, but no Government ever conducted a war on so large a scale with so few reverses as has ours. Slavery will be wiped out. The South will be subdued, and any nation on earth that interferes with us will get war until it is tired of it."

"Camp Clear Creek, Miss., July 31, 1862.—You are mistaken in supposing that we are meeting with reverses out here. These raids of guerillas have no significance, whatever. A few of them pitch into an unprotected town of no consequence, rob, steal and burn, and then skedaddle. They have not taken a single place occupied by our troops, of any value to us, except Murfreesboro in Tennessee, and that was retaken in a very few days. So don't let your heart be troubled when you read all these sensational dispatches about guerilla operations. They serve one good purpose, however, and that is to encourage enlistment at the North.

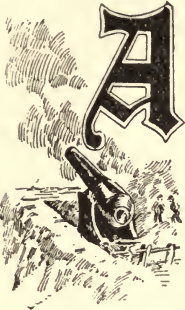
"I think this gigantic rebellion will be put down without resorting to a draft, every soldier of the 1,000,000 who aids in doing it being a volunteer. History furnishes no parallel to this. The whole policy of the Government is now changed, and war from henceforth is to be *war*. Where the army of the Union goes, *there slavery ceases forever*. It is astonishing how soon the blacks have learned this, and they are flocking in con-

siderable numbers already in our lines. The people here will learn before this war is over that 'The way of the transgressor is hard.'

"Tell our Canada friends, many of whom seem to be groping in the darkness in regard to us, that this is a war for civil and religious liberty, for civilization, for Cristianity, on the part of this Government against crime, oppression and barbarism; and that all of their sympathies ought to be with us. But whether foreign nations comprehend the true bearings of this struggle or not, as sure as there is justice on earth or a God in heaven, we shall triumph. I shall not think of leaving the service so long as I have an arm to wield a sword or a voice to encourage my men to fight in so holy a cause. But I find I am making a stump speech, so I close."

"Camp Clear Creek, Miss., Sunday, Aug. 6, 1862.—Once in a while we hear that we are soon to make a forward movement, but it is doubtful about our moving far or trying to do very much for a month yet. The weather is too hot for that. Then, while we are strong enough to hold our present position, we shall need considerable reinforcements when we again take the offensive. All these things, however, are delightfully uncertain."





about July 1, 1862, my father was stricken with paralysis. My sister, Mrs. Susie Adams, and myself were hurriedly summoned to Canada. The doctor said that his condition was critical, and we left immediately. Upon our arrival we found my father somewhat improved, and his convalescence continued from that time until he was entirely well. We remained in Canada about three weeks.

On the 9th day of August, 1862, Captain Lyon was Field Officer of the day, and on account of the sickness of so many of the officers he was obliged to do double duty. The day was fearfully hot and he became very much exhausted. In the afternoon when he returned to camp he felt so weary that he lay down on the ground in his tent. He remembered that Colonel Murphy came into his tent and told him that he had been commissioned Colonel of the 13th Regiment, but it made no particular impression upon his mind. He also remembered that the Lieutenant came into his tent and looked at him, and later that he brought Dr. Murta to him.* The following letter, dated August 17, 1862, was received from our brother-in-law, A. S. Northrup:

"I have just returned from the 8th Regiment on a visit to Wm. P. Lyon. Colonel Lyon, of the 13th, he is now. Found him rather poorly. He has been sick about a week, but the surgeon says that he is now on the gain.

* This was the last of my service with the 8th Regiment. While I was ill the regiment moved down to Tuscumbia, past Iuka. I went over to Corinth on my recovery and resigned as a Captain of the 8th. Bartlett took the place of Captain of Company K. Smith had been made Captain of Company B. He was a fine soldier and popular. I went home for a month on leave of absence. A few days after I left Price came and the rebels were whipped. There was a good deal of fighting about there then. After I left, the 8th was in the fight that is called the last battle before Corinth. When I felt able to go on duty again I went to Madison and mustered in as Colonel of the 13th and went back South. I found my regiment at Fort Henry.—W. P. L.

I should judge from what I learned that he has been quite sick, but the doctor says that there is no danger but that he will get along now. He is relieved from duty in the 8th and will join his regiment, the 13th, at Columbus as soon as able. His disease, the doctor says, is a slow, dull kind of fever. It will take time for him to get over it, but he does not apprehend any danger at all. I think he is a little worried about himself, especially as the 8th is about moving some seventy miles to Tusculumbia, Ala., and his surgeon thinks he had better go with them, for a while at least, as they understand his case and think it would be better than to put him into strange hands. It is not certain that the regiment will go farther than Iuka, about 25 miles on the Memphis and Charleston R. R. William went on the cars. I happened there just in time to see him a little while and help him aboard. I took his cot into the car, so that he could lounge at leisure. When I left him he seemed very comfortable indeed. I tried to get him to come and stay with me until he got able to join his regiment, but he thought he would enjoy himself better to wait until he was able to be about some. I shall expect him in about a week. I should not much wonder if you should see him in Wisconsin in less than a month, as he will hardly be fit for duty in less than two months. William's company feel like orphans, almost. I find he was a regular pet in the whole regiment. He will receive the very best of attention, and I do not think there is any cause of alarm, as the doctor says that all he requires now is good nursing."

COLONEL LYON'S LETTERS.

"Aug. 12, 1862.—The reason I have not written before is that I am flat on my back. I was attacked on Saturday night with pneumonia, very suddenly, and although much better have not sat up any since.

"I got my commission this morning as Colonel of the 13th Regiment. As soon as I am able to close my affairs here I shall go to Columbus. I am not seriously sick, so do not be frightened. If I can get a short furlough I will do so. Do not under any circumstances try to get here, for it is utterly impossible now for a woman to get past Columbus."

"Tuka, Gen. Hospital, Friday, Aug. 28, 1862.—Here I am, flat on my back with remittent or intermittent fever, I do not know which. I am slowly recovering, the fever growing less and less every day and the doctor says it will entirely disappear in a few days more. I have had typhoid fever, the doctor now tells me. I suffer no pain now, but for the first few days I suffered a great deal. I was taken down Saturday evening, the 9th inst., very suddenly and severely. Our regiment has gone to Tusculum, thirty miles east of here. If I should get worse I will try to go to Columbus and send for you, as no woman is allowed to travel this side of Columbus without a special permit from General Grant.

"Dr. Thornhill, our surgeon, is in charge here, and is very attentive to me. Dr. Murta took most excellent care of me until he had to leave with the regiment. I am taking large quantities of quinine. Have had no appetite.

"I received my commission about the time I was taken sick. An order has been made by General Rosecrans relieving me from duty here and directing me to report to General Grant for further orders. My intention is, as soon as it is proper for me to leave here, to

go to the regiment and close up some company business there; then report to General Grant and if possible get permission to go home to purchase horse, equipments, etc. If I succeed and get there by the 1st of October I shall do well."

"Tuka Springs, Miss., General Hospital, Sunday, Aug. 31, 1862.—I am still here, you see, but I assure you that I am very greatly improved. The fever has now entirely disappeared, I think, for I am gaining strength rapidly. I can now walk across the room without help. My appetite is fair, but not ravenous. My principal food is mush and molasses, a little broiled beefsteak, and black tea. Dr. Thornhill promises to let me go to the regiment, the 8th, as soon as it will answer, which I think will be in a few days, say three or four, just long enough to recruit a little. Dr. and Mrs. Thornhill have been very kind to me during my illness, as was Dr. Murta while I was with him. John Humphrey and Williams have taken most excellent care of me and have spared no effort to make me as comfortable as possible. I owe my rapid recovery to the excellent nursing I have had, in a great measure.

"Immediately after receiving my commission as Colonel of the 13th, General Rosecrans made an order relieving me from duty in the 8th and ordering me to report to General Grant, who is at Corinth; so that is my first move when I am able; and I expect to be ordered to join my regiment, with a short leave of absence, which can not exceed twenty days, to purchase outfit, etc., but don't be too sanguine, for I may fail to get leave. The regiment have been paid lately to the 1st of July, but not being with them I was not paid. I expect to be paid, however, when I report to General Grant, up to the time when my pay as Colonel commences, which I suppose is August 5th. I believe the pay of a Colonel is \$218 per month, at least it was. Of course, my expenses will be

much larger than they have been. My outfit will cost a good deal, horse, saddle, pistol, sword, mess chest, uniform, etc., etc.

"I do not allow myself to pine inordinately for home, but I look upon my illness in a distant land, away from the comforts of home and the tender care of my wife and friends, as one of the sacrifices that I am called upon to make for my country, and I try to make it cheerfully."

"Iuka Springs, Miss., General Hospital, Thursday, Sept. 4, 1862.—On Monday I learned that the regiment had to leave Tuscumbia the next morning, and fearing that I might not see them again, without asking leave of any doctor I jumped on the train and went there. General Rosecrans was on the train and said: 'Why, Captain, where are you going?' He thought it was rather venturesome of me to take the trip, but said he thought if I took plenty of quinine and whisky there would be no danger of my being worse, and he pressed his own flask upon me.

"Tuscumbia is thirty miles east, and in Alabama. The boys seemed pleased to see me. I stayed with them that night and saw them off in the morning. I felt better in the morning for my trip. A few hours after the regiment left, a courier was dispatched recalling it; and it is now in Tuscumbia without doubt, although they had not yet arrived when I left. I found the boys all well and in fine spirits. I feel very well, the only trouble being weakness, and I am rapidly gaining strength. I weigh 138 pounds, having lost but 20 pounds during my sickness. I still live on beefsteak, tea, and mush and molasses. I have no fever, sweats, aches or pains of any kind, and the natural blackness is rapidly spreading over my countenance again."

"Camp 16th Wis. Vol., near Corinth, Mon. a. m., Sept. 8, 1862.—I got away from the hospital Saturday

night and came to Corinth yesterday morning. Sent word to Sperry, who came after me with an ambulance, took me first to General Grant's headquarters, two miles out of town, and then brought me here. I found everything all right. Resigned as Captain, which was accepted, and I go to headquarters again today to be mustered as Colonel of the 13th.* This is only for convenience and to have my pay going on. It looks squally about my getting home, I am improving too rapidly for that. I leave tomorrow morning for Columbus. I met Captain Smith at Corinth yesterday. He says he heard in Cairo that the 13th had gone up the Tennessee river to Fort Henry. This is uncertain. Sperry is hearty."

The 13th Regiment had gone to Fort Henry. One of the officers, Levi Billings, came home with Mr. Lyon, as he was then so feeble that they would not allow him to come alone. He stayed in Racine for three weeks, then went to Madison and was mustered in as Colonel of the 13th Regiment and joined the regiment at Fort Henry.

"Fort Henry, Tenn., Oct. 8, 1862.—I am just ready to commence my series of semi-weekly letters. I had a long trip, or, rather, took a long time to get here. I stayed in Chicago Thursday night, Friday night slept on the cars, getting to Cairo early Saturday morning. Saturday afternoon went to Mound City, returning to Cairo Sunday morning. Bought a horse for \$150. Monday afternoon went to Paducah. Tuesday afternoon started up the Tennessee on a 7 by 9 steamboat, getting here

* Not being able to get a leave of absence if I mustered as Colonel, I postponed the muster and returned home as a private citizen.—W. P. L.

early Wednesday morning. I met with a most cordial reception from everybody. I assumed command and held a dress parade last evening. There are but six companies of the regiment here. Two are at Donelson, one at Hickman, and one at Smithland.

"We have a pleasant situation, and the Quartermaster pitched in yesterday and made me very comfortable. I have a large tent, with a good table, bedstead (all rough, of course) and many other little conveniences. I board at present with the Quartermaster and one of the Captains, and live well. I am constantly getting better. My cough and cold have entirely disappeared.

"I am trying to get a good negro and wife and go to housekeeping. Would you like to call on us? It looks as if we might remain here for some time. There is no settlement here, nothing but troops, and not many of them. The main trouble is that the river is so low. But few boats come here from the outside world more than once or twice a week. This will account for any delay in the receipt of letters from me.

"Write me all you know about the part the 8th took in the late fight at Corinth, also the 16th. I am very anxious to hear about it. I hope the 8th was not in, but suppose it was. The 16th must have been engaged. There is another battle I have lost by reason of my promotion.

"After the river rises, so that boats run more freely on it, if it still looks like remaining here some time, I think you must try to come and see me, but I do not dare to have you bring the children. The river will probably rise in November."

"October 15, 1862.—The river is still low and nearly isolates us from civilization. I am slowly gaining strength. I ride some, but find it rather fatiguing. The

position of Colonel of a regiment is no sinecure, I assure you. I think that I shall earn my wages.

"I see that those terrible battles of Corinth have struck close home. You have, of course, heard that Sperry Northrup was killed. A letter from Andrews, the sutler, informs me that he was shot through the heart while skirmishing on Saturday morning, the 4th inst. Poor Katie and the children! My heart bleeds for them.

"I see, too, that the 8th has lost heavily, but am without particulars, except that Lieut. Fellows of Company K is wounded, also two or three of the boys. There are doubtless many more of them hurt, but I have not seen the full list.

"Although by coming to this regiment I have escaped a terrible peril, perhaps death, yet I almost regret that I was not with the brave boys that I led for a year, in the hours of their recent terrible peril. But God governs, and we may safely trust our destinies to Him.

"There is no prospect of any fighting in this vicinity at present. There are a few ragged guerilla bands thirty or forty miles from here, but they run whenever our cavalry comes near them. It begins to look as though we should winter here. We are moving the camp a short distance to better ground, and I am making all my arrangements with reference to your coming. I have taken a little stock in the contraband line, having a man and his wife on trial. I think they will suit me. Their names are 'Jerry' and 'Minerva,' aged 32 and 27, respectively—no children. The wench is supposed to be the most ill-looking one in the camp. She is washing for me today.

"I think that I am rapidly gaining the confidence and respect of the officers and men of the regiment. I have really a very fine regiment, indeed. Almost the entire membership was recruited from residents of Rock county and closely contiguous territory, and embraces

the best material in that favored portion of our state. A large number are either graduates from or students in Milton College. Company K, commanded by Captain Norcross, a graduate of the State University, is composed largely of members of this class. I feel honored to be assigned to the command of such men. As soon as I have strength I shall commence drilling it thoroughly, thus fitting it to fight if we are sent into the field. I shall make no effort to get into the field. That is a responsibility which I dare not assume."

"Fort Henry, Tenn., Oct. 19, 1862.—We moved our camp yesterday upon better ground, one-fourth of a mile distant, all except the quarters of the field and staff officers, to be removed tomorrow; so, being isolated from the regiment, I am having a very quiet Sunday, indeed.

"We are having beautiful Indian summer weather, with cool nights. The only drawback is the heavy fogs that gather along the river every morning, producing agues and intermittents among the men. Ten per cent of our men are reported sick, that is 60 out of 600, the number we have here. This will subside in a month or so, and then I think you must come here, provided things look as though we would remain for some time longer.

"I am feeling perfectly well, and perform all my duties without difficulty, but find that I am far from having my old strength. I take the best possible care of myself, keeping out of the hot sun and out of the fogs as much as possible. You know it is the easiest thing in the world for me to keep out of a morning fog.

"I have not given you any particulars of this command, and will do so now. This military district embraces Forts Henry, Heiman, and Donelson. By looking on the map you will see that Kentucky extends a few miles farther south on the west side of the Tennessee river than it does on the east side. Fort Heiman is in Kentucky, on the west bank of the river, close to the

state line of Tennessee. Fort Henry is on the east bank of the river, about one-half mile below, or north, of a point opposite Fort Heiman. Fort Donelson is fifteen miles southeast of us, on the west bank of the Cumberland. These places are called forts, but the guns are all taken away but one or two, and they amount to nothing as fortifications. The district is commanded by Colonel Lowe, of the 5th Iowa Cavalry, who is said to be a careful, excellent officer. He has been absent ever since I came here, and so I have not seen him.

“The forces at the three points are the 83d Illinois, 13th Wisconsin, four companies of the 71st Ohio, the 5th Regiment of Iowa Cavalry, and four pieces of field artillery; or, more correctly speaking, two sections, eight companies of the 83d and two of the cavalry and one section of artillery are at Donelson, and the balance of the force is here and at Heiman. In the absence of Colonel Lowe the district is under the command of Colonel Harding of the 83d, a rich old fellow from Illinois, with no military training whatever. He is as brave as Julius Caesar and is a grand man, and I am very fond of him. Last night I got a telegram from him ordering me to move this morning with all of my available force to Canton, thirty miles distant, thence to La Fayette, thirty miles farther, where we would be thirty-five miles from here. The commanding officer of the cavalry had received the same orders. The object of the expedition was no doubt to chase a band of thieving guerillas who infest the region of La Fayette, but who mounted on fleet horses always run at our approach. We knew that it was useless to go after them and that Colonel Lowe if here would disapprove of the expedition; so we held a council of officers to devise the best way ‘how not to do it.’ The result was that we sent a couple of smooth-tongued officers to Donelson to coax the old Colonel off the notion. They succeeded, and at two o’clock this

morning the order to march was countermanded by telegraph. The only loss was part of a night's sleep.

"We are not in decently respectable peril here, and yet these posts must be held by somebody. Our greatest privation is want of mails. I have not heard a word from home since I left. I expect a mail tomorrow morning. You did right to have father go to Mauston to see and comfort poor suffering Katie and her family.

"Since commencing this, four companies of my regiment have been ordered on a six-days' expedition in the country."

"Fort Henry, Tenn., Wed. a. m., Oct. 22, 1862.—There is a boat going down and I think I will write a few lines to let you know that I am well. We are having beautiful weather now, Indian summer days and cool nights. This morning we had quite a frost and but little fog. When these fogs disappear and the ague subsides it will be safe for you to come. I think that we shall remain here the most of the winter."

"Fort Henry, Tenn., Monday, October 27.—I do not dare to have you come until a little later. In the meantime I shall go on and get ready for you. If I can get lumber I shall build a little shanty. My tent has a good floor in it and so it is comfortable except in a cold wind. It is about the size of our parlor. We could get along very well in it, but perhaps better in a good board shanty. We had a snow storm Saturday. All went off the next day. The box came all right. The pickles and peaches I gave to the sick boys in the hospital. I am saving the cake till you come.

"I had a letter from Augie Weissart, of Company K, from Corinth. He gives all the casualties of the battle."

"Fort Henry, Tenn, 2 o'clock Thursday a. m., Oct. 30, 1862.—The celebrated guerilla chief, Morgan, is at Hopkinsville, Ky., about fifty miles north-east of us,

with a force variously estimated at from 1,500 to 2,500. We expect to march in the morning in connection with forces from Fort Donelson and Paducah, under command of General Ransom, now in Paducah, to fight him, unless he runs away.

“Colonel Lowe, the permanent commander here, who has been absent ever since I came, is between here and Paducah, and will be here tomorrow morning, or rather this morning, early; which will relieve me from the responsibility of commanding the expedition. I have, however, to make all the preliminary arrangements, and have been up all night issuing orders, telegraphing to Fort Donelson, Paducah and Columbus, and getting ready generally. The regiment knows nothing of the expedition yet, as I have not called them out. I am feeling first rate and in most excellent spirits. My only trouble is that my legs are rather weak and I can not ride much on horseback. I shall walk or ride in an ambulance mostly, and have no doubt but I shall stand the trip finely. We shall probably be gone a week. If we can clean out Morgan we break up guerilla operations in these parts and thus do the country and our sacred cause good service. It is time I called up my men, and must therefore close. Be a heroine, be calm, although danger may surround me, and trust in the kind Father of us all for safety and protection.”

“Thursday evening.—A variety of circumstances prevented us from getting off this morning, one of which was the failure of Colonel Lowe to return this morning. We have had an anxious day, fearing the boat was captured by the guerillas. We go in the morning down the Tennessee forty miles, and then across to the Cumberland, by land, of course, to Eddyville, thence to Hopkinsville. We meet General Ransom and the forces from below where we leave the river. The men are in high spirits, and so am I, in view of our expedi-

tion. We want to get these guerillas scattered before we feel quite willing to have our wives come to us. We hear this morning that Morgan has skedaddled. I celebrated my birthday by drilling my regiment in battalion drill for the first time."

"La Fayette, Ky., Tuesday, Nov. 4, 1862.—We are at La Fayette, Ky., 18 miles east of Fort Donelson, near the line of Tennessee. We have marched between forty and fifty miles. I feel first rate. Rode over yesterday and shall go on this morning. Do not think we shall get a fight, but we make the guerillas skedaddle, I assure you. Stop a week or more before we get back from camp. Weather beautiful.

"We are holding an election this morning. Tell Mr. Parker that I have cast a vote for him. I send this by a train going back to Donelson. I ride on horseback, in the ambulance, and go on foot, about equal doses. I get along finely and improve rapidly."

"Fort Henry, Tenn., Wed. p. m., Nov. 12, 1862.—We have but just arrived from our expedition. The mail is just going out and I have but time to say that I am well, having improved in strength rapidly since I have been gone. I got so I could ride on horseback all day. Morgan gave us the slip, but we ran upon Woodward, who has a band out there. There were 15 of their men killed. Our loss, two killed and a few slightly wounded. The killed were cavalry; the wounded, our men. The 13th are good fighters.

"We marched 180 miles, went to Canton, La Fayette, Hopkinsville, Garrettsburg (where the fight occurred), and Fort Donelson."

"Fort Henry, Tenn., Sunday, Nov. 16, 1862.—My letters recently have been few and hurried. I am now able to give you a more full account of our expedition. I have a feeling of quiet in my comfortable tent, with the rain falling outside. My round of duty is ceaseless, yet

it is no burden to me, for I have the cordial co-operation of officers and men, all of whom seem to have a sincere respect for me. In addition to my regimental duties, I am commander of this post, which adds somewhat to my labors. I like Colonel Lowe, the commander of this district, well, and we get along together first rate. He compliments me very highly upon the improved condition of this regiment since I assumed the command of it. He lives on the steamer Ewing, spending most of his time at Fort Heiman over the river opposite. Now for our march.

“We went down the river forty miles to Chaudet’s Landing, October 31. Thence we marched southeast to Canton on the Cumberland river, in Trigg county, Kentucky; thence southeast to La Fayette; thence northeast to Hopkinsville, Christian county, Kentucky; thence south to Garrettsburg, near the line of Tennessee, and all about that place. Here we overtook Woodward’s gang, fought, and drove them; were only under fire a short time. We then went back to Hopkinsville, getting there Friday afternoon, the 7th; stayed there until Sunday afternoon; came back here by La Fayette and Fort Donelson.

“The country about Hopkinsville is very fine, and Hopkinsville is a beautiful place and very healthy. It is the most loyal town we have found, having furnished a large number of troops for the Union army. It is the home of General Jackson, who was killed at the battle of Perryville. We, the officers, enjoyed largely the hospitality of the citizens and found much refinement amongst them. We were the heroes of the battle of Garrettsburg, you know, and that is a great event with these people! I attended church in Hopkinsville last Sunday morning and heard a fine discourse from the Rev. Dr. Nevins, a Presbyterian, and a sterling Union man. The people in that region have suffered terribly from the

raids of guerilla parties; and after witnessing the effects of this war there, and, indeed, everywhere in the South, I am more and more thankful that you are out of the range of these sufferings and that I can bear the whole peril for all of us.

"I expect that Colonel Lowe will start another expedition soon after a guerilla gang under Napier, some fifty miles south of us; and we shall doubtless form a part of it. When I get back from that trip I think I can give you marching orders to come here, for it really looks as though we should winter here.

"Lieut.-Col. Chapman and Captain Woodman of the Thirteenth started North yesterday, and both of them partly promised to visit you before they return. They live in Green county. The captain is a young married man and a finished gentleman. He and Colonel Chapman are among my very best friends. I am sure you will enjoy a visit from them. Several officers will send for their wives, I think, after we return from the proposed expedition; among them Captain Ruger, of Janesville. We will arrange to have you come with them."

"Tuesday, Nov. 18, 1862.—I will scratch off a few lines, especially as it is our wedding anniversary. I presume you have celebrated it in due form by a gathering of the family, and I know your heart fondly whispers, 'I wish he were here.' I have commemorated the day by thinking over, as I often do, our married life and the almost unalloyed happiness we have enjoyed, and in anticipating the future and still greater happiness which I believe is in store for us."

"Fort Henry, November 20, 1862.—Four of our companies go up the river tomorrow on an expedition. I do not go. Do not be frightened about guerillas. They

are great cowards and will not fight if they can help it. They are mere thieves, and a thief is always a coward. I do not at all fear being killed. Something constantly assures me that I am coming home to you safely. Now, don't get up a presentiment the other way."

"Fort Henry, Nov. 26, 1862.—We have had no mails for several days. The last mail brought one letter from you. It bears date of August 16th, redirected and forwarded by Bartlett from Corinth. The uncertainty of mails is very annoying.

"I write today, as I am detailed to act as President of a general Court-Martial which convenes here tomorrow, and I shall probably not have any leisure again for a few days. Our Major, Bigney, has just joined us, and relieves me from some duty. He is very much of a gentleman, besides being a good officer.

"I showed my black folks all of your pictures today. Jerry was much taken with Willie, saying: 'He will make a bully man if nothing happens.' They are faithful, excellent people, but they put on some airs because they wait on the *Colonel*. Minerva is now cooking for some officers who live with the Lieutenant-Colonel when he is here. She is in a great hurry for you to come, so that she can get out of that arrangement and wait on you. I am going to build a log house in the rear of my tent for them to live and cook in.

"We have battalion drill every afternoon, but tomorrow being Thanksgiving Day at home I give the boys a holiday. I should be happy to eat fried oysters with you on the occasion, but I suppose I shall be obliged to go on with the Court-Martial."

"Fort Henry, Sunday evening, Nov. 30, 1862.—The last day of each month is inspection day in the army, so I have been engaged all day in making a minute and thorough inspection of my command—not only of the dress, arms, accoutrements and appearance of the men,

but of their tents, kitchens, cook-houses, shanties, cooking utensils, dishes, etc. Fancy me examining tin plates, dish kettles, coffee pots, knives, forks, spoons, tin cups, and the like; threatening to send dirty cooks to the guard house, praising the clean ones, ordering alterations, suggesting improvements, etc.; in which duty I was accompanied and assisted by the Major, Adjutant and two of the surgeons; and you will have a very good idea of inspection day. I give special and constant attention to the cleanliness of the camp, and it is now one of the cleanest I ever saw and is constantly improving, for the officers and men enter most cordially into the spirit of the thing.

"I am still on a general Court-Martial. It is a great bore, too, much like practicing law. The day has been warm and cloudy. This evening it rains copiously, but my tent is warm and dry and as cozy as you could wish were you here to enjoy it with me, as I trust you will be before many weeks elapse. We shall live in the most approved style. Colonel Lowe still intends an expedition after Napier."

"Fort Henry, Dec. 4, 1862.—We are going after Napier and his band tomorrow, and you may not hear from me for ten or twelve days. The teams and the cavalry go tomorrow morning by land, and we go Saturday morning up the river forty miles by water. The rebels are supposed to be at Waverly, ten or twelve miles from where we propose to land, east of the river. Our transportation, that is, teams, provisions, etc., go up on the west side for greater safety. We have a four-gun gunboat to convoy us up the river. I don't know how many rebels there are up there, but probably not enough to induce them to fight us. We shall probably chase them about the country for a week or two and then come back. If we can clean out that force there is nothing left in our beat for us to fight.

"I will answer your questions. We are in General Grant's command, which is called the Department of West Tennessee."

"Fort Henry, Dec. 5, 1862.—We had a lovely snow storm last night, three inches deep, but the weather is mild. Our expedition is postponed in consequence until further orders. I should not wonder if it turned out one 'grand fizzle,' after all."

"Dec. 11, 1862.—There is a boat between Paducah and here that has Captain Woodman on board, and it is supposed that the wives of Captain Ruger and Lieutenant Bowerman are also passengers. Mrs. Chapman, wife of the Lieut.-Col., is here. I dined with them on Tuesday on wild turkey.

"I have kept you on the rack some time now concerning our expedition. Well, you see, it has not come off, and I will tell you why. Just as we were ready to start, we learned that Napier was strongly reinforced by the troops of Woodward and Forrest, with considerable artillery, and that Morgan was some fifteen miles northeast of Clarksville, and about forty miles from Fort Donelson, waiting for us to go up the river in order to pounce upon Fort Donelson and take it. His force was reported at 3,000 men, with four pieces of artillery. So, instead of starting for Waverly, we held ourselves in readiness to march to Donelson at short notice. Then, no longer ago than yesterday, General Rosecrans telegraphed us that Forrest was advancing on Fort Henry (from Waverly, I suppose), and would certainly attack us. We rather liked this, for we have here two gunboats, one carrying four and the other two heavy guns, 24-pounders, and we had also one 12-pounder, and five rifled, six-pound guns on shore; and we would fight and whip 5,000 of these fellows should they attack us here without siege guns.

"Well, today one of our scouts came in from Wav-

erly, and he reports only 500 men there under Napier, with no cannon except two 12-pounders, which they captured from one of our boats that ran aground up the Tennessee river last summer. He says that neither Forrest nor Woodward is there at all, and discredits the story that Morgan is anywhere in this section of country. As soon as Colonel Lowe can be satisfied upon the latter point, we shall move on Waverly.

"Of course, we shall get no fighting, but we go to administer a little justice to a few of the rebel ringleaders in that region, and they need it badly. Were I in command I think I should make the expedition forthwith; but Colonel Lowe is a very prudent, cautious officer—too cautious, I sometimes think—and will not move until he is assured of success. In the meantime our preparation for winter progresses finely.

"In addition to our tents, we have about sixty log houses, which the boys have built, and some of them are really nice and cozy. Many of the officers have them, but I prefer a tent."

FROM MRS. LYON'S DIARY.

Paducah, Ky., Dec. 12, 1862.—I met Captain Woodman, with Mrs. Ruger and Mrs. Bowerman, as I was looking for an omnibus in Chicago. Both the ladies are young brides, and quite pleasant. We all went up yesterday to examine the fort. It is a very strong fortification. It commands the Ohio, Cumberland and Tennessee rivers. They fired a blank cartridge in honor of our visit. It was a thirty-four pounder. I could scarcely hear anything for some time after.

There is a rumor here that the rebels (6,000) are near Fort Donelson and preparing to attack the fort, and that they have sent to Fort Henry for reinforce-

ments. There are two ladies here waiting to go to Fort Donelson. The last boat load that went up took along firearms to defend themselves, as the boat might be fired into or captured. It is not a pleasant idea. We saw here for the first time well-dressed Southern ladies chewing tobacco and spitting behind the backlog.

Dec. 14, 1862.—We took the boat in the afternoon, but did not come very fast from Paducah, as we had to tow a barge of coal. It made the boat so heavy we came very slowly. This coal is for the expedition William wrote about that he was going with. We had to tie up to a tree and stay all night, 20 miles from Paducah.

Fort Henry, Dec. 16, 1862, eight o'clock.—Captain Ruger and Lieut. Bowerman came to the boat to meet their wives, but William had not the least intimation of my coming and stayed snugly in his tent until we were nearly here, when Captain Hewitt ran in and asked him if he knew that his wife had come on the boat. William said: "No, and if you have deceived me you shall be court-martialed." It was a complete surprise. He could not get over it all the evening. After we had gone to bed, a party came and serenaded us. The music was very sweet. They had a flute, violin and guitar. After serenading us, they went to Colonel Chapman's and to Captain Ruger's and Bowerman's. They have a double log-house for both families. I can't say that I like sleeping out of doors. My first experience was rather unpleasant. The tent post was one of the bed posts. The wind blew quite hard that night, and we rocked about as you would in a boat in a gale, but we have remedied that. It seems so noisy, living in a tent, and so exposed --only a thin cloth between you and the outside world. I think I should prefer a log cabin; but William enjoys this so much, he wonders that I should not. We have a little stove and are quite comfortable.

Dec. 25, 1862.—The ladies all joined and got up a Christmas dinner for the officers.

Dec. 28.—The regiment returned from their recent expedition, all safe, not having found the enemy at all. We made up our minds that we were now going to have a good visit, but a dispatch arrived from Colonel Lowe with orders for the Thirteenth to go to Paris, as there is a strong force of rebels there, to prevent the Unionists from voting for their Congressional member. They are to have their election today. I fear our men will not get off so easily again. The men are completely tired out from their march, being in camp only one night. They started from here about five o'clock p. m., and will have to march all night to get there. This expedition is entirely under William's supervision. His orders were to disembark at Paris Landing, and after that to do what seemed proper to him. He has two companies of cavalry with him. When he told me yesterday that they were going, I told him that I intended to go home on the gunboat, but he begged so hard for me to stay that I told him I would stay unless I heard bad news from home. He feels as badly as I do that he can not be with me, and says that they will surely be back in a few days.

The weather is perfectly beautiful. It is so warm that I do not pretend to put anything around me when I go out. The birds are singing as they do with us in the spring. The Eighty-Third Illinois Regiment from Fort Donelson has just passed, to join the Thirteenth in the expedition.

1863.

Fort Henry, Tenn., Jan. 5, 1863.—The last time I wrote, William was off on the second expedition. They returned on Wednesday, dissatisfied at not being al-

lowed to go into Paris. They were ordered to stay eight miles this side, as the rumors were that Forrest had too many men for our forces to fight. Our pickets were driven in, but they captured four horses and arms.

We have just heard the good that the expedition did. The rebels did not know how much force we had, but heard and imagined that there were four times as many as there were. So they turned and went the other way and so came in contact with General Dodge and his army, and had a battle and were badly beaten.

Forrest and Napier had joined forces. Napier was killed and we have taken 900 prisoners, so report says. I expect the Thirteenth will be ordered away from here before long, as General Ransom is determined to have them.

Fort Henry, Tenn., Jan. 14, 1863.—A party of twenty of us went to Fort Donelson, returning the same day. While going there the carriage in which I rode broke down, upset and rolled us all out in the road in fine confusion. Except a few slight bruises nobody was injured. Mrs. Stanton fainted away and we had to take her into a house. Here we saw for the first time the filthy habit of dipping. They take a small stick and chew the end of it into a brush, then stick it into Scotch snuff and rub it all around their teeth.

Jan. 18, 1862.—It rained all day the 14th and to the 16th, when it turned to snow. The snow is eighteen inches deep, but I do not think it will last. It is not cold. The river is high and rising fast. Our camp is on an elevation above high-water mark.

Fort Henry, January 21, 1863.—Trying to clear off. Company H, Captain Noyes, has gone up the river on a scout. The Tennessee has risen from ten to fifteen feet in two days, and if this snow should go off with rain it would rise considerably more. We have been perfectly comfortable in our tent. A gunboat and three trans-

ports loaded with hospital supplies were captured on the Cumberland river the same night we were in Donelson.

William sent to Paducah for two chairs for us. We had to sit on cracker boxes before. One of the soldiers says that he will put some rockers on mine.

Jan. 27, 1863.—We had a pleasure excursion down the river on the Nevada. Went fourteen miles, to the Dutch grocery. Took a long tramp in the woods. Two negroes cut down two hickory trees for us to gather the nuts. We had to return to the boat on account of rain. There has been a terrible battle at Murfreesboro, we hear.

Attended a pleasant dancing party given by Mrs. Lowe on the boat Ewing. We all enjoyed it very much, it was such a new experience. We did not go back to camp until after ten o'clock (after taps they call it), and not one of the officers had the countersign, so when we got to the picket there were a number of officers waiting for the Colonel to give them the countersign. In his hurry to get ready he had not thought to get it, but I had opened the note and was, therefore, the only one in the crowd who knew it, so I had to whisper it to the guard before they would let us pass. I often go to the hospital and take some little good thing to the sick boys. They appreciate it, I can tell you.

COLONEL LYON'S LETTERS.

"Feb. 3, 1863.—Our mails are very irregular. All the steamers are used by the Government to carry troops to Vicksburg and Nashville. There are no signs of our being ordered away from here at present, although I should not be surprised if we had a march and a fight soon. We get intelligence that the rebels in large force

are preparing to obstruct the passage of the Cumberland river between Donelson and Clarksville. If so, they must be dislodged, as the use of the Cumberland is indispensable to General Rosecrans. A late order transfers us from General Grant's to General Rosecrans' command."

"February 6, 1863.—We received the intelligence on Tuesday afternoon at one o'clock that the rebels were advancing on Donelson. The only forces there were the 83d Illinois, Colonel Harding, and Flood's 2d Illinois Battery of four pieces. Colonel Harding had also a 32-pounder siege gun in position. One of his companies was absent, so that the whole defensive force there was less than 700 men, with five pieces of artillery.

"We could not ascertain whether the rebels were in large force, and we apprehended that the attack there was only a feint, and that the real point of attack would be Fort Henry. Colonel Lowe hesitated, therefore, to send reinforcements until the necessity was apparent.

"Finally we got a dispatch that the battle had commenced, and I was ordered to push rapidly over there (it is fifteen miles from here) with the Thirteenth. Soon after we left the telegraph wire was cut, which showed that the enemy were in our path. Colonel Lowe started reinforcements to me. Six miles this side of Fort Donelson my advance guard was fired into and fell back to the main body. This was after dark. I formed a line of battle and reconnoitered in front. The first men that advanced in front of our lines were fired upon and wounded. We reconnoitered carefully in front, and hearing heavy firing renewed at Donelson, I pushed on with the main body, moving slowly, with skirmishers deployed to the front.

"In the meantime Colonel Lowe learned that we were attacked and sent me three pieces of artillery and more infantry. I moved slowly and cautiously to within

two miles of Donelson, occasionally sending couriers in advance to ascertain the situation of things at the fort, for up to this time we had no intelligence from there. We passed the point where the rebel force on our road had been stationed. We learned from citizens that they had 300 or 400 men there, who retreated on our approach.

"About midnight one of our couriers returned with intelligence that the road was clear, and we moved on to the fort. We found, when we arrived there, that the place was attacked between one and two o'clock by at least four thousand rebels with from ten to thirteen pieces of artillery. They were commanded by a Major-General Wheeler and two Brigadiers, Forrest and Wharton. The fight lasted until night. The rebels surrounded the place, their lines running from the river bank above to the river bank below the town, which is surrounded by high hills. What is called Fort Donelson is really the village of Dover. The fortifications are abandoned and did not figure in the fight. They charged repeatedly upon our men, but were invariably repulsed. The history of this war shows no such fighting as was done by the 83d Illinois and Flood's Battery. Without fortifications, except slight breastworks improvised for the occasion, inferior in artillery, and 700 against 4,000, they fought for hours, through ravines, over hills, through the streets of the village, behind houses, in companies, by squads, and often single-handed, they contested every inch of ground until night ended the conflict. And to render the condition of these gallant men more desperate, at four o'clock the battery was out of ammunition.

"The regiment was never in battle before, but every man fought like a veteran. At night, with their lines drawn closely around the town, and their batteries all in position to renew the attack in the morning, the enemy

sent in a demand to Colonel Harding to surrender the place or take the consequences. The Colonel replied that it was against his orders to surrender and he must therefore 'take the consequences.' All the time I knew, as did also Colonel Harding, that several gunboats were on their way up the Cumberland river and would reach Donelson on Tuesday evening. The rebels knew nothing of this.

"The gunboats arrived about eight o'clock and opened fire with eight-inch Dahlgrens upon the rebels, scattering them in dismay out of *our* reach. Early in the morning we found that they were rapidly retreating southeast, in the direction from whence they came. The slaughter amongst them was terrible. The morning after we arrived there I looked over the ground and dead bodies could be seen in every direction. Up to Wednesday evening our men had buried 125 dead rebels, and they were still being found and brought in. We find the houses all along the line of their retreat filled with their wounded, and they took off all that they could move. Their killed will, I think, amount to 200 and their wounded to 600 or 800. The most remarkable circumstance of the whole affair is that the loss on our side was only 11 killed and 41 wounded!

"This battle was fought a mile or more from old Fort Donelson. We have since learned that it was their intention to capture Fort Donelson and then move their whole force on to Fort Henry and take that fort also. There are great stores of supplies and provisions, as well as arms, here. Hence they threw out a strong force on the Fort Henry road to retard the advance of reinforcements from here; and then when they got Fort Donelson they could throw their whole force on us, they thought, and exterminate us. It was well planned—the theory was perfect—but it did not work well.

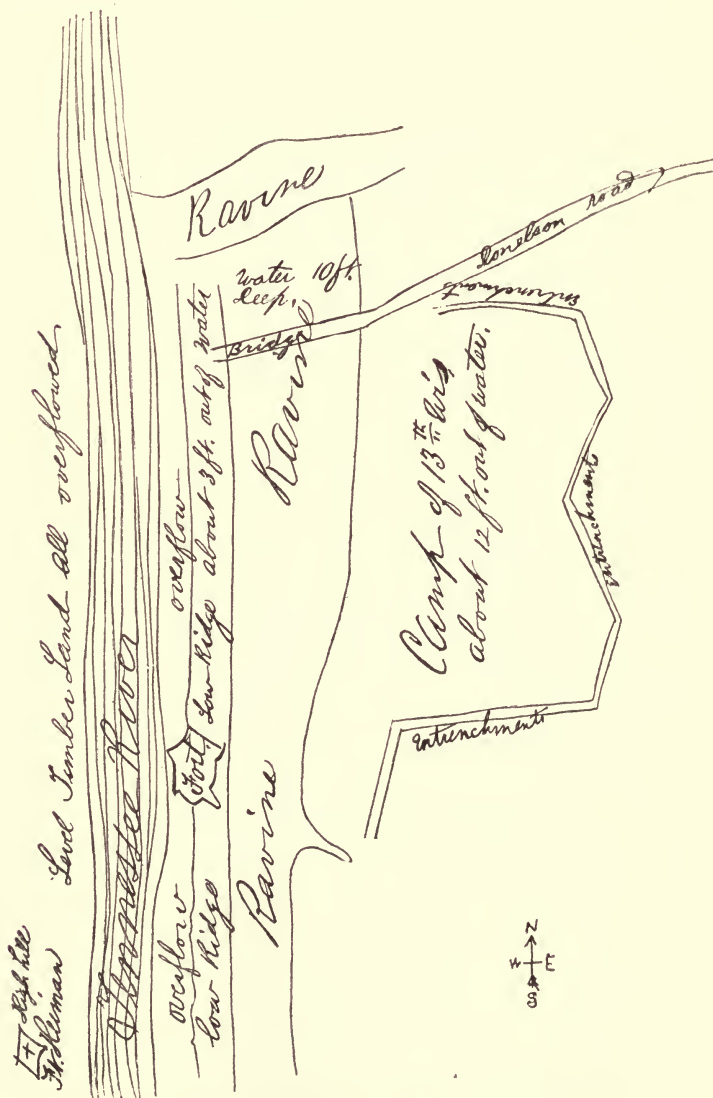
"Yesterday we returned to our old quarters. Be-

fore leaving Donelson, however, we saw the Twenty-Second Wisconsin, which, with 20,000 to 30,000 other troops, were there on their way to Nashville and Murfreesboro. They have buried 70 men and left 150 sick behind them. The regiment is not in a good condition. I marched the Thirteenth down to the boat on which was the Twenty-Second, drew up in line, gave them a few rounds of cheers, said 'Good-bye,' and left for home.

"They got news in camp after we left for Fort Donelson that we were fighting, and the fact that Colonel Lowe was constantly pushing reinforcements to me seemed to confirm it, and the women got quite nervous about us."

MRS. LYON'S DIARY.

Fort Henry, Tenn., Feb. 4—A dispatch from Colonel Lowe yesterday called the Thirteenth to Fort Donelson. We had a night of great excitement. All the men went out of camp except the sick, and all that could stand up on their feet followed. We heard that the Thirteenth was fighting about six miles out. We could hear the cannon boom once in a while. After dark, and all night, the couriers were running. They brought news that some of the officers were killed. I had to bear this alone, for I could not tell the wives, and thought it might not be true; and if it was I did not want to be the one to tell them. We packed up everything, and were ready to start at a moment's notice. We were to take the boat and go down the river a few miles. After midnight the ladies all got together in our tent and talked. They seemed to depend upon me. I felt myself a very weak stick—I knew of these reports, and felt so nervous.



MAP OF FORT HENRY, TENN., FEB. 28, 1863.
DRAWN BY COLONEL LYON.

FROM COLONEL LYON'S LETTERS.

"Feb. 9, 1863.—There is a report that Van Dorn is advancing upon us from the southwest with a large force, which may be true. Many of the rebel army are in a starving condition. It was for that reason they were so anxious to get in here.

"The weather is very warm, with lots of mud. We are doing some work on fortifications and giving the rebels some chance to do us a good turn if they choose to give us a call. If we are attacked here at any time we shall put the women on a steamer and send them a few miles down the river."

"Fort Henry, Feb. 13, 1863.—No excitement here now about an attack, yet we may have a fight in a week. These matters are all uncertain. Secesh comes like a thief in the night. We are always ready."

"Feb. 20, 1863.—Night before last I had information leading me to believe that an attack here was quite probable, and as a measure of precaution I had all the women pack their trunks and get ready to 'vamose the ranch,' at double quick if necessary. We were up most of the night. We were misled by the telegraph operator at Fort Donelson. In the morning all was explained and we resumed our usual equanimity. Colonel Lowe is absent, and the whole responsibility in case of an attack here is on me.

"A very heavy wind last evening made our tent and Adelia's nerves shake considerable, but I made everything right by holding down the tent pole."

"Feb. 28, 1863.—The water is very high, and rising about one foot in 24 hours. It is at least 30 feet above its ordinary height last fall. We have built a bridge of logs over the ravine (see map), as the water rose, and I think it must be 15 feet high and 20 to 25 rods long. The logs are laid up crib fashion, with plank on top. A rise

of four feet more will cover the ridge nearest the river and drive our troops out of the fort. A rise of five or six feet will let steamers run up to our camp. They could come up now through the ravine were it not for the trees.

“The weather is delightful, just like your most pleasant May. This is a great country for frogs. They keep up a terrible clatter every night.”

MRS. LYON'S DIARY.

Feb. 22, 1863.—Another scare. There is a large rebel force at Waverley. The boys in the hospital are all better, except one poor Norwegian, who is dying of homesickness. I tried to encourage him, but it was of no use, he is so despondent.

Feb. 27, 1863.—Went with the ladies to the photographer's. Took a long walk on the new bridge and to the sutler's. Mrs. Warren treated us to some apples, being the only lady that had any money. Nearly pay day.

Feb. 28, 1863.—Went to inspection and muster. Called at the hospital. A large party of us visited the old Secesh camp. Their chimneys are still standing. It was all dry and pleasant there.

March 3, 1863.—William was telegraphing with General Rosecrans until ten o'clock respecting Van Dorn. We are threatened with an attack. We are getting quite used to this now.

March 4, 1863.—The regiment has just received orders to march to Fort Donelson and leave at once. I expect we women will have to go home.

March 5, 1863.—Stayed with Mrs. Hewitt all night. We hardly slept a bit. We were afraid of guerillas.

There were strange men all through the camp in the day time. We were afraid they might come again at night. There is but a small guard left here to protect us. No boat yet.

March 6, 1863.—Raining, and no boat. I decided to go to Fort Donelson. We got there near dark, tired almost to death. Found Minerva quite sick. All the ladies came here and we got supper for them, two ambulance loads. William came out to help the ladies out. I came out first and he was so glad to see me that he took me into the house and forgot what he went out for, but was excused. They laughed at him and joked him. He had secured a large room in a large house for headquarters. We will try living in a house for awhile.

Fort Donelson, March 8, 1863.—The rest of the women came over today. Mrs. Twist and Mrs. Norton stayed with the other privates' wives—the husbands stayed as guards. The roads are awful. They had no arrangements made, so they made a field bed for the four women and children. Raining all the time since we came.

Fort Donelson, March 9, 1863.—We don't do much but cook. There is a large family of us. It is lucky that we have a large room.

Fort Donelson, March 10, 1863.—Raining all day. Captain Woodman and the Rugers took dinner with us. The Armeda came with the rest of the ladies. They came around by Paducah. Only two ladies out of 24 went home.

COLONEL LYON'S LETTERS.

“Fort Donelson, Tenn., March 8, 1863.—On Tuesday last I had orders from General Rosecrans to evacuate Fort Henry and come here. This was soon followed by

another order to evacuate Fort Heiman also—thus abandoning the Tennessee river entirely. We marched here on Tuesday evening and arrived after midnight, leaving Adelia at Fort Henry expecting that she would have to go home; but on sending back our wagons for baggage the next day, she and nearly all the ladies concluded to come here, which they did, arriving Friday night.

“It is very troublesome to get the artillery and cavalry across the river from Fort Heiman, and they are not all over yet. The high water causes the trouble.

“I found on getting here that Colonel Harding had provided a room for me in a house occupied by him as headquarters, inside the fortifications, so we are quite comfortable.

“I am glad to get the regiment away from Fort Henry, there is so much country under water there that I think sickness will prevail when the water subsides. This place is dry and hilly, without any overflow in high water. It is a healthy point.

“There are a great many boats running up and down the Cumberland, taking supplies to General Rosecrans’ army. I think there is no rebel force of any considerable size in this vicinity. We have a strong fortification, plenty of artillery, and a reasonable number of troops, and can whip almost anything that comes.”

“Fort Donelson, Tenn., March 12, 1863.—We are well and have gotten quite comfortably settled after our move. The weather is very pleasant now, mud rapidly drying up.

“I don’t know that I ever told you that our officers elected Dr. Smith, of Buffalo, Chaplain of this regiment some time ago. Just received a letter accepting the appointment, but he will not join us probably for some weeks.

“Business is very active on the Cumberland, as all

the supplies for General Rosecrans' army go up this river. A fleet of twenty or more transports, convoyed by gunboats, left here this morning for Nashville.

"You have doubtless heard ere this that the 22d Regiment, Colonel Utley, is captured. We have no particulars yet. They doubtless fought gallantly. I do not think either the regiment or its officers are to blame. The period of our stay here is very uncertain."

MRS. LYON'S DIARY.

March 15, 1863.—We went to church and heard Mr. McKenney, Chaplain of the 71st Ohio, the first preaching I have listened to in three months. After dinner we walked to the burying ground, where the heaviest of the last battle was fought. There were a number of bodies picked up right here. Two battles were fought over this ground. It had once been decorated beautifully. There are a number of slabs that are box-shaped, handsome monuments, nearly all broken by cannon balls and shells. It makes a desolate place of it. After the last battle they dug pits and put from twenty to forty bodies in each grave, without even a box to shelter them. There are a great many interesting places around here, made so by events that will enter history.

March 16, 1863.—The boys found a dead rebel in our quarters, buried about six inches below the surface.

March 17, 1863.—We all went out to see the dress parade. The ground has been so muddy and broken that they have not had a parade lately. The Thirteenth Regiment surpasses them all.

In the night the telegraph operator came to say that Colonel Harding was promoted to Brigadier-General. Most of his regiment, the 83d, came down here to con-

gratulate him. They serenaded him, sang all kinds of war songs, and tried to get into his room, but all in vain. A boat came by with a band on it that played beautifully.

LETTER FROM MRS. LYON.

Fort Donelson, March 17, 1863.—The dangers that surround us have made us appreciate every hour together. Our train went over to Fort Henry day before yesterday, and on coming back yesterday they saw a number of rebels, who probably meant to attack the train but saw it so strongly guarded that they let it alone.

LETTER FROM COLONEL LYON.

“Fort Donelson, March 24, 1863.—I suppose you have heard lots of rumors about the 13th having surrendered Fort Donelson. The rebels have not been here in force since they were so awfully whipped. There are guerilla parties, but they dare not attack a place so well fortified.

“We are getting to be quite aristocratic, we live in a large house with Brigadier-General Harding, formerly Colonel of the 83d Illinois, the regiment that fought the late battle here.

“Yours of the 1st of March came to hand in due time. We were a little curious to know how you knew at that time that we were coming here, when we did not know it ourselves. The first intimation we had of it was a telegram from General Rosecrans to me, March 4th, ordering the force at Fort Henry over here. We had, however, expected orders to go to some other point, for some time,

as Fort Henry was all under water and there was no earthly use in keeping troops there any longer.

“Fort Heiman, opposite Fort Henry across the Tennessee river, is a commanding point. That fort was also evacuated, but has since been occupied by troops from General Grant’s department. There is no prospect of an immediate fight here, but this is a sort of key position and any little change of program on either side may make it the scene of heavy conflict. This post will doubtless be occupied by considerable of a force for some time, or at least until there is some decisive change of affairs in this region.”

MRS. LYON’S DIARY.

March 19, 1863.—The 83d gives a grand party on the Ewing tonight in honor of Colonel Harding. We shall go.

March 20, 1862.—There is to be a grand concert tonight on the Ewing, given by Professor Wootock. We are all invited and shall go.

March 21, 1863.—The concert was grand. They varied the program by once in a while dancing a cotillion. The music was charming. We all enjoyed it immensely.

We found three rebel graves in our dooryard. The bodies were buried about six inches deep. They were buried as they retreated, we suppose. Poor fellows, it will never be known!

LETTER FROM COLONEL LYON TO ISAAC LYON.

“March 25, 1863.—We live in a house now and have a large room with a fireplace. We have partitioned off a

bedroom in one corner, and are building a kitchen near by for our colored folks. We live mostly on the usual rations, with eggs and butter added. We pay twenty cents for eggs. Have bought no butter yet. We live in constant expectation of a paymaster. The Government owes me now over \$1,000. I only expect to get about \$450 at the next payment.

“At present we are not menaced with an attack here, and we have the means with which to make a stout defense should we be attacked; but a movement of the rebels against the right flank of General Rosecrans’ army would be very apt to strike us. If, as is now reported, the rebels are evacuating Vicksburg and reinforcing Bragg, we shall have stirring times in this vicinity before spring is gone.

“I suppose you have heard the report that Fort Donelson was taken and the 13th had gone the way of the 22d. The story was made out of whole cloth by some lying telegraph operator.”

MRS. LYON’S DIARY.

Fort Donelson, March 31, 1863.—There is a house over in Dover with 650 bullet holes in it, and one corner of the cornice, or corner of the house roof, was taken off entirely by a shell at the time of the fight. The rebels got into that house and shot from it. The 83d did not like this and ordered them to surrender. They held out for some time, but at last surrendered. Captain Morrill (afterward Governor of Kansas) lives in this house now.

April 1, 1863.—We all went on an excursion on the Nevada, up to the rolling mills, a beautiful spot. We got some interesting specimens of slag. Colonel Lowe accompanied us. We had a very pleasant trip.

LETTER FROM COLONEL LYON.

“Fort Donelson, April 2, 1863.—You have heard, no doubt, that the balance of the 22d Regiment (Colonel Utley), is ‘gobbled’. What a poor, unfortunate regiment it has been and is! There is, however, no stain of dishonor upon it. When it passed up the Cumberland in February last the men appeared dejected, and the regiment was not, for some cause or other, in a good shape. Now it is ruined. I would go down to a bloody grave, oh, so cheerfully, rather than live to see the 13th in the condition that the 22d is in.”

MRS. LYON’S DIARY.

Fort Donelson, April 3, 1863.—Great excitement in camp. We were awakened this morning at three o’clock with the news that Van Dorn has a force at Palmyra. They attacked a fleet that was going to Nashville and disabled a gunboat. The orders are to move the sick on the boat and the ladies to pack ready for a move to the boat if attacked.

Fort Donelson, April 5, 1863.—The scare is over. Van Dorn has proven to be Woodward. We are still quiet and safe and do not expect an attack from him.

LETTERS FROM COLONEL LYON.

“Fort Donelson, April 9, 1863.—At present there seems to be no considerable force of rebels in our vicinity, and we are resting very quietly.

“We held an election on Tuesday for Chief Justice.

Our nine companies have cast 385 votes, of which Dixon received 357 and Cothren 28; majority for Dixon, 329. Our other company is at Hickman, Ky.

"We are doing much work upon the fortifications here and will soon have a strong fort in a strong position.

"A few days ago, April 3d, some gunboats were fired upon with artillery above here, under circumstances that led us to apprehend an attack here. We sent off our sick, and all our women packed up ready to start, but no enemy came."

MRS. LYON'S DIARY.

Fort Donelson, April 10, 1863.—Five gunboats went by this morning. Woodward's force fired into two boats with artillery and sank them. They were laden with sutler's stores. A detachment of the 13th went up the river.

April 11, 1863.—Orders came to have the 13th, five companies of the 83d Illinois, two of the 71st Ohio, and five of the 5th Iowa cavalry, Colonel Lyon commanding, go out twelve miles to the relief of Major Young.

April 12, 1863.—The gunboats destroyed Palmyra on the 9th. Regiment returned all safe, did not see the enemy.

LETTER FROM COLONEL LYON.

"Fort Donelson, April 13, 1863.—We have had a little expedition. One Woodward, a rebel, has a force of about 2,000 men with artillery up the river, harrassing boats. We had a force up about twelve miles in the country, and hearing that Woodward was intending to try and cut it off, I was sent out early Saturday morn-

ing with reinforcements to give him a fight if he came around; but he did not come, so we returned last night—without a fight, as usual.”

MRS. LYON'S DIARY.

Fort Donelson, April 15, 1863.—Had a slight scare. Five or six of the 83d boys were just outside of the pickets and were taken prisoners. It did not amount to much of a scene.

April 18.—An expedition went out in ambulances this morning to the old fighting ground of two years' ago. It was very interesting to wander over the ground where so many had fallen. It makes one feel very sad.

April 21.—I am packing up to go home. We go on the Ewing as far as Paducah. Nearly all of the officers and wives came and spent the evening with us—quite a surprise party.

April 22.—Mrs. Wemple quite sick. We were going home together. She feels so badly about my going without her, and William does not want me to go alone and has put a veto on my going yet.

April 25.—One of Company B's boys was drowned today while bathing.

April 26.—Went to church. Took a long walk, gathered flowers. Haley, the scout, has been after his family farther South, in the Secesh regions. He had to go on the sly and keep hidden while there whenever he went to see them. So William sent a guard with him and an ambulance and brought them here—his wife and wife's mother, and two children. His little girl three years old had croup the night before while they were on the road. She seemed very hoarse, but did not seem sick when they went to bed, but at two o'clock she died in

great suffering. She was a beautiful little golden-haired child.

May 1.—Our pickets were fired into last night. One man was wounded and two were captured. When we feel the most safe we appear to be in the most danger.

May 8.—The cavalry brought in several prisoners. The Hinsons were amongst them.

May 9.—A large party of us started for Nashville. William could not go, it is too bad. We went as far as Clarksville and stayed there all night. We took a long walk all over Clarksville. We went with quite a little fleet, two gunboats in front and one behind. There is danger of the rebels capturing the boats.

May 10.—We sat on deck nearly all day to view the scenery, which is very picturesque. The gunboats shelled the bluffs. There are different places where they had cannon stationed, but they did not trouble us. We sat on the bow of the boat to watch the shells explode. We arrived at Nashville without seeing a rebel and very few contrabands. We got there just in time to go to church. Went to the Methodist Church and heard the minister preach Secesh principles.

May 11.—Went up in town to trade and see the sights. Took dinner on the boat. After dinner had a carriage and drove all over the city. Went to the capitol and all over it. Saw President Polk's residence and visited his grave. It is in his own garden, or dooryard, in front of the house. Saw the residences of Colonel McNara and Colonel Heiman. Mr. Hill's garden has a fountain and gold fish. Saw the Confederate General Zollicoffer's residence and John Bell's. Went to the State Prison (a little out of town). Went back to the boat and could not get supper and had to go back to the city to a restaurant.

May 12.—Had a great time last night. Had to change boats and took the Prairie Maid. Had several

hours this morning and went into the city. Called on the Chief of Ordinance, Captain Townsend. Went back to the boat after strolling around all we wanted to, and started for Fort Donelson. Got to Clarksville and went into the city to the college, now used for a hospital.

May 13.—Arrived at Fort Donelson early and had breakfast on the boat.

May 21.—Colonel Lowe has gone away and left William in command of the post. I hope we will not have a scare.

May 22.—A large party of us went on board a gunboat. It was very interesting to see how they work the guns.

May 24.—News just came that Vicksburg is evacuated. Colonel Lowe sent word to have the guns fired and the flag raised.

May 25.—All the forces in camp had a grand review. It was an inspiring sight.

May 27.—Mr. Stanton came to our quarters before daylight and said that the boat had come and would wait an hour. I got ready and we walked over to the landing and took the boat *Sunny Side*. We have parted with our husbands—perhaps to meet no more on earth. It was a sad parting, but we will hope for the best. God is good, and in His infinite mercy He doeth all things right.

Arrived at Smithland about two o'clock. Mrs. Chapman left us here. We were sorry to part with her. We realized here that we had forgotten Rachel and had to go back to camp after her. She had found out that the boat had arrived and was all ready. [Rachel was a colored woman that I had promised to take to Chicago with me.] We changed boats at Smithland. Some of the party took a Government boat in the night, but we preferred to wait for the packet. We were late and the boat left us.

May 29.—We took the cars for Chicago. When out a few miles I wished Rachel to come into our car. They would not let her at first, but I spoke to the conductor, and he said if she belonged to me she might come into our car. I told him that she belonged to me as much as one human being could belong to another, any way I was taking her home with me. He went into the other car for her and found two men claiming her, who were going to take her off at the next stopping place. She denied ever having seen them before, but they insisted that she belonged to one of them and that he should take her off; but I stopped them by saying that she belonged to me, and I suppose that I looked black enough to be a Southern woman; so they let her alone and I took her into the ladies' car. She was going to one of the Chicago suburbs, and when we got to the junction she bade us good bye. The train stood by the side of the one she was going to take, but a little while after we started the conductor brought her back to us. She had gone down a few cars and got on again. We had a good laugh with her, but she was out of danger now and could go back at any time.

May 30, 1863.—Arrived home safely.





Donelson, May 27, 1863.—Our Court is still running. I have attended very faithfully to every duty that would keep me away from the house. It is so lonesome here! Colonel Chapman acts worse than I do, but I know he doesn't feel any worse. I organized our mess and commenced today at dinner with the Adjutant

and Quartermaster. General Harding arrived this evening from the front, on his way to Illinois. He has an indefinite leave of absence, and if ordered back will probably resign."

"Fort Donelson, May 28, 1863.—An expedition of cavalry has gone towards Waverley. Colonel Lowe left this morning for Murfreesboro. Our officers returned from there the morning after you left. General Rosecrans asked the Major whether when the fortifications are done some of these troops could not be spared to go to Clarkesville."

"Fort Donelson, May 29, 1863.—The Ewing has finally got here and will go down about Sunday. We get rumors of disaster to Grant at Vicksburg, but refuse to believe it yet. I learn that some of the troops at Fort Heiman have been ordered down there. If we were in that department now we should probably be sent, too. We may be as it is. They have had bloody work down there, and I tremble for the old Eighth where I have so many good friends. We get reports that Bragg's army has disappeared from Rosecrans' front, but know nothing definite."

"Fort Donelson, May 30, 1863.—The expedition from Waverly has just returned. They bring a report from Waverly that it was seen on fire yesterday—acci-

dental, of course. It has been a pestiferous nest of traitors always and ought to be wiped out."

"Fort Donelson, May 31, 1863.—The officers are with me considerable to prevent my getting lonesome. It is one of these beautiful mellow moonlight evenings so peculiar to this climate.

"I have given a number of negroes passes to go down on the Ewing."

"Fort Donelson, June 1, 1863.—The Ewing went down this morning. We are trying George Hinson as a spy. I sent out a cavalry scout and Companies H and G, Captains Noyes and Randall, this morning down the river a few miles. I had heard that old Hinson was there with a party of guerillas. I was not sure, but it was my duty to find out the facts. Company F has been to Clarksville guarding a fleet and has just returned. We have not had a boat from below for three days."

"Fort Donelson, June 2, 1863.—Weather cool and cloudy. River is rising a little. H and G returned today. Found no enemy. We have a rumor that Woodward, with 1,500 men and four pieces of artillery, is on Yellow Creek, thirty miles from here.

"The fort progresses finely. We have all four of those 32-pounders in position now. The brigade band is about organized and we shall have lots of music soon, I suppose."

"Fort Donelson, June 3, 1863.—Colonel Lowe was telegraphed for on account of the sickness of his wife, and the command of the post will doubtless be on my shoulders for some weeks. There is no danger at present that we shall be sent away from here. I do not like to have this responsibility upon me at all, but must stand it, I reckon. Captain Ruger starts out in the morning to make his surveys, or rather to commence them. His wife will worry for fear he will be shot by guerillas. When you write to her tell her that I will

keep a strong guard of cavalry and infantry with him, and will do everything possible for his safety that I can."

"Fort Donelson, June 4, 1863.—Soon after I went over to headquarters this morning, an order came to me from General Rosecrans to send the 5th Iowa Cavalry to Murfreesboro, and then another directing me to gather up horses and mount enough infantry for patrols, pickets and scouts. The cavalry will cross the river tomorrow and march by Clarksville and Nashville. The 1st Wisconsin Cavalry, now at Eddyville, will join them at Clarksville. This order settles matters here by throwing the command of this post on my shoulders, and probably fastens us here for some time. I do not know, but presume, that Colonel Lowe will have a cavalry brigade at the front. We don't hear a word from him. You know I feared this result when Colonel Lowe was ordered to headquarters. The responsibility of this command is heavy and I would gladly avoid it. It would be a very honorable command for a Brigadier-General, and is a larger and more responsible one than many of them have. Unless there is some change I have a laborious and anxious summer before me, but I will try to get along with it. I shall start an expedition in a day or two for horses."

"Fort Donelson, June 5, 1863.—Last night the brass band came about eleven o'clock and gave me a serenade. I had been asleep two hours, but had to get up, dress, go out and make a little speech.

"The cavalry crosses this afternoon and are off for good tomorrow morning. They feel pretty sober. I send out Major Bond and six companies of infantry tomorrow after horses. A and B go from the 13th. Little Johnny, the Adjutant's orderly, was mad this morning. He said, 'I give five dollar to know who tied my mule

loose last night.' I shall keep the Adjutant as Post Adjutant."

"Fort Donelson, June 6, 1863.—The cavalry started today—Major Bond's expedition also, and it is very quiet here. I have been beset today by women whose husbands are in the guard-house—citizens. One complained that she had eight small children and nothing to eat. Her husband was caught taking a load of whisky South some time since. I promised to investigate the cases soon.

"You recollect a Court-Martial at Fort Henry last winter, of which Lieutenant Warren was a member. They sentenced a private in Flood's Battery to be shot. The sentence has just come back approved, with a direction to Colonel Lowe to execute it. As Colonel Lowe is named in the order I do not like to shoot the fellow without further orders. He is the worst desperado I ever saw. He is the fellow that used to break his fetters so often last winter, and once he escaped. He has slipped his handcuffs twenty-seven times and proposes to make it a round thirty before he gets through."

"Fort Donelson, June 7, 1863.—I have a hard, anxious summer before me. At home some, I suppose, will think that it is a nice thing to have the command of a post like this, garrisoned with a large force, with a fort and lots of artillery, and no commander over you but General Rosecrans. It is a very honorable command, one that a higher and more experienced officer might well be proud of; but when you remember that it is a place much coveted by the rebels, one where several bloody battles have already been fought, and where we have always been victorious; a place that no commander would surrender so long as he had a man left to fire a gun; a place where above all others death would be preferable to defeat, and where we are almost entirely

out of the reach of reinforcements for several months in the year if attacked, you can imagine that the responsibility more than equals the honor of the position.

"The most pressing work now is to finish the fort, build the magazine, build a guard-house inside the works, procure forage to last all summer, get a light-draught steamer to carry our mails as long as possible; mount, equip and organize about 200 men for scouting purposes; besides several minor matters which require attention.

"When these things are accomplished I shall ask for a leave of absence. Do not let any one out of the family see this letter. It is egotistical, and I have no right to be that with outsiders.

"The telegraph wires are down between here and Clarksville."

"Fort Donelson, June 9, 1863.—All quiet on the Cumberland. It is raining some tonight. Mr. Hillman, a wealthy iron manufacturer on the river below Canton, stays with us tonight. My duties keep me very busy nearly all the time.

"The Nevada arrived today, bringing back Dr. Horton, Bardwell and Haley. Haley is much better. His family are seventy or eighty miles above Cairo. Captain McConnell has received his commission as Colonel of the 71st Ohio. The officers of the 83d have their commissions also.

"Major Bond's expedition returned with between fifty and one hundred horses and mules."

"Fort Donelson, June 11th, 1863.—It has rained considerably lately. The river is rising. There are five boats here tonight. They go up the river tomorrow morning. I send a guard of three companies under command of Captain Randall with them to Clarksville. They will escort back the Paymaster, who is there. I send the

Nevada to bring them down. We shall be glad to see the Paymaster.

"Fort Donelson, June 12, 1863.—Nothing but the regular routine has transpired today. There has been no chance to send off a mail for several days. I will send the Nevada down when she returns from Clarksville. There are several boats on the shoals below and we have to stop all the boats from above to take part of their cargoes.

"We have not had any bushwhacking about us since I have been in command, and I do not expect much of it. I tell the citizens that they can have the burden of a military occupation of their country very light or they can have it very heavy, just as they please. They desire to take it light.

"Captain Morrell is quite feeble and has asked for leave of absence. He will probably get it."

"Fort Donelson, June 13, 1863.—None but light-draught boats can go up the river now, and not many of them.

"I have had a small bed put in my room for the Paymaster to occupy. I hear of Hinson's gang, forty strong, three miles from the rolling mill, but having no cavalry, I can not pursue him. He has not molested us yet."

"Fort Donelson, June 14, 1863.—We have had a very quiet day. It really seemed like Sunday at home.

"I heard of Hinson this afternoon with his gang four miles from here, near the Fort Henry road. I sent Colonel McConnell with nine companies to drive him out. The troops take different routes. I have but little hope of overhauling him with infantry.

"The river is falling rapidly. There are several boats here, which I propose to send up in the morning, and they are probably the last that will go up this season.

"Companies E, C and H are out with Colonel Mc-

Connell. Captain Knilans is in very poor health and has today applied for a leave of absence.

"We are pushing the works here as fast as possible, and I think I shall get everything in good shape by the first of August; and I have strong hopes that I shall then be able to obtain a leave of absence."

"Fort Donelson, June 15, 1863.—I have been very busy all the morning getting off a fleet of boats up the river. Companies A and K go as guards. The Major (Bigney) started for Nashville for horse equipments for mounted infantry. Colonel McConnell's expedition found nothing of the enemy.

"I have taken an inventory of the women and children in camp, as you requested me to do. The 83d Illinois has 73, the 13th Wisconsin has 21, the 71st Ohio but one, the Batteries 15—total 110. Major Haines is paying the 13th today, and when the command is paid a large number of these women and children will leave.

"I send you a letter that I secured from a prisoner here who supposes that he is under sentence of death. He is a soldier in Flood's Battery and was tried by the last Court-Martial for murdering a negro and for forcing a safeguard. I thought it would interest you."

The letter is as follows:

In Prison, June 13, 1863.

Colonel Lyon.

Dear Sir: I understand that my sentence for the violation of the law is *death*. I am sorry that I ever acted in the manner that I did. I was drunk when I committed the horrible deed for which I am condemned to die, and I hope that you will intercede in my behalf—not for

my sake alone, but for the sake of my wife and little child and my aged old mother, who taught me to lead a different life from this. I hope you will do something for me. You perhaps know my situation. I will do better in the future, lead a different life and try and live a better man. I will attend to all my duties punctually and faithfully.

I have already been in prison once five months and suffered severe punishment.

To appeal to our fellow man for aid is natural in times of need, it is inherent in us to do so—we do it for help—for aid and assistance. Colonel, I know that you are a man of good feeling—you must understand the nature of man. We are all frail beings—all liable at times more or less to err and be led astray. We can't see danger and ruin until it is upon us—and for the sake of humanity do something for me before it is too late.

I hope all this will not be in vain, but that my life will be spared.

Colonel, when you read this, think of my poor, helpless wife and child that will be left alone in the world with no one to look after them and provide for their wants. It is true that drunkenness is no excuse, but I would of (have) never committed the deed if I had been sober. I was not conscious of the deed when I committed it; if I had been I would not have done it. I know there is an eternity—a final reckoning for us all—and I hope I will be released this time—and will never be guilty again.

Your obdt. servt.,

JAMES LITTLE.

"Fort Donelson, June 16, 1863.—I wonder what Canadian Secesh think now of our ability to whip the South. We had news last night that Port Hudson with 12,000 had surrendered to Banks. If this is true the rebels have lost at least 75,000 men within two weeks—besides those strongholds, Vicksburg and Port Hudson.

"Just now we are watching Morgan's course in Indiana with a good deal of interest, and some satisfaction. He has gone right into the worst Copperhead hole in the North and is teaching them, just as Lee taught the same class in Pennsylvania, that they have a personal interest in this war. Of course, he can not get out of there without being badly damaged.

"You know how common it is for me to get word that a big force is just ready to pounce upon me, and yet it don't worry me much, not half as badly as it once did. Less than a week ago Colonel Bruce telegraphed me that Forrest was near Fort Heiman, advancing on Fort Donelson. I thought I knew better and was not at all disquieted.

"Minerva was quite sick again, but is better. Jerry says, 'She is a right smart pearter this morning'. Jerry came in this morning before I was up, in high spirits. The Paymaster left in the night. Says Jerry, 'Colonel, that Major called me up before he left and gave me two dollars. He is a right smart man. He is a sensible man. Oh, he's got a power of sense, that Major has!' So much for Jerry.

"I have a beauty of a horse, a roan, gentle, quiet, easy under the saddle and afraid of nothing. He belongs to the Government, but I shall have him appraised and buy him.

"Asboth has taken the troops away from Heiman and sent them to Paducah. He says Paducah is threatened. It is no doubt a Columbus scare."

"Fort Donelson, June 19, 1863.—I received official

communications yesterday from the rebel General Forrest, threatening to retaliate on prisoners in his hands if we did not treat Hinson and some other prisoners we have as prisoners of war. What a glorious chance to write him a spread-eagle, highfalutin letter in reply, and get into the newspaper! I finally closed my eyes to all this sensational newspaper glory and sent the communication to headquarters without replying to General Forrest at all.

“Things look blue. The position of affairs at Vicksburg is full of peril. There is no hope at present in Virginia that I can see that any substantial progress will be made there. The rebels march with perfect impunity into the heart of Pennsylvania, and there is none to molest or make them afraid, and all this because Congress fooled away four months of precious time before they passed the Conscription Act, and nearly four months more have passed and no men are called out under it. Much of the time has been consumed in allowing politicians to quarrel over the appointments of officers under the law. Half a million more men could now have been in the field had Congress and the Administration done their duty, and we would today be safe at every point; but nothing has been done and disaster and defeat everywhere stare us in the face. With bloody graves yawning at our feet, we can only bow our heads and exclaim in bitterness of spirit: ‘How long, O Lord, how long!’

“You will think I have the blues. Not so. I think I see disaster ahead that will lengthen the war. I have no doubt of our ultimate triumph.”

“Fort Donelson, June 21, 1863.—I fear I wrote the last time in rather a depressing vein, but the news is much better now, so I feel much better.

“Captain Kingman is detailed to take home money for our regiment. He is now out on an expedition. His

brother, Lieut. Kingman, of the 22d, is here; also Lieut. Booth, of the same regiment, a relative of Mrs. Woodman. The regiment is at Nashville, under orders to go back to Franklin. They speak in the highest terms of Captains May and Mead, and well they can, for no braver or better boys than they live.

"I spend the whole day at headquarters, and find plenty of occupation. Time passes more rapidly than it would were I unoccupied. I have been ordered to remove obstructions from the river at Line Island, twenty miles below here, and at Ingraham Shoals near Eddyville. I sent Captain Ruger and Lieut. Balis and Lieut. Lamoreau to Line Island yesterday to make an examination, and I think I will go myself to Eddyville on the same business in a few days. These obstructions are barges sunk in the river by Floyd when the rebels had possession in 1861."

"Fort Donelson, June 28, 1863.—It has rained copiously four or five days and is still raining. The river has risen fifteen feet or more and is still rising rapidly. We are almost sure of a fair stage of water for several weeks; which is, you know, a great relief to us.

"Major Bigney returned last night from Nashville and Murfreesboro with saddles, equipments and arms for our mounted infantry. He brings news that General Rosecrans' army is advancing and that they have occupied Shelbyville without opposition, Bragg having left. Great events seem to be in progress East and West, the result of which none can foretell.

"Our part of the program seems to be to hold Fort Donelson. The retreat of Bragg's army renders it highly improbable that we shall be attacked here this summer—if ever.

"Captain Noyes went to Louisville with the Paymaster. He saw Colonel Lowe on Friday, en route for his command, which consists of five regiments of cav-

alry. His health is improved. He told Captain Noyes that he intended to telegraph to me confidentially that if I desired to go to the front he could get me there. The Captain told him that I had been to the front and having seen the *elephant* he did not think I was anxious to see him again. The movement of the army, however, renders any immediate change in our condition highly improbable.

"The Reserve Corps, embracing all the troops left by General Rosecrans, is under command of Major-General Gordon Granger, and he may refuse to give me leave of absence. I think I could have gotten it from General Rosecrans without difficulty. This Reserve Corps is organized into divisions and brigades. Ours is the Third Division, commanded by Brigadier-General R. S. Granger, who now commands at Nashville.

"The troops here and at Clarksville are the 1st Brigade of the Third Division. The ranking officer now is Colonel Bruce, who will command the brigade, I suppose; but as yet he has not assumed the command. This arrangement will not interfere with my authority here as the commander of this post, it being only for the purposes of organization.

"The river is turbid and full of drift wood. Business will be lively on it while the high water lasts."

"Fort Donelson, June 30, 1863.—Yesterday noon we had a terrific thunder storm. The building occupied by Lieut. Becker, of the artillery, in which was a large quantity of powder and loaded shell, was struck with lightning, the fluid tearing a gun to pieces within six inches of several barrels of powder. Had the powder ignited, the loss of life would have been fearful, as it is right in the midst of our camp. The escape was almost miraculous. Several men belonging to Flood's Battery were knocked over, and one is seriously injured. He will probably lose his eyesight. Our maga-

zine is now nearly done and we shall very soon have all our ammunition in it.

"The troops at Fort Heiman have had a reverse. Lieut.Colonel Henry, the commander, took about 300 of his cavalry—nearly all he had—about a week ago, and went out on a scout. He got beyond Lexington, 70 or 80 miles from Fort Heiman, when he was attacked by a large force of rebels and his command was nearly all killed or captured. The Lieut.-Colonel of the 4th Missouri Cavalry was killed, and Lieut-Colonel Henry probably captured. Of course, when the remnant of the force at Fort Heiman heard of it they had a big scare and thought the rebels would be right on them. I sent Colonel McConnell over there Tuesday night with six hundred men and four pieces of artillery; but the scouts found no enemy near them, and the Colonel is marching back now, I suppose. How natural all this comes to the 13th, march, march, march—and no fight! Aren't you sorry?

"The guerillas don't trouble us any, although we hear of them twenty, thirty and forty miles off. As they are living on their friends I don't chase them. The rebel citizens are getting very sick of these fellows and beg us to send out forces after them. I tell them that they are only reaping the bitter fruits of their own folly, for they all encouraged the organization of these gangs."

"Fort Donelson, July 2, 1863.—We are mounting our infantry under command of Major Bigney. He takes great interest in it. There are to be five companies of forty men each. Fort Heiman is reoccupied by some of General Grant's command."

"Fort Donelson, July 13, 1863.—John Morgan is making a raid in Indiana and I am glad of it. I should like to know how he will get out. We thought before he went in there that perhaps he would give us a call, and got ready for him.

"Things look well now—Vicksburg captured; Lee whipped and driven back, and probably ruined (Gettysburg); Bragg retreating before Rosecrans; and Price whipped in Missouri. This rebellion is to be crushed out, and then we will pay our respects to those who have been hostile to us and have sought to cripple us in the hour of our deep adversity. 'For every insult you offer us, for every hostile act you commit against us, you will atone in blood and tears.'

"The 71st Ohio has gone to Gallatin, about 22 miles northeast of Nashville. Major Bigney is appointed Division Inspector, and will be absent the most of the time this summer. I did not make the order turning the women out of camp."

"Fort Donelson, July 20, 1863.—A few days ago Hinson and three others, one of whom was a soldier sentenced to be shot, escaped from the guard-house. I did not want them to escape, of course, but it relieves me from hanging one of them and shooting the other. It is quite a relief, too, I can assure you.

"The health of the troops is improving. We get large quantities of blackberries, and the effect of their free use is most excellent on the health of the men.

"The officers elected a chaplain the other day, Rev. Mr. Foote, of Rock county. Two of Flood's Battery were captured by guerillas on Saturday. They were outside the lines, drunk. It is reported that they have been murdered, but I can not believe it. They were worthless fellows."

"Fort Donelson, July 25, 1863.—I fear I can not get a leave of absence at all, as the orders are very strict now, and none are granted except to save life or prevent permanent disability. It is a sore disappointment, but this I suppose is one—and not the least, either—of the sacrifices that I am called upon to make in this war.

"I see no signs of our being moved from here, yet

there may be some change of program towards fall. Of course, we do not know anything about our future movements."

"Fort Donelson, July 28, 1863.—Adjutant Ruger has his commission and will leave us very soon for the Potomac. I mean to have Scott commissioned as Adjutant. Of course, I shall make him Post Adjutant if he is commissioned Regimental Adjutant.

"Colonel Bruce was here on Saturday with his staff. I like him very much and think we will get along first-rate."

"Fort Donelson, August 3, 1863.—I have finally applied for a leave of absence. I have but little hope of getting it. If granted, I can not go to Racine before the 20th.

"Mounted infantry from Clarksville were here on Thursday, and on their way home were fired into by guerillas in ambush about eight miles from here, and five of them badly wounded. One has since died and another will die. One of my companies, commanded by Hollister, was in that section and went after them, driving them several miles."

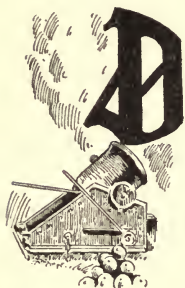
"Fort Donelson, Aug. 7, 1863.—I am going to Clarksville on the first boat, to consult with Colonel Bruce about an expedition from both places through the country to Waverly. I had to obtain leave from Nashville before I could go—so strict are the orders on this subject.

"The guerillas destroyed the telegraph office night before last at Fort Henry. There are no troops there now. Our mounted infantry chased them ten miles, but failed to catch them."

"Fort Donelson, Aug. 15, 1863.—We are scouting and chasing guerillas pretty lively now. A party of mounted infantry, which I sent out last Saturday, had

several skirmishes with them; wounded some of them and made some captures. None of our men were hurt. I sent out a whole battalion for an extensive scout."





During this time Colonel Lyon had a leave of absence and went home for a visit of two or three weeks. Lieutenant-Colonel Chapman had command of the regiment during his absence, and Colonel Smith, of the 83d Illinois, had command of the post. During his absence the regiment was ordered to Columbia.

"Nashville, Tenn., Tuesday a. m., Sept. 10, 1863.— Here I am, safe, sound and hearty, writing this letter in Major Bigney's private room, where I am domiciled for the present.

"I arrived at Chicago 'by due course of mail' Monday night, and found there Colonel Robbins, Captains Wolf and Redfield, and Lieut. Williams, of the 8th, who were on their way home. Took the Cincinnati Air Line R. R. for Louisville at 8:30 p. m. Went to bed, and got up in the morning at Indianapolis; breakfasted and moved on. Arrived at Louisville at 1 p. m.; remained there until next morning. Left at 8 o'clock, and arrived here at 7 last evening.

"I met Lieut. Boone, Colonel Bruce's Adjutant, at Louisville, who informed me that the 13th had been ordered from Columbia to Larkinsville, in Alabama. The regiment left Columbia last Sunday with the 28th Kentucky, formerly at Clarksville. Larkinsville is on the Memphis and Charleston R. R., about twenty miles southwest of Stevenson, where the railroad, running south from Nashville, intersects the M. & C. R. R., and between Stevenson and Huntsville. There is, of course, railroad communication all the way there. It is a few miles north of the Tennessee river.

"Now that Chattanooga is evacuated by the Confederates, we probably will remain for some time in that

vicinity. The regiment will probaably not reach there before Sunday, and I shall not leave here until Saturday morning, unless I conclude to go down to Murfreesboro tomorrow and spend a day with the 22d Wisconsin. The Major goes to Larkinsville with me on a tour of inspection. He is well and in good spirits, and does everything in his power to make me comfortable. The route yesterday was through a very interesting country, indeed. Along it have been fought several battles during the war. A part of the way the country is mountainous, and the road runs through several tunnels, one seven-eighths of a mile long. We passed within a few miles of the great mammoth cave.

"About your coming, there is a late order that no citizen can pass Louisville for Nashville and south, without a permit from Major-General Granger; and I learn that these permits are only given to wives of officers and soldiers who are sick and need the attention and care of their wives. That can all be managed, I think, when we get in some safe place with a reasonable prospect of staying awhile. I think there is no chance for much fighting where we go—except bushwhacking.

"The regiment had some skirmishing on its march to Columbia, and I hear had one man killed. I don't know who it was—did not get particulars. Colonel Chapman allowed 136 men to go by way of Nashville, 100 of whom were able to march with the regiment. They were all sent on to Columbia (Jerry and Minerva with them), except some twenty left here in hospital, mostly from Company D. Dr. Evans brought here about six tons of old truck, which he doubtless had to leave at Columbia. How he must have groaned. None of the regiment are left at Fort Donelson except Captain Ruger and the Quartermaster. I believe Captain Woodman went as far as Evansville with his wife on her way home. He has gone on to the regiment."

“Stevenson, Ala., Sept. 13, 1863.—I arrived here last evening in company with Major Bigney, and we are waiting for a train to Larkinsville, which is twenty-four miles southwest of here on the Charleston & Memphis R. R.

“Dr. Evans came here last night with a man from Company F, who is badly wounded in the leg by the accidental discharge of a gun. He reports the regiment well, that they will get to Larkinsville this afternoon, and that Jerry and Minerva are with them all right.

“I went down to Murfreesboro on Friday and stayed there until yesterday. Saw Colonel Lowe, Dr. Wise, Adjutant Langdon and many others of the 5th Iowa. The regiment has been ordered to McMinnville. I spent some time with the 22d and saw many of my acquaintances there. Lieut.-Colonel Bloodgood is being tried by a Court-Martial. I was called in as a witness and testified to his previous good character as a soldier.

“From Nashville here is 113 miles, and from Louisville to Nashville 185 miles, I think. The railroad from Nashville here runs through a fine country generally, until within twenty-five miles, where it strikes a rugged chain of mountains, passing through it for many miles. The road passes through a very long tunnel, the longest I ever passed through. The scenery is very grand. The mountains are all about us here, not such as I was familiar with in my boyhood, but still very respectable mountains.

“There is a report, probably true, that General Thomas' corps had a battle yesterday with Bragg somewhere south of Chattanooga; but with what results we do not know.

“It is hard to guess anything about our future movements, but I do not think we shall be sent across the Tennessee river, unless General Rosecrans meets a check and needs reinforcements. The limits of the District of

the Cumberland, which is held, you know, by the 'Reserve Corps,' under command of Major-General Gordon Granger, is extended to the Tennessee river. Some cavalry has been ordered from here to Larkinsville, and two of my companies, B and G, are stationed ten miles west of there to guard a railroad bridge. The regiment had to throw away lots of traps at Columbia for want of transportation. I do not know how much or what articles of mine were abandoned. The regiment was reduced to nine teams.

"I am very glad that I went North when I did and had so delightful a visit. My only regret is that I was not with the boys in their long march, but they got along very well, as far as I can hear.

"I do not give up the idea of having you come down and spend the winter with me. When this campaign is over, as it will be in a few weeks without doubt, the army will probably remain stationary for some time.

"Colonel Bruce is relieved from the command of the First Brigade and sent to his regiment. I presume now that we are moved so far off that there will be a reorganization of the brigade. I hope that I shall have no command but my own regiment."

"Stevenson, Wednesday, Sept. 16.—I did not go to Larkinsville, as I expected to, for the reason that I learned that the regiment was ordered here. It arrived, except B and G, left to guard a bridge. The men gave me some rousing cheers and appeared very glad to see me.

"We are in camp in a very pleasant spot, about one mile from the town. We have a clean place, and most excellent water. The men were very weary and footsore, of course, after their march of 275 miles, but in excellent spirits. This movement is a fine thing for us. Mrs. Moulton and Minerva rode in a carriage they picked up on the road, and got along first-rate. They brought along twice as many traps as I should had I been there. The

march from Columbia was conducted under command of Colonel Boone, 28th Kentucky. I rank him and I shall have command of both regiments. General Morgan, of the Second Division Reserve Corps, is in command here, but as we belong to another division he does not assume very much jurisdiction over us.

"I live in a tent, and nobody messes with me except Johnny, my orderly, although the Quartermaster will be here in a few days. Scott has received his commission as Adjutant, and is happy.

"We hear nothing from the front, although we are so very near there. The country is very destitute, and we get little besides regular rations on which to live. We get along just as well as though we had more delicacies. I am very busy getting the regiment in shape."

"Stevenson, Sunday, Sept. 20, 1863.—There is no change in our condition since I wrote you last. Reports come to us that a battle is being fought between Rosecrans and Bragg, but you will know all about it before this reaches you. If we win a decided victory I think the fighting is over in this section of the country.

"Captain Blake returned this morning. He brings information that the 102d Ohio is ordered here from Clarksville, and that five companies of the 83d are ordered to Clarksville. So the 83d seems to be elected for the Cumberland. I much prefer being at or near the front. The men feel better and are better soldiers; and then it is almost a disgrace to be left so far in the rear as Donelson and Clarksville now are.

"Our dishes were nearly all lost. The sweet corn comes very convenient. It is difficult to get anything to eat except rations. I succeeded in getting a half-bushel of potatoes, a few eggs and a few chickens. We can get very good butter at fifty cents per pound. I am very hearty and bacon tastes good, so I shall not starve, I reckon.

"The boys found quantities of lumber in the old camps about us, and they are getting well fixed up. To go through the camp you would think they had been here a month, from the amount of work done. I have a good-sized tent, with a floor, a bunk, a table, two stools and a camp chair—a nice folding one, which Lieutenant Dutton gave me; and I have straw to sleep on and plenty of bedding. So you see I live very luxuriously. Jerry and Minerva live in the rear of my tent, under the fly, and have a sort of board fence which encloses my dining room and their quarters. There is an arbor built over the whole, and, in fact, over all the tents in the camp. These arbors were put up by some other regiment."

"Stevenson, Ala., Sept. 21, 1863.—Just as I closed my letter to you yesterday, I received an order to take command of this post, and with the 13th relieve the regiment that was doing provost guard duty here. So I found myself up to my eyes in business immediately. I relieved Lieut.-Colonel Cahill, of the 16th Illinois, whose regiment has gone to Bridgeport. I moved over this morning and have a house with plenty of room for headquarters. I wish you were here to enjoy it with me. The regiment is moving into town today. There is a great deal of work at this post.

"There is doubtless a terrible battle raging some fifteen or twenty miles south of Chattanooga [battle of Chickamauga], but we can not get any definite intelligence as to how it is going. We hear many rumors, some of success and some of disaster, but nothing reliable. This is the third day of the fight. The cannonading can be heard at Bridgeport, and Lieut. Warren told me that he heard the firing yesterday morning distinctly from a little east of this place. You may hear of this battle before we do. Keep up good spirits, for the usual luck of the 13th still clings to us."

"Stevenson, Ala., Wed., Sept. 23, 1863.—I write

often to you, for I know how anxious you are to hear from me, situated as we are so near the scene of the terrible battles that are raging day after day at the front. I am well, but have a great deal of work to do. This is the nearest post to the front, and everything going to or from the army passes through here. Tonight 1,400 prisoners and several hundred of our wounded came in, all bound farther North. All this adds to my labors. I see no reason to believe that we shall be sent forward unless the emergency is very great. None of our division are in the fights. Those who came in from the front all feel confident that General Rosecrans can hold his own, but he is doubtless largely outnumbered and we can but feel the greatest solicitude for the result.

"The carnage has been fearful. We all feel ready to go whenever we may be ordered and to do our duty in this time of peril, although the fate of war may terminate our earthly career. Let us trust all these things to our Heavenly Father, who will order everything wisely and well. You can have no idea of the suffering of the people here. Absolute starvation stares them in the face; and what makes it more painful is the fact that a majority of them are loyal. It would make your blood run cold to hear of the outrages that have been committed upon them by the rebels before our army came here. Oh, my dear, how sincerely do I thank God that you do not feel this war—only in my absence; that I can bear all the suffering and peril of it without your being compelled to share them with me. Colonel Heg is dead and his body is on the way home. He was mortally wounded on Saturday last. [He was killed at the battle of Chicamauga.] He was a noble-hearted, true man, and a brave and useful officer. His loss is a calamity."

"Stevenson, Ala., Sept. 25, 1863.—We are still here without any change in our situation, and without any definite knowledge of what is transpiring in our im-

mediate front. We know only that a series of terrific battles have been fought and that thousands of wounded men have passed through here for Nashville and other hospitals.

“From all that we can learn, General Rosecrans has a strong position in front of Chattanooga a few miles, and will be able to hold it until reinforced; but he is no doubt confronted by largely superior numbers. Every day we are seeing the mistake of the Government in failing to fill up the armies. Fifty thousand additional men, who ought to have been in the field months ago, would make everything secure; but now the situation is full of perils, and we may meet with reverses for want of men, that we can not retrieve in a year. That we have not enough men in the field is a terrible blunder that must be atoned for in the blood and tears of the innocent!

“I think that we are not in any danger of an attack here in force, at least as matters now appear to stand. I will keep you fully advised of our situation. This morning a force of rebels attacked and scattered a new company of loyal Alabamans who were posted on the railroad near Larkinsville. Captain Norcross, with 100 of the 13th boys, has gone down to look after them. It is some twenty miles west of here. I don't think they will get a fight out of them.

“General Morgan, who commands the forces about here, is throwing more and more responsibility upon me. He is a most excellent officer and a very pleasant gentleman. I have one of his aids, Lieut. Bridges, Adjutant Scott, one clerk, Johnny, and two mounted orderlies to help me. The duty of the regiment is quite heavy.”

“Stevenson, Ala., Sun., Sept. 27, 1863.—No changes at the front that I know of. Our army is in a strong position, close in front of Chattanooga, awaiting reinforcements, but where they are to come from is more than

I know. The rebel army is close by ours but don't seem inclined to attack. I can not learn that there has been any fighting for several days. We do not anticipate any attack here. All the fords of the river are strongly guarded, two brigades of cavalry having just come to this vicinity on that duty.

"We hear a report from Ft. Donelson that the 83d Mounted Infantry had a fight near the rolling mill with Hinson's gang and killed George Hinson, thus cheating the gallows.

"Col. Smith of the 83d is at Clarksville with one-half of his regiment. The 102d Ohio is on the railroad, thirty miles above us. Not a regiment is passing through here to reinforce Gen. Rosecrans, and there he is confronted with more than double his numbers. He may get 12,000 or 15,000 of Burnside's men from Knoxville, but I do not learn that even these have come up yet, and when they do they will not any more than make up his losses in the late battles. I doubt whether we have another General who could have prevented that army from being totally routed and cut to pieces last Sunday. There are but few who could prevent it from being done now. He ought to have 50,000 more men today than he has to make him safe. Still, I believe that he will come out all right.

"The agents of the Sanitary and of the U. S. Christian Commission are on hand to take care of the wounded, and are doing (particularly the latter) an immense amount of good. I am glad to be in a position to be able to render them considerable aid in prosecuting their good work.

"All of the wounded who are able to travel, I think, have gone on, and we are rid of our prisoners, so matters are not quite as pressing as they have been for a few days past."

"Stevenson, Ala., Tues., Sept. 29th, 1863.—The first

reinforcements for Gen. Rosecrans, a detachment of the 15th Regulars, went through here last night. They are from Memphis. It is understood that large numbers of troops are pouring into Nashville and will begin to reach here tomorrow. We all feel better. We do not expect any attack here."

"Stevenson, Ala., Oct. 2nd, 1863.—Yesterday we had a heavy rain. The dust has disappeared and today the weather is perfect. It is the first rain they have had for three months. The dust had become perfectly dreadful, owing to the immense numbers of wagons and teams that traversed the country in every direction.

"The 11th Army Corps from the Potomac has all passed here within the last two days and is now at Bridgeport. It is probably 10,000 strong. The 12th Army Corps is expected to commence arriving tonight. It is a great relief to us to see these troops coming here, for the position in the front has been and still is full of peril.

"All citizens have been ordered out of Chattanooga, and every preparation seems to be making for another battle. I learn that the balance of our wounded are being sent here, and that both armies are entrenching strongly—about three miles apart. My opinion is that neither side feels strong enough to attack the other. In these days it is hard to predict what a day will bring forth.

"There was a collision between two trains near Bridgeport last night. Our officers were on one of them, returning home. No one was seriously hurt, but I learn that Col. Chapman had his head bumped rather severely."

"Stevenson, Ala., Mon., Oct. 5th, 1863.—Major-Generals Hooker and Butterfield arrived here on Saturday night. I have been engaged preparing head quarters for them and their staff. They spend nearly all their

time in my office, and of course draw quite a crowd around them. Gen. Hooker is in command of all the troops sent here from Virginia, and Butterfield is his Chief of Staff. These troops at present are scattered from Nashville to Bridgeport, and the General will keep his headquarters here until there is some other movement. He is located within a few yards of my quarters.

"Ruger's Brigade is back on the railroad thirty or forty miles. We expect the Adjutant down here every train. With the exception of two or three little raids across the river, up towards Chattanooga, resulting in the loss of some wagons and stores, everything is quiet about here. I wait and watch for things to settle down, so that you can come to me, but the time has not yet arrived. Your army experience will be defective unless you can make a campaign in Alabama as well as in Missouri and Tennessee. Capt. Blake is here. I find him very gentlemanly and obedient. Sickness, mostly ague, is on the increase in the regiment, none dangerously ill.

"Major-General Howard, who commands the 11th Army Corps, Sigel's old command, was here yesterday. He is located at Bridgeport. The three Major-Generals were together in my quarters yesterday, and if you are willing I will give you a description of them.

"General Hooker is a large, finely built, erect man, about 45 to 50 years old, shaves smooth, has light blue eyes and homely nose, and is one of the most familiar and affable men I have ever met. He impresses you at once with the idea that he is brave and true, and as kind and tender-hearted as a woman. He is one of those men who not only commands respect and confidence, but love. He is very entertaining in conversation, and last evening gave me a history of his connection with the Army of the Potomac, from which I learned

more of the operations there than I ever knew before. He is thoroughly satisfied that history will fully vindicate the correctness of his generalship there so far as he was permitted to act on his own judgment. He complained bitterly of Washington interference and I doubt not with good cause.

"Butterfield is a small, handsome man, about thirty-five years old. He is quiet, unostentatious, and in manners a polished gentleman. He talks but little, but is evidently a man of great intellectual power. He labors incessantly. One of his staff said that he never rests and never allows any rest to any one about him.

"Howard is a small man, and with the exception that his hair is quite gray, appears young. I do not think him much over thirty-five. He lost an arm at the battle of Fair Oaks. In manners he appears very much like Samuel D. Hastings. He has a mild blue eye, is very handsome, very affable, and is really what the ladies call a charming man. Added to these qualities, he is a very brave man and deeply pious. We seldom see three such men together in the army or in any other place.

"The staff officers are all young men, and very pleasant gentlemen. Col. Fessenden, a son of Senator Fessenden of Maine, is one of them."

"Stevenson, Ala., Thurs. Eve., Oct. 8th, 1863.—We have been isolated here for a few days, and you need not be surprised if you do not get letters regularly. The rebel cavalry got in our rear the other day and cut our communications. The telegraph line was restored today, and we expect trains through from Nashville tomorrow.

"I learn from General Butterfield's dispatches to Gen. Hooker (which he very kindly shows to me) that the enemy struck the railroad at Christiana, ten miles this side of Murfreesboro, capturing a company and

destroying the water tank. They then tore up a mile of track near Duck River, and destroyed a bridge across that stream near Tullahoma. Our cavalry were in close pursuit, overtaking them near Shelbyville (which place they had burned), attacking and whipping them, killing 100, capturing 300, and scattering the balance of the rebel force. General Ruger's Brigade is on the railroad between Tullahoma and Murfreesboro. The rebels were too closely pursued to do much damage.

"General Butterfield went up to take command of the troops that were left behind in order to open communications. It interferes seriously with us to have this line cut off. We are out of forage, and rations are getting uncomfortably low. This same force captured and destroyed several hundred wagons between here and Chattanooga, loaded with supplies and ammunition. I think they have done their worst and that we shall have no difficulty now in keeping the road open. Gen. Morgan told me tonight that he heard that the men captured at Christiana were from the 22nd Wisconsin. I hope not.

"Dr. Woolcott, from Milwaukee, the Surgeon General of the State, is here and took tea with me tonight. He is accompanied by Rev. Mr. Staples of Milwaukee. The Doctor has been to the front to look after our wounded, and lost all his baggage when the wagon train was captured. He escaped by taking a shorter road on foot over the mountains. He says that it is the general opinion that Bragg is evacuating his position in front of Chattanooga. The rebels shelled our camps there all day Tuesday, doing but very little damage, however. We have no fears of an attack here.

"We are stripping this whole country of forage, many thousand animals having been sent back here to recruit; and there will be, and is already, much suffering among the people. Many hundreds have gone

North, the Government furnishing them transportation, and large numbers more are going. We feed several hundreds out of Government supplies. We issue them half rations of bread and meat. The people have no coffee, sugar or salt. They beg most piteously for salt. We have none of these articles for them. You can have no adequate idea of the suffering caused by the want of salt. Some have told me that all the salt they have had for a year is what they have procured by leaching the earth in their smoke-houses. This is the more painful because these people are nearly all truly loyal, and have suffered terribly for their loyalty."

"Stevenson, Ala., Sun. P. M., Oct. 11th, 1863.—We have been cut off from the United States for several days. The first train came through from Nashville last night. We were all out of forage and rations were running unpleasantly low. Now we have large quantities of supplies, or will have immediately. I think our communications are comparatively safe, General Hooker having used every possible precaution against further interruption. We have an additional brigade here of General Hooker's command, but I am still left in command of the post.

"General Hooker came yesterday and asked me if I belonged to General Morgan's Division. I answered in the negative. He replied that he was glad of it, because he had orders to send Gen. Morgan's command to Anderson's Cross Roads, twenty miles this side of Chattanooga. Gen. Morgan left this morning, but only goes to Battle Creek, 16 or 18 miles from here on the river

"The presence of Gen. Hooker here does not relieve me from any of my labors or responsibilities, for he does not interfere at all in the management of the post.

"Those Virginia troops did not get here a day too soon. The rebels sent a large force of cavalry and ar-

tillery to cut the railroad in our rear, expecting to do it before those troops got here. We learn that it was their intention to keep on this way, destroying the railroad and the supplies at this place, scattering the forces guarding the road, which they were strong enough to do; but when they got to the railroad they found so large a force in their neighborhood that they did but comparatively little mischief and hurried on. Our cavalry were in close pursuit of them, and on Thursday last overhauled and repulsed them at Shelbyville, killing, wounding and capturing several hundred.

"So you see a protecting Providence has saved us once more from a great peril. We are now safe from any mere raid. Nothing less than an army has any business on this side of the Tennessee river.

"All the troops which were left behind when Gen. Rosecrans advanced from Murfreesboro in June were organized into what is called the 'Reserve Corps.' This corps is divided into three divisions, the first commanded by Gen. Steadman, the second by Gen. Morgan, and the third by Brigadier-General R. S. Granger, the whole under command of Major-General Gordon Granger. We are in the 1st Brigade of the Third Division.

"The Reserve Corps numbers some 25,000 men, 8,000 of whom—from the 1st and 2nd Divisions, were in the Chickamaugua battles. The Corps is badly scattered and I think will be reorganized. Our brigade is strung all the way from Ft. Donelson to Stevenson. We are nearest the front of any regiment of our division.

"Gen. Rosecrans has made his position at Chattanooga too strong for the rebels to attack him, and they will hardly attempt to cross the Tennessee river with our army there. Oh! for 50,000 more men, and the rebellion would be crushed in the West in ninety

days; but the men are not here and we must do the best we can."

"Stevenson, Ala., Oct. 18th, 1863—It has rained for several days. The roads from here to Chattanooga are terrible, and it is almost impossible to keep the army there supplied with provisions. Lieut. Wemple has just been there with a part of his company, to escort a drove of cattle. It took them six days to make the trip. They had to swim the streams at that. Our cavalry have driven Wheeler across the Tennessee river at the Muscle Shoals, and are now down that way at Flint River recruiting their horses, fifty or sixty miles west of here. The 5th Iowa Cavalry are with the expedition. Col. Lowe has command of a brigade. They will be up here in a few days.

"Yesterday we celebrated the 2nd anniversary of the 13th's enlistment, it having been originally mustered on the 17th of Oct., 1861. We ate large quantities of cove oysters on the occasion, at the Alabama House, a dirty, one-horse eating house here.

"The whole army of the Cumberland is being re-organized, and we do not know anything about where we shall be assigned. My opinion is that there will be no general engagement here for some time to come, if at all.

"We are led to believe that Sherman's Corps from Vicksburg is on the way here, but we have no definite knowledge about it. The old 8th is in that corps."

"Stevenson, Ala., Wed. Eve., Oct. 21st, 1863—It has rained nearly all day, and the roads are almost impassable, causing much apprehension that we shall be unable to get forward sufficient supplies for our army at the front. The supplies are kept here for this large army.

"The grand theme of interest and discussion now is the change of commanders in this army. Generals

Grant and Rosecrans arrived here an hour ago, and are both at General Hooker's quarters. This is a remarkable meeting. Less than four months ago these three generals were at the head of three great armies of the Union, and the eyes of the whole world were upon them. Hooker at the head of the Army of the Potomac was carrying out that splendid strategy which culminated in the defeat of Lee at Gettysburg. A few days after he was relieved (by his own request) from the command of that army. Grant was pressing upon Vicksburg, which he soon after captured; and Rosecrans, with the laurels of Stone River fresh upon his brow, was pursuing the retreating army of Bragg out of Tennessee.

"Tonight they are all here—Rosecrans without a command; Hooker with a very subordinate one; and Grant, whose star seems to be in the ascendant, with a command greater by far than has been entrusted to any other general in this war. Three nobler, braver, or better men, never met than these; and whatever their future may be they will fill a glorious place in our history.

"I have no fault to find with the removal of General Rosecrans. I can readily imagine why the Government should regard it as imperiously necessary to do so. The consolidation of the three departments of Tennessee, Ohio, and the Cumberland, into one under General Grant, is a very wise measure.

"No further signs of our moving."

"Stevenson, Ala., Oct. 23, 1863.—How little we know what is before us! We were ordered ten days ago to Battle Creek, on the river above Bridgeport, and a few days afterwards the place was changed to Anderson Cross Roads, way up in the mountain towards Chattanooga. The order came from General Morgan and we were to march when relieved by Gen. Hooker. The General never got ready to relieve us, and so we

did not march under that order; but this afternoon the order came from Gen. Thomas, and is peremptory; and so we must go sometime tomorrow.

"Adj. Scott has gone up the railroad to see Ruger. He is at Tullahoma. Rain every day, and mud unfathomable. A nasty time to move, but soldiers must go without grumbling, when ordered.

"I was mistaken when I said in my last that Gen. Grant was at Gen. Hooker's quarters. He was in town, and the three major-generals met at the cars, but Grant went on to Bridgeport. Next morning General Hooker came in and asked me to go to his quarters and see Gen. Rosecrans. I went, and was introduced. Gen. Rosecrans immediately said, 'Gen. Hooker, this is my old Ft. Donelson commander,' and he spoke very complimentarily of my administration of affairs there. He recollected me in Mississippi, upon my reminding him of one or two incidents that happened there.

"The band of the 33d Massachusetts serenaded the generals, and they both made little speeches and both made failures. They can fight, but neither of them can make a speech.

"My successor in the command of the post will be Colonel Cobham, of the 111th Pennsylvania. He will assume command in the morning. Come to think, you will want to know where we are going. We are ordered to Nashville. Aren't you sorry? We go by railroad."

"Stevenson, Ala., Oct. 25, 1863.—We put the regiment on the cars yesterday afternoon, but it did not get off until this afternoon. I go in the morning. The Quartermaster, Ira Dutton, goes with his traps tomorrow, and the mounted infantry will go in two or three days, as soon as Lieut. Lamoreau gets back from Chattanooga, where he has gone with a drove of cattle for the army. That cleans out the 13th from Stevenson.

"General Hooker moves his headquarters to Bridge-

port tomorrow. I was relieved yesterday by Colonel Cobham; and he was relieved today by Colonel Ross, of a Connecticut regiment."

"Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 29, 1863.—We are encamped in a dry, beautiful location in Edgefield, directly across the river from Nashville and about one-half mile from the railroad bridge. Edgefield is a clean, quiet village, and we have decidedly the softest thing that we have had since I have been with the regiment. We shall probably remain here some time, perhaps all winter, unless some unexpected emergency arises at the front.

"Now make all your arrangements to come to me, and I will make my arrangements for you as fast as I can. I am living in a tent now, but will find a house, or some rooms, as soon as I can. It is necessary for you to have a permit to come here. I will have no difficulty in getting it, I think, and will send it to you in a few days, together with a list of articles you will need to bring with you.

"The regiment is furnishing guards in the city, about 150 per day, which is our only duty. The weather is most lovely, and it is a delightful change from the rain and mud and filth of Stevenson.

"A torpedo was exploded under one of the trains that had our regiment, when coming here, which threw the engine off the track and made a perfect wreck of the tender, but fortunately no one was hurt. This occurred Sunday night, about 28 miles this side of Stevenson."

"Headquarters 13th Regt. Wis. Vol., Camp Bigney, near Nashville, Tenn, Sun. p. m., Nov. 1, 1863.—It takes considerable writing, I find, to give you our exact 'locus in quo,' as the lawyers say, but you have the whole story in the heading to this letter. We named the camp yesterday, on parade, in honor of the major who selected it, and whose influence brought us here; and a beautiful camp with most beautiful surroundings it is, too. The

weather is very pleasant today, but we have had a very severe rainstorm and have frosty nights.

"It is a little rough lying on the ground, and I have neither floor nor fire in my tent, yet I stand it well. Jerry is quite indignant that I should live so. Says he, 'Colonel, it's enough to kill a hoss to sleep on that wet ground! Yes, sir, it's enough to kill a *good* hoss!' I have not yet secured any rooms for us, although I am diligently hunting for them. I would like to have the children here, but looking the thing all over my best judgment is that they will be better off at home. I have got a pony for you to ride when you get here—gentle as a lamb, and my horse is a beauty. I ride a good deal."

"Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 5, 1863.—I am on a court of inquiry, to investigate a matter connected with the shooting and killing of one of his men by Colonel Meisner, of the 14th Mich., and shall be so occupied all of this week. We hold one session per day at the capitol, from 9 a. m. until noon. At the election last Tuesday, the 13th gave 400 majority for the Union ticket, only 18 or 20 votes cast for Palmer. I see by yesterday's papers that the State has gone Union by a large majority.

"I am on the track of a house two blocks from camp, which I think I can get. Boats are running up the river quite freely now, and occasionally get fired into between here and Clarksville. That region is full of guerillas now, since the troops are withdrawn from Donelson and Clarksville. The 83d is there yet, but can not do much for want of numbers.

"Captain Hewitt and I have rented a house together and I moved into it on Tuesday. It is a brick house, two rooms, one story, in a quiet, pleasant spot, about 30 rods from the camp. We pay ten dollars per month rent. I send you a diagram. Mrs. Hewitt and you had better come on together. We shall have to mess together. The rooms are large and commodious, good walls and floors,

and excellent fireplaces, don't smoke a particle. We will live in our room and eat in their room. Jerry and Minerva have an outside room, and have in it a little stove that I had for my tent."

"Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 15, 1863.—We commence brigade drill tomorrow under General Ward, and are to drill three times a week."

"Edgefield, Tenn., Fri., Nov. 20, 1863.—We had a review yesterday of seven regiments of infantry, one of cavalry and a battery of artillery. We made quite a show. General Granger was the reviewing officer."

"Nov. 29, 1863.—General Grant has cleaned out Bragg, which I think ensures our staying here this winter. We have a new band. They heard you were here last Wednesday night, and came over to serenade you. They play well."





bout this time I went South. I took Clara with me. The winter was quietly spent at Edgefield, without much to narrate. We lived in the same house with Captain and Mrs. Hewitt, and messed together.

A few letters to Father Lyon are all the letters I have for a couple of months, and there is but little in them.

MRS. LYON'S DIARY.

Jan. 1, 1864.—The weather is very cold. It is ten degrees below zero, the coldest weather ever known in Nashville, so the citizens say. Captain and Mrs. Hewitt and William and I received calls together. We had calls from General Ward* and his staff officers, and all the officers of the 13th. In the evening we had all the ladies in our regiment to spend the evening and to help dispose of the eatables that were left over. The band serenaded us.

January 2, 1864.—Still very cold, six degrees below zero. The houses here are not built for warmth, but to keep cool in summer.

Jan. 16, 1864.—A large party of us went in ambulances to visit the penitentiary.

COLONEL LYON'S LETTERS.

“Edgefield, Sun., Jan. 31, 1864.—I received between 50 and 60 new recruits from Wisconsin yesterday, and

* Major-General Ward was a distinguished Kentuckian, for many years a member of Congress from that State before the war. He was a grand old man and I loved him. One of his staff was Colonel Benjamin Harrison, afterward President. Colonel Harrison was Colonel of an Indiana regiment in our brigade.—W. P. L.



MRS. ADELIA C. LYON
Racine, Wisconsin, 1863

expect a good many more. The regiment will probably fill up. Three hundred and forty-eight of my men have re-enlisted and have been mustered as veterans, and the number will probably increase to 400. I have just forwarded an application for the regiment to be furloughed home. It will be about two weeks before we hear from it. If the application is granted, and I expect that it will be, we shall probably get off between the 15th and 20th of February. This veteran movement is a grand thing, and the most discouraging to the rebels of anything that has transpired during the war. I feel it my duty to encourage it by all proper means."

"Feb. 7, 1864.—We have received our veterans' furlough, and expect to leave here for Janesville the last of the week, with between 400 and 500 of the regiment; in which case we shall reach there about the 17th, and get home two or three days later. Jerry and Minerva will go home with us. They will make arrangements for housekeeping."

"Nashville, Tenn., March 31, 1864.—We got here, six companies of us, this morning just at daylight. The other four companies, E, K, G and B, were left at Chicago for want of transportation—will probably be here tomorrow. We were on the cars three nights and got but little sleep. I have commenced boarding at Mrs. Morrison's, in Edgefield."

"Edgefield, April 3, 1864.—I have got nearly settled in my new tent. I have a floor and stove in it. Mr. Barker is here today. He is installed in his new place in Nashville and thinks he will get along. There is a house full at Morrison's, Norcross, Noyes, Hewitt, Hollister, Dr. Smith, Lamoreau, Walters, the Chaplain, and myself. Wallahan and his wife are there, besides a number of refugees, I think, by their looks. There is some one in our old place. It makes me homesick to pass there. It is all cleaned up and looks so homelike.

"I spent most of yesterday with Colonel Hobart. We dined at General Rosecrans' headquarters, and visited the 22d Wisconsin. Met Colonel Streight again."

"Edgefield, April 7, 1864.—Everything is pleasant at Morrison's and I am more comfortable than I would be if I ran a mess. We were on picket duty yesterday. I have the whole regiment at work today cleaning the camp."

"Edgefield, Tenn., Sun., April 10, 1864.—I have sent Lieut. Wemple's detail to General Thomas for approval, but have not yet heard from it. In addition to picket duty we have been put on tram-guard duty on the railroad between here and Louisville. This takes the whole regiment. I have sent the right wing across the river on the picket line beyond the city, under command of Colonel Chapman, to do that duty. All the men in the left wing are on the railroad, and I do not think I have fifty men in camp today. Rather lonesome. Jerry sends his best love to Minerva. He gets homesick sometimes. Somebody cut through his tent and stole his watch a few nights since."

"Edgefield, Tenn., Thursday, April 14, 1864.—I think that I told you that the right wing of the regiment was over beyond the city doing picket duty. We now picket the whole city, on both sides of the river, and guard all the trains running on the Louisville R. R."

"Edgefield, Tenn., Sun. eve., April 17, 1864.—There is a great demand for houses here, and many efforts are being made to turn these poor refugees out of doors, you know they are numerous here. I have been and am still protecting them, and in doing so get complained of occasionally at headquarters. I am ahead, though, up to this present writing. I think that these rebels here who got up this war and made refugees of these poor people, ought to furnish houses for them to live in, and I mean they shall to some extent."

“Edgefield, Tenn., April 21, 1864.—Everything is in *statu quo* here. I have but little to do now but think and read. I begin to discuss the question in my own mind whether you had better not come down here after a little, after the spring campaign is fairly progressing, which will be in a month or so; then if we are left here we shall be pretty sure of remaining here all summer.”

“Edgefield, Tenn., Mon., April 25, 1864.—Burns, or somebody else, says, ‘The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a’glee.’ For example, I wrote you the other day that I thought we would stay here some time, and talked about your coming down after a little. Yesterday I got an order that we start tomorrow morning for Stevenson, to take care of the railroad from Anderson, 12 miles this side of Stevenson, to Bridgeport, on the Tennessee river. The 102d Ohio, Colonel Given, go with us on the same business, but they stop at Tullahoma.

“We are to move at daybreak, but may be delayed for want of transportation. We will be nine or ten days on the road, so direct your letters to Stevenson, Ala. We march, you know, but I suppose we shall occasionally strike the railroad. I will drop you a line if I can. I am glad to get away from Nashville, my regiment was so scattered.”

“Stevenson, Ala., April 28, 1864.—Here we are, safe and sound, having come by railroad instead of marching, as we expected to do. We got here at noon today. No women came with us. General Sherman would not allow it. He said that after a few weeks, perhaps, he would do so, but not now. He says that a woman eats as much as a soldier, and he is short of transportation at present. I don’t think it is very unpleasant here, judging from the reluctance with which the troops here leave. The place has been well cleaned and is in fine order.”

“Stevenson, Ala., May 3, 1864.—I took command of

this post on Sunday morning, and the old force is all gone except a battery of artillery. I have my old quarters and more. I occupy for my own private residence the room that General Hooker had when here."

"Stevenson, Ala., May 5, 1864.—An immense number of troops has passed through here within two days, I think as many as 25,000 from Huntsville, Decatur, and that way. They are the 15th and 16th Army Corps. Generals Sherman, Logan, McPherson, Sickles, and lots more, have gone to the front, and there will probably be a heavy battle in the neighborhood of Dalton in a very few days. I have no reason to believe that we shall be there. We seem to be pretty firmly anchored here just at present.

"We naturally have a great anxiety concerning the result of the expected battle. The enemy are no doubt in heavy force, and so are we. Our very best Generals, except Grant, are there; and I am very hopeful that we shall defeat them. If we do, it virtually puts an end to the war in this part of the country. A defeat for us is not so serious a matter as it would be for them; yet if we should be defeated it would prolong the war for many months. Our hope is in the justice of our cause, the blessing of God, and the courage and patriotism of our army.

"Our wagon train has just got through, bringing our mess traps."

"Stevenson, Ala., May 9, 1864.—Everything is quiet and comfortable here. Two years ago today we fought at Farmington, Miss., when Captain Perkins and Lieut. Beamish were killed. We got no news from the front, but feel easy about operations down there. The news from Virginia this morning is first rate.

"I am going to Tullahoma today to report in person to General Paine, who has command from there to Bridgeport; will be back tomorrow. The 71st Ohio, Col-

onel McConnell, is between here and Tullahoma on the railroad. I was sent here because I had been here before and had a reliable, well disciplined regiment, and because, further, as General Rousseau told me, he knew my boys would fight if attacked. This service is honorable, and it was a high compliment sending me here, and so intended by General Rousseau. General Granger was not consulted and had nothing to do with it."

"Stevenson, Ala., Wed., May 11, 1864.—I went to Tullahoma, as I wrote you, and saw and reported to General Paine (of Illinois). I was well acquainted with him before. I also met Colonel Given, of the 102d Ohio, an old acquaintance, you know.

"While there we received dispatches from Nashville, which were sent to me there and here at the same time, that Roddey (a rebel guerilla, General, or Colonel, or something) had crossed the Tennessee river at Florence, near Tusculumbia, Ala., with 5,000 men. They do not know what he is after, nor where he intends to go. This notice was to keep us on the alert should he come this way, which is not expected. If he comes here we can whip him.

"Well, I started back at 2:30 o'clock yesterday morning, but was stopped three miles out with the intelligence that the track had been torn up by guerillas three miles farther on. So we went back to Tullahoma and got some soldiers and went down there. We found that a few men on barefoot horses, evidently citizens residing near there, had torn a couple of rails loose, built a large fire on the track, and left. Owing to the detention I did not get back here until noon.

"I intended to stop along the road and inspect the troops and works under my charge, but it rained all the morning, so I deferred the inspection to another day.

"Last night we had a terrific storm of wind, rain, thunder and lightning, lasting half the night. Such a

storm in these mountains, the lightning flashing around their summits, the thunder echoing, the wind howling through the gorges, and the torrents rushing down the mountain sides, is most sublime. But you know something of these southern thunder storms.

"We are making strong fortifications here; and if the enemy will keep away for thirty days, I do not care how many such troops as Forrest, Roddey, and those fellows have, pitch into us. I have one good redoubt now, with six pieces of artillery in it.

"Captain Norcross reports that his pickets were fired on last night, no one hurt. He is stationed about three miles from here. There were but two or three of the assailants, and they ran off when the sentinel, after discharging his musket, ran after them firing his revolver. There are a few desperadoes in the mountains west of us, and it was doubtless some of them. The citizens say, 'We are mighty proud to see you-uns back here.' There is much distress amongst them, General Sherman having stopped the issuing of rations."

"Stevenson, Ala., Sun., May 15, 1864.—I have had two ragged sheets made into one, and now have a pair of good sheets. I bathed last night and had Jerry wash and dry my single towel before I got up this morning. Jerry does all my room work. The doctor fixed me up some tansy bitters and I worry down a little of the bitter stuff about twice a day.

"I spent yesterday and Friday inspecting the railroad defenses in my beat. I stayed Friday night at Anderson, with Captain Noyes. The companies on the railroad are well suited, and are willing to stay there. The whole regiment seems contented.

"How glorious the news that comes from General Grant! The heavy fighting of this war, I believe, is nearly over, although the army must be retained some time yet.

"General Rousseau has just sent me 125 colored soldiers to work on the fortifications. This relieves the 13th very much.

"Everything is perfectly quiet in our vicinity, no force of rebels anywhere near us, but there are guerilla scares nearly every day.

"I hope before another year I will be home *for good*. When I get there, don't expect me to leave the dooryard, unless I am obliged to, for about three months."

"May 18, 1864.—There was a little clash yesterday on the railroad beyond Huntsville, seventy miles from here, but it did not amount to much. We are progressing finely with our fortifications. The army in front, we hear, is forty miles south of Dalton, and the rebels are falling back; but we get no particulars of operations there. No citizens are allowed to come down here now. Mrs. Kummel is still in Nashville, and is unable to obtain permission to come. The reason assigned is want of transportation.

"We had a tragedy here last night. An artilleryman shot and killed a young woman who was holding the door to keep him out of the house. He went to a window, and through a broken pane shot her in the back. She died in an hour. The man was drunk, and is in custody.

"I have just received orders to issue rations to the families of soldiers in our army. There are many of them about here in very destitute circumstances, and this order will prevent much suffering. Several companies of cavalry were raised in this vicinity when I was here last fall."

"Stevenson, Ala., Sun., May 22, 1864.—The troops from the rear, which have been relieved by the 100-days men, are constantly passing through here. We keep hearing rumors that we are to be relieved in the same way before long, but I have nothing authentic on the

subject. I should not be surprised, however, if the rumors turn out true and we go farther south; but as usual it will probably be after the fighting is over.

"We get no particulars from the front except that Sherman is pushing on for Atlanta. I had a telegram from him yesterday, dated Kingston, Ga. The army, I learn, is some distance beyond there."

"May 26, 1864.—Granger's brigade is ordered to picket the north bank of the Tennessee river from Stevenson to Decatur, about 100 miles. In his arrangement of troops we will be about in the center, with headquarters at Claysville, which is in the extreme southern bend of the river, opposite Gunthersville, and about 45 miles from Stevenson. It is barely possible that my regiment may be swung around on the river right here, in which case headquarters will probably remain here or near this place, but I do not expect it.

"Everything seems to move right in front and on the Potomac; and when we hear of successes there to our arms, visions of peace and home and family and loved ones become very bright. Now do not worry about our moving. We are in a great deal more danger of being struck by lightning than by bullets this summer."

"Stevenson, Ala., Sun., May 29, 1864.—The 132d Indiana (100-days men) arrived here last evening to relieve us, and we go to Claysville, which is the last of the poor 13th for the next 100 days. No fighting, no wounds, no glory for us. Oh, how badly you will feel about it. We shall not leave, I think, until the last of the week, as our transportation has only this morning left Nashville, and it comes through by land. We were all well satisfied here, and yet the boys never left a place more cheerfully.

"The country where we go has not been so badly devastated as this, and it is said to be a good country.

We expect to revel in fruit. The peach crop will be very heavy this year.

"I learn that poor George Yout was killed. He was a brave, good boy, and I feel great sympathy for his family and friends."

"Stevenson, Ala., Thursday, June 2, 1864.—We are still here, you see, but hope to get started tomorrow. We are waiting for our teams, which are on the road here from Nashville and expected tonight. The regiment is together now, except the men detailed at Nashville and a few others. They make a fine show.

"Adjutant Ruger went through here last evening wounded. He was struck in the knee by a piece of shell, bruising him pretty badly; but he will probably recover without any permanent injury to the limb. He is in fine spirits. This occurred a week ago.

"We shall be able to take all of our traps, and the Adjutant and I are going to let Jerry do our cooking. We rather like the prospect of moving."

"Stevenson, Ala., Fri., June 3, 1864.—We leave here tomorrow at sunrise. We had a hard rain last night, which relieves us from marching in the dust. The 22d, and other Wisconsin regiments in this department, get hurt occasionally, I see, though none except the 3d have been cut up very badly yet. There seems to be plenty of work and little glory for the poor 13th.

"I had the whole regiment on dress parade last night, and it made a superb show. I felt just as though I should like to try their mettle where the bullets fly.

"The new troops that have taken our place are many of them getting sick. We are toughened to the heat."

"Bellefonte, Jackson County, Ala., June 5, 1864.—We left Stevenson yesterday morning at eight o'clock, in the midst of a very heavy rain, and reached this point, 14 miles distant, at sundown. We had several hard

showers during the day, but the boys did not seem to mind it much. It rained all night, and until about nine o'clock this morning, which makes the roads very muddy; so I concluded to lay over today, especially as it is Sunday. We move at sunrise tomorrow morning, and it will take us two days to reach our destination, which is about thirty miles from here. We have 800 men and 20 teams, and make quite a little army.

"The country over which we marched yesterday was tolerably level and looks not unlike our oak openings in Wisconsin, though the soil is generally thin and poor. The road was bad in places, and we were detained several times by wagons breaking down or getting stuck in the mud. We learn that the roads are better ahead, and the mud is drying rapidly this afternoon. The whole route is a desert, made so by our armies. Fences are destroyed, and nearly all the plantations are deserted. Many of the houses have been burned down, and there are no growing crops.

"The Adjutant and I rode into Bellefonte last night ahead of the regiment, and such a picture of utter desolation as the place presents I have seldom seen, even in the South. The village is the county seat of Jackson county, and was once about half the size of Elkhorn, Wis. Its situation is not unlike that of Elkhorn, being built on level ground around a public square, in the center of which once stood a fine court house. This court house was burned down the day the 13th marched through here last September, and in consequence of that coincidence we were charged with burning it; but it was not so, and I indignantly denied the charge and demanded the proof. It has not been produced. At that time there were many citizens here. Now they are all or nearly all gone, and every building is nearly destroyed. This was done by General Sherman's army last winter. The frames and roofs and brick walls are standing, but

the siding has been torn off, partitions broken down, floors ripped up, and doors and windows all carried away or destroyed. The fences, too, have disappeared, and the whole site of the town, gardens, dooryards, public square, and every place except a narrow track in the center of the street, is covered with a rank growth of weeds.

"When we came in a dead silence brooded over the place. There was no sign of life except two half-starved, poorly clad women, slowly making their way through the deserted streets on two lean and hungry-looking donkeys; and a solitary cow feeding upon the weeds by the roadside. It looked like a fit home for owls, and bats and serpents, and it was difficult to realize that it was ever the abode of man. Yet riding about the town we find many evidences of the taste and refinement of the former inhabitants. The ruins of what were once beautiful flower gardens are frequently met with, and blooming among noxious weeds we found roses and other flowers in great profusion, which in variety of coloring and brilliancy of tints excel anything we ever see at the North.

"The people are fugitives in the South. They are all bitter Secessionists, and they are now reaping the terrible fruits of their great crime. In a frenzy of unholy passion they sought to destroy our Government, to tear down the glorious fabric of liberty, which was our common heritage, and lo, their homes are a desolation, and they and their wives and children, like Cain of old, are wanderers and vagabonds in the earth. Like Cain, too, when they think of their mansions destroyed, of the ruin that reigns where once they dwelt, of the peace and prosperity and happiness they once enjoyed, they may well exclaim, 'Our punishment is greater than we can bear.' And now, having indulged in a little highfalutin, 'merely to show you,' as Josh Billings says, 'that I ken du it,' I

will come down to matter of fact things and inform you that the peaches are as large as butternuts, and the country is full of them. Blackberries are nearly full grown and turning red; raspberries and cherries are ripe, but scarce.

"It will be several days before I can get another letter to the postoffice for you."

"Claysville, Ala., June 8, 1864.—We got here last night after a rough march, but all well. The country is very pleasant. Only three or four families here. Will give you full particulars in my next. The wagon train is just leaving for Woodville for supplies. We are not settled yet.

"The journey was pretty rough. We had to ford one large creek where the water was up to the horses' sides. We got through without accident. There is but one decent house in the place, and in it lives a widow—an old lady—and two daughters, young women. The Adjutant and I took possession of the surplus rooms in the house for headquarters, and we have made an arrangement by which the family do the cooking and washing. They are poor people, but neat and respectable, a good deal above the average of poor whites down here. I think that they do not chew snuff, although I am not quite sure about the youngest one. All we pay is to furnish provisions for the whole. They seem to be very economical, and I think we shall like the living. They cook well. I have a good airy room up stairs. The old lady has lent me a feather bed. I shall fill my cotton tick with cotton, of which there is plenty here. I brought from Stevenson a nice camp bedstead, and am rigged out very comfortably indeed.

"I have four companies, B, G, C and I, on the river, and shall send out three more tomorrow, A, F and D, leaving with me H, E and K. Company C is but a little over a mile from here. They exchange shots occasion-

ally with bushwhackers, but it is too far to do any execution. There seem to be no organized bands of rebels on this side of the river, and no considerable number on the other side.

"We get our mail from Woodville, twenty miles distant. It seems odd to go five or six days without hearing a word from the outside world, yet we will get used to it after a little I suppose.

"We had green peas and mutton for dinner. The peas we bought, the mutton we confiscated.

"There is a better class of people here than there was at Stevenson or Donelson. They are cleaner and more intelligent, and generally not so wretchedly poor.

"I have a very trusty, honest horse. I intended to go out with A, F and D, but the roads are so bad I will not go. It is about fifteen miles to the farthest post, and bad roads at that. It is quite a serious thing to haul all of our supplies from there. I am trying to make arrangements to get them by way of the river.

"We suspect that old Fever-and-ague lives down here and will be amongst us in August and September. The country is flat, but it is only a few miles to the spurs of the mountains. Brigade headquarters are going to Decatur. It would suit me just as well if they went to the Isthmus of Suez. They do not disturb us."

"June 14, 1864.—I have been down to the river today. Our pickets exchange shots with the rebels on the other side almost every day. They are few in numbers, and the river is so wide that it is a harmless amusement for both sides.

"Colonel Chapman is below on the river somewhere, and I expect him every day. The 18th Wisconsin is on the river below us. I have got the companies all posted now, and intend visiting them as soon as Colonel Chapman gets back."

"Claysville, Ala., Wed. Eve., June 15, 1864.—I got an order this evening to send four companies to Whitesburg, which is on the river south of Huntsville, and some six miles below our present beat. The Adjutant starts in the morning for Huntsville for more specific instructions; so I improve the opportunity to let you know once more that I am well. I do not expect this order will involve any change in my headquarters. Colonel Chapman, I hear, is at Whitesburg now, waiting for these troops, and he will probably remain there and take care of that end of the route. This will relieve me from a good deal of tramping."

"Claysville, Ala., June 16, 1864.—I send this by Lieutenant Balis, who goes to Woodville in the morning with the remains of his brother, who died this afternoon of pneumonia. He was a new recruit, about 35 years old, and leaves a wife and one or two children. He was a frail man and ought not to have gone into the service."

"Claysville, Ala., Sun., June 20, 1864.—Colonel Chapman goes tomorrow morning with Companies A. B and K too Whitesburg, ten miles south of Huntsville, where he will have command.

"It seems very healthy here. The regiment is uncommonly healthy. We shall occupy more than 40 miles of the river. I shall have about 250 men here, or close by. We are making arrangements to get mails and supplies by river.

"We are not entirely out of the world, as a gunboat patrols the river from Bridgeport to Decatur once or twice a week; and there is a railroad from Nashville to Decatur, you know. This boat will carry us up and down at any time.

"We hear that Forrest has whipped us near Memphis and is making his way to Decatur. This will give the 18th Michigan a job, if true. Colonel Jim Howe's brigade is there, including the 32d Wisconsin. General

Granger is there, too. The 13th Wisconsin is not there. I hear that the 8th Wisconsin is at Vicksburg on its way home on veteran furlough. I wish you to show all possible attention to my Company K boys. Tell them that I do not do much fighting now-a-days, but I think a heap about them."

"Claysville, Ala., June 26, 1864.—I have sent two expeditions across the river the past week, one under the Adjutant to Guntersville, and one under Captain Blake into the country a few miles below here. They captured quite a number of horses and mules, and Captain Blake captured two rebel officers—Captains, I think. They encountered no armed force. The Adjutant captured a rebel mail, containing many papers and letters. I send you two of these specimens. The letters are of no military importance. Most of them were written by privates in Johnson's and Lee's army, and the writers all think that they are whipping us badly at all points. The tone of all the rebel papers is very sanguine of ultimate success. Never was any people so blind to their real condition as is this people. One fellow writes in May from somewhere in this State to his father that Lee has just defeated Grant in a great battle, and that our losses amount to 100,000 killed, wounded and prisoners, while the rebel loss is but trifling.

"The hot weather is upon us. This morning is clear and still, and the sun lets us know that we are 'down South.' Standing at noon with my back to the sun, my shadow falls just two inches beyond the toes of my boots. I am perfectly well, but I make as little exertion as possible during the day. The nights are comfortable.

"My regiment is so scattered, and therefore weak at any given point, that although there is no force of the enemy very near any part of our line, yet I can but feel constant anxiety. Indeed, I think I am leading a more anxious life than ever before in the service. The fact is,

we are doing the duty and bearing the responsibility that ought to be divided between two regiments. I find that I have a good horse, and I ride much more than I ever did before. I can not realize that I have been in Wisconsin within three months. I never felt so isolated in my life."

"Claysville, Ala., Thurs., June 30, 1864.—It is muster day, and I am very busy. Yesterday I visited Company I, six miles below here. The road runs over a mountain and the scenery is very fine. This afternoon I go up the river six miles to Company G to muster it.

"Lieut. Fish made a raid across the river and captured a rebel, Colonel Smith. He is here, and very much of a gentleman. He does not say so, but he acts just as though he were well satisfied to be in our hands. He will be sent to Nashville.*

"There is a rebel force about forty miles from us, at Gadsden, on the Coosa river, about 3,000 strong, under General Pillow. The same force attacked La Fayette the other day and were repulsed. I rather hope they will give us a call, just for variety, but do not expect it."

"Claysville, Ala., July 2, 1864.—Captain Hewitt will be detailed as Assistant Ordinance Officer to Captain Townsend at Nashville, and his wife can get to him without any difficulty when the weather will admit."

"Claysville, Ala., July 6, 1864.—Captain Hart captured a rebel mail, and I spent the forenoon in reading the letters. They are all confident of whipping Grant and Sherman just as they did Banks. They expect to be in Tennessee during the summer. I don't know but they will be."

"Claysville, Ala., July 11, 1864.—Yesterday I was in the saddle all day visiting my command on the river.

* He was a splendid fellow. I said, "Colonel, you do not want me to put a guard over you. You will have to go up to Nashville after a little, but now you are my guest."—W. P. L.

I rode about 16 miles on Saturday ; the day before, eight miles. Tomorrow I start on a trip to visit Companies F and D, down the river, and shall be absent about three days. I take a company of home scouts I am organizing here, as an escort, although there is no enemy on our route that we know of. Still, in this country we always go prepared for emergencies.

“You ask me if I am not in a great deal of danger here. I don’t know. If only a moderate sized force of the enemy attacks us, no ; if a large force, yes. We are building strong fortifications on the river, and expect to have three or four gunboats patrolling it in a few weeks ; and if Sherman is successful in defeating Johnson, I do not think that we shall have any trouble. I have a good deal of business here with citizens. As there is no civil law or courts, I am judge, jury, arbitrator, and guardian for the whole country. An old woman is talking to me now, boring me to death with a long story about another old woman, her neighbor, who she thinks is a rebel and a very dangerous character. I write this, with her talking persistently. I say ‘yes,’ and ‘really,’ occasionally, and that satisfies her. The most of the people here are well disposed, and many of them, particularly the poor class, are truly loyal. The old lady has finished her story, and so have I.”

“Clarksville, Ala., July 13, 1864.—Here I am, tired as a dog. I left Claysville yesterday morning and have just got here, having traveled over mountains, through swamps and canebrakes, escorted by about 30 Union guerillas, or home guards.

“Stayed last night at Company D’s, and expect to get back there tonight, and home tomorrow night. This point is on the Tennessee river, half way between Flint and Paintrock rivers, and some 20 miles below Claysville. It is the headquarters of Company F, Captain Hart.

"I have passed through some wild, magnificent scenery on this trip, which I have no time to describe. I can write but little this time, but was not willing to let this anniversary of your birthday pass without letting you know that I remembered it."

"Claysville, Ala., Fri., July 15, 1864 (at sunrise).— You will think it strange that I am writing to you at this time of day. I will tell you how it happened. I got back from my trip, concerning which I have already written you, yesterday afternoon, and went to bed at nine last night, very tired and sleepy, I assure you. Between 11 and 12 o'clock Johnny (my orderly) burst into my room with, 'Colonel, the rebels are crossing the river with a large force down at the landing.' (This is where Lieut. Fish is stationed, one mile from headquarters.) I was sleeping very soundly, but managed to tumble out of bed, wondering why they couldn't just as well have waited until morning. So I dressed, and Jerry saddled the horse, and off the Adjutant and I galloped to the river (I am getting to be a famous horseman). There we found every evidence that there was a large force, and a very demonstrative one, on the other bank. We supposed that they had artillery from the noise made by their wagon train. So we went to work collecting our men, notifying the other companies on the river, sending out scouts and patrols, and making every possible arrangement for the battle that we expected to fight at daylight this morning. But daylight came and revealed to us a large force on the other side of the river, but the men were all in *blue*.

"It turned out to be a large scout from Decatur, of which we had received no notice. We the more readily believed it a rebel force from the fact that only last Tuesday morning Lieut. Fish was across the river with only eight men and was attacked by between forty and fifty rebel cavalry, fought them, and with the aid of a

few of our men, who succeeded in getting on an island near by, whipped them handsomely. The rebels admit a loss of three killed and four wounded. Not a man of ours received a scratch. It was almost a miracle.

"I wondered often during the night what you would think had you known that we were passing the hours of the night in the trenches, expecting a fight in the morning; but the luck of the 13th still clings to them, and nobody is hurt.

"The force on the other side sent over a wounded officer, and behold, it was Captain Wilcox, of the 5th Iowa Cavalry, an old friend. He got a charge of buck-shot in the hip the other day on a raid south of this. He is doing well.

"I find on going to my room that Jerry has packed and boxed all of my traps, and had them ready to load on the wagon in case we were worsted. I gave him no directions about them—did not even think of them. During the night, the Adjutant, who remained at headquarters, tells me, Jerry volunteered to go one and a half miles alone to call in an outpost, and went. He was as cool and brave as any of the soldiers."

"July 17, 1864.—I received a dispatch from General Granger, who is at Decatur, sent through a courier from Larkinsville, saying that if the rebels were crossing the river I must concentrate and hold out as long as possible.

"I have heard from Colonel Chapman. He had heard that we were falling back towards Woodville, and had concentrated his detachment at Whitesburg. I fear this scare will get into the newspapers and alarm our friends at home. I expect to see a statement published to the effect that Forrest, with 15,000 men and 20 pieces of artillery, forced his way across the Tennessee river here, cut the 13th to pieces, killing, capturing and scattering the whole command, and that Colonel Lyon is

among the missing—supposed to be killed, as he was seen to fall from his horse. Not much! Be easy about us. I shall fight all that come, and unless they have a good deal of artillery I shall successfully resist the passage of this river by any force short of an army. I don't think we are in any great peril, although we may be compelled to do some fighting. We are now very well fortified against a river attack, and are building block-houses, artillery proof, in which we could stand a siege if driven to it. When these are completed we are safe from capture.

"My trip last week, although fatiguing, was very interesting. I rode half a mile under a precipice called Paintrock, several hundred feet high, along a narrow bridle path, running under projections of the cliff frequently, and a precipice 50 to 100 feet deep below us, at the bottom of which is the river. In some places it was dark enough for late twilight, although it was the middle of a very bright afternoon."

"July 19.—You do not write much about the 8th Wisconsin. I suppose they are soon to leave again. God bless them, wherever they are. A braver and truer set of men never faced an enemy."

"Claysville, Ala., Sat., July 23, 1864.—We have heard a good deal of distant cannonading for three or four days in the direction of Blue Mountain, 60 or 70 miles from here, where Pillow's force used to be. We think General Rousseau is down there fighting him. Captain Ruger is with Rousseau.

"Everything is quiet here in this vicinity. Yesterday I rode up to Company G and back (six miles), and this afternoon I am going to Company I, five miles down the river, returning tomorrow. I ride like a *Texican*, and begin to like the saddle."

"Claysville, Ala., Wed., July 27, 1864.—I rode over to Fort Deposit (Co. I) after writing to you Saturday.

Returned here Sunday night. I had a visit from Colonel Anderson, 11th Indiana Cavalry, who is chasing and killing guerillas out towards Huntsville. He used to preach in Chicago and latterly in Michigan City. I think he is one of the roughest men I have met lately; but he is talented and brave. I rode over to Deposit with him on Monday morning, and returned the same day. Was accompanied by an ex-Captain of the 18th Michigan, who has been here a week buying cotton. His name is Stevens. He resigned and turned speculator.

"We heard of a small force on the other side of the river, and on Sunday night I let Captain Kingman have over 100 men to go over to try to get them. The gang got away, however. Everything is quiet now on both sides of the river. The people on the south side are anxiously inquiring what they shall do to be saved.

Kingman's advance guard had a skirmish with a lot of rebels near a house where they had been getting breakfast, the owner belonging to the gang. The Captain burned the house, very properly. We send all dissatisfied or dangerous persons across the river. I tell them that I would rather fight them than watch them.

"The regiment keeps very healthy, except Company K, at Whitesburg. That company has from 20 to 30 sick in it. I intend to go there and to Decatur within a few days.

"Lieut. Parker commands Company E. Captain Hewitt is Assistant Ordnance Officer with Captain Townsend. Captain Kummel has the same position at Chattanooga on General Thomas' staff. Captain Noyes is on a Court-Martial at Nashville."

"Decatur, Ala., Sun., Aug. 7, 1864.—I am on an expedition. I left Claysville yesterday morning, reached Huntsville last night, and came here this morning. I rode part of the way to Woodville in an ambulance and

part of the way on horseback. My trip is doing me lots of good. Captain Hart is with me.

"The 32d Wisconsin (Colonel Howe's regiment), which has been here several months, left two or three days since for the front. Colonel Howe has resigned. I have been here with General Granger all the morning. He told me that our brigade, before we came down here, was ordered to the front and the order was countermanded. There seems to be no prospect now of our moving anywhere very soon. I go back to Huntsville tonight and shall probably go to Whitesburg (10 miles) tomorrow. I thought some of going to Nashville, but found I could transact all my business here and was glad to get rid of the trip."

"Claysville, Ala., Thurs., Aug. 11, 1864.—I have just got back from my trip, tired but well. I stayed three nights at Huntsville, one at Whitesburg with Colonel Chapman, and last night with Company G at Law's Landing. I saw Captain Woodman, Captain Norcross, Dr. Smith, Lieutenants Brown, Wemple, Dutton and Murray, who is sick in Huntsville.

"I suppose there is a good deal of squirming about the coming draft, and I really sympathize with many of those who will be drawn, for I know from the experience of these long, weary, anxious years what a terrible thing it is to be separated from wife, children and home, and to be surrounded by peril, suffering and death for so long a time; yet I do not know that it is any harder for them than it is for those who are already in the service. Besides, this draft is only for a year. Efforts are being made to get negroes here to fill the quotas of some localities, but without much success. The soldiers are strongly opposed to it and throw every obstacle in the way of the recruiting agents."

"Claysville, Ala., Thursday, Aug. 18, 1864.—Everything is quiet here. Occasionally a scouting party of

rebels make their appearance on the other side of the river and fire across at our pickets, but they do not stay long. Yesterday this occurred opposite Company C. They are careful to keep the river between them and us. There are guerillas in the mountains on this side, but they never come on our beat. These fellows always give cavalry a wide berth, but they sometimes pitch into infantry.

"A great many deserters, contrabands and refugees come to us from the other side. We send them North. Some of the deserters enlist in our regiment. They tell the same story of despondency, destitution, and a growing Union sentiment in the South. Lieut. Murray is very sick at Huntsville. Fears are entertained that he will not recover."

"Aug. 20, 1864.—The Adjutant has just returned from an inspection tour down the line. There is a rebel force on the other side of the river, as near as I can learn. About a regiment recently came in there. I suppose they are going to picket that side of the river and try to keep us on our side. Five of Company A men were captured across the river on Thursday, near the mouth of Flint river, twenty miles below. They were over there and were decoyed away from the river, surrounded and captured—no one hurt."

"Claysville, Ala., Tues., Aug. 23, 1864.—The rebels are on the other side of the river in some force, but they do not act at all threatening. They seem to be doing the same duty on that side of the river that we are doing on this side—that is, picketing the river and watching us. Thus far they have shown no disposition to get across, but of course I know nothing of their intentions. We, however, keep a strict watch on them. They appear to be in our front from here to Whitesburg.

"The river is getting quite high and two gunboats passed down yesterday to Decatur. It is rather agree-

able to have these fellows about when there is an enemy near us. It seems a little more like war to see an enemy occasionally, but I do not expect to have a fight with them unless I go over there after it, which I may do when I ascertain more about their position and strength. However, I shall take no unnecessary risks."

"Claysville, Ala., Sun., Aug. 29, 1864.—I have ridden fifteen miles today. I am now with Company C at our landing, waiting the return of a gunboat that passed down the river this morning conveying a steamer loaded with supplies for the regiment.

"There is undoubtedly quite a large rebel force on the other side of the river a few miles back in the country. I hear they intend to try to cross the river. I think the gunboats and the 13th together can prevent them from doing it, and if the gunboats are not here when they attempt it, the 13th will try to do it alone. The river is high now and they can only cross in boats, which I understand they are building for the purpose. It is quite possible that we shall have a brush with them, and if we do—there is so much solicitude felt about our ability to hold this line—you will hear all sorts of exaggerated reports from us through the papers before we can get any news to you. Pay no attention to these reports unless they are favorable; and if you hear direct from us, which will be as speedily as possible after anything of interest transpires, I will keep you posted as to our situation, as I always have done.

"On Thursday last a party of rebels came opposite Law's Landing and fired at Company G, stationed there. Lieut. Balis sent over a party of men soon after, who came up to the rear guard of the rebels and killed two of them. A woman wanted to cross there and our boys had promised to bring her over. She had gone down to call them across the river, when the rebels first made their appearance, secreting themselves so that our men could

not see them, and insisted that she should call our boys over, in which case they could easily be captured or killed; but she absolutely refused to do so, and no entreaties or threats could shake her resolution. She sat down and told them that they might kill her as quick as they pleased, but she would not, even for the sake of her life, do so base an act. They then commenced firing. The party from Company G brought her back with them. I have not seen her. She is a Union woman and a heroine.

“On Thursday night Captain Blake, who is located ten miles down the river, got information that a force was intending to cross that night near his post. I put the whole line in the best possible shape for defense and went to Deposit, where Company I is stationed. I was up nearly all night making arrangements to meet the attack, and in the morning went down to Captain Blake’s. No demonstration was made on us, however, and I returned to headquarters on Friday afternoon. While the enemy is in our immediate front I expect but little bodily or mental rest.”

“Claysville, Ala., Tues., 2 a. m., Aug. 30, 1864.—You will wonder why I am writing to you at this time in the morning. I will tell you. We had information that a large force of rebels was in our immediate front, on the other side of the river. I spent the whole day yesterday in preparing for an attack, which I confidently expected before long. Last evening Sergeant Moulton came up here from his station on the river and told me that he had information from the same source that this force received orders on Sunday to repair at once to Atlanta and that they all left for that place on that day and yesterday; that his informant saw the last piece of artillery leave; and, further, that the rebels had 13 pieces of artillery. I felt greatly relieved, and not having slept

much the night before I congratulated myself on a good night's sleep in prospect.

"I had just sat down to write some dispatches to General Granger to send off in the morning, when I received a note from Lieut. Fish saying that a force had made its appearance on the other side of the river. This was about eight o'clock. I immediately went down to his camp and found that a force has really come into Guntersville, which is about three-fourths of a mile from the river. It was after dark and they could see nothing, but they could hear commands given. I am satisfied that the force is not large, and that it has no artillery; yet their presence made it necessary to use all precautions against a surprise or an attack, and that along my whole line, for their making their appearance here was no evidence that they would not strike at some other point should they attack us, but rather the contrary. So I came back here and have been engaged ever since in sending off orders and dispatches. I expect some gunboats down today from Bridgeport, and when they get here I shall feel easier."

"Claysville, Ala., Tues. Eve., Aug. 30, 1864.—The rebel force has certainly left our front. There are two gunboats here tonight, and they will be constantly along our line hereafter. We have been in great peril, but I think the danger permanently passed. We shall have no serious trouble here now for some time, if at all."





Wuntsville, Ala., Sat., Sept. 3, 1864.—I have been knocking about considerably since I wrote to you last. Wednesday I got an order to concentrate my end of the regiment, except one company, at Woodville. That evening I started out with E and H, went four miles. The next morning took G and got to Woodville at noon. Soon after I and D arrived. I supposed we were on an expedition after Wheeler or some of these raiders who are playing smash in our rear; but when I got there I found dispatches from General Granger ordering me to come here and take command of the railroad and all of the troops on it from here to Stevenson, together with all of the troops at this place.

"I came down here last evening on the cars, and sent back a special train and brought down the men this morning. I found Colonel Chapman here with A and B. K is at Whitesburg and C at Claysville. F is on the road here. The Adjutant, Jerry, and a good many men with the ague are at Claysville. General Granger is up the railroad somewhere at a threatened point and I have not seen him. I have sent for the Adjutant and Jerry.

"We are cut off from Nashville and I don't know when you will get this letter. Wheeler has been in there and cut the railroads. I will write just the same. I have just issued an order assuming my command. The General in his order gives me power to move troops wherever I think they are needed, and orders me to meet the enemy wherever they make their appearance and 'Strike to scatter and destroy.'

"We shall have rooms for the present in one of the largest houses in town, owned and occupied by an old widow, Mrs. Rice."

"Headquarters, R. R. Defenses, M. & C. R. R., Huntsville, Ala., Sept. 6, 1864.—I give you the name of my establishment. I think it quite showy. We have just located this afternoon. We have nice quarters. The Adjutant and I each have a large, carpeted, well furnished room, in the second story of a large mansion very pleasantly located. We have a kitchen in the back yard, where we are to eat and where old Minty, our cook, lives. Jerry, Johnny, and our clerk have pitched their tents just back of the house, and we have altogether the coziest headquarters you ever saw.

"I expect communications will be opened to Nashville by tomorrow, via Stevenson. You will learn enough of Wheeler's raid by the newspapers not to be surprised at getting no letters from me. Wheeler is west of us, and our troops are driving him toward the Muscle Shoals. General Steadman went through here today with a considerable force to join Rousseau and Granger.

"There is quite a large force of guerrillas south of the railroad on my beat that I intend to drive out as soon as General Granger returns and I can get some cavalry.

"Lieut. Graham was coming through with our wagon train, and camped last night four miles out of Woodville. I hear he was attacked in the night and that Company F, which had just reached Woodville, has gone out to help him. I do not know the result, but shall in a few hours.

"Company F had a man shot and captured the night before they left the river. He was carrying dispatches, and is supposed to be mortally wounded. So you see we have war even here."

"Sept. 11, 1864.—I will write again from force of habit, for the cars do not yet run to Nashville and two letters that I have written to you still lie in the post-office at this place. We learn that the railroads are nearly repaired. General Granger has not yet returned

to Huntsville, and I am tied up here until he does return; then I propose to make an inspection tour to Stevenson and back, and an expedition southeast towards Claysville, to clear the country of guerillas.

“Quite a number of the men are sick with chills and fever, caused by malaria. Captain Norcross and Dr. Horton went to Nashville just before the raid and have not been able to get back. I have sent Captain Kingman to Whitesburg with a detachment of seventy-five men taken from all of the companies. It is a sickly hole and I intend to change the men there as often as once a week. Company C, with the band and a lot of convalescents, is still at Claysville Landing. I have not heard from them for several days. I have no fears for their safety. They are strongly fortified and the gunboats are frequently there.

“I told you in my last of an attack made on Company F. It was a mistake. The attack was made on a company of home guards, about a mile from the train—one killed and one wounded on each side, and ten of the guards (who are loyal men) captured. They were surprised by guerrillas.

“It is a paradise here, where the rude hand of war has not desolated it. Huntsville is a beautiful town. Before the war there was much wealth in it, and it was the pride of the South. The city has not been torn up much, but the country about is devastated.

“General Granger, I hear, is expected tonight.”

“Stevenson, Wed., Sept. 14, 1864.—I am here on an inspecting tour of railroad defenses. I came yesterday, leaving Huntsville on Monday. Went to Bridgeport last night, returning early this morning. I have written several letters during the blockade and you may receive this one first of all. Colonel Anderson, of the 12th Indiana Cavalry, which is a part of my command, is with me. Dr. Horton came here this morning from Nashville,

where he has been during the interruption of our communication."

"Huntsville, Ala., Sun., Sept. 18, 1864.—I wrote to you from Stevenson last Wednesday, returned here the same night, and on Friday I received four letters from you. What a feast I had!

"Everything is quiet here except that there is a gang of guerillas between the railroad and Tennessee river, variously estimated at from 75 to 250 strong, under one Johnson, a Methodist preacher. They do not disturb the railroad thus far, but rob and murder Union men wherever they find them defenceless. General Granger has promised me some troops to make an expedition after them in a few days.

"The 13th has been sent out on the railroad to take the place of another regiment, the 12th Indiana Cavalry, sent to Tullahoma. The regiment garrisons the defense of the railroad to Woodville, twenty-four miles towards Stevenson. Company C is still at Claysville Landing, and Captain Kingman, with 75 or 80 men, is at Whitesburg. While I have my present command I shall remain here.

"I think I have met with a loss here in the way of horses. Now 'horses' is rather a delicate subject for me to write to you upon, but I will venture. The one I bought in Stevenson got lame, and I took a captured horse to ride in his place. Mine got well, but I liked the other and kept him. Both turned out to be capital, good animals, and last Wednesday both of them were stolen out of a little yard where they were feeding, right in the middle of this town. No one is to blame but the thief. We can get no track of them. When I go for Johnson I will try to capture another."

"Huntsville, Ala., Sept. 21, 1864.—I go out as far as Woodville, 24 miles on the railroad, in the morning, but

will not be gone long. They run out a special train for me, so I can return when I please.

“Everything is perfectly quiet throughout my whole command. I have a lot of cavalry out after guerilla Johnson, and they are spreading terror amongst the people who have been guilty of harboring these fellows. If the cavalry fail to smoke him out, I shall try him with infantry and go myself.

“I have a pleasant room in the second story, well furnished, my amiable and excellent landlady (whom I have not seen since we have been in her house) having left the furniture. The room is nearly twenty feet square, and at least fifteen feet high, has a grate, four large windows with blinds outside and damask curtains inside. The floor is carpeted. The furniture is all old-fashioned—an enormous bedstead with high posts and a canopy, spring mattress, bolster, pillows with ruffled slips, sheets and a white counterpane; an arm rocking chair, cushioned; several flag bottomed chairs; a chest of drawers, wardrobe (kept locked), marble-topped washstand, a little table, on which I am writing; large looking glass, a sewing machine, a few lithographs in square, gilt frames; wash bowl and pitcher, some earthen candlesticks and a thermometer, constitute my furniture. The Adjutant has a similar room, with rather more furniture, which we use as an office. There is only a hall between us. Our kitchen and dining room, where old Minty and her little girl, six years old, live, is a few rods back of the house, and Jerry, Johnny, clerk and orderlies, live in their tents in the back yard.

“I think you could stand it if you were here, especially after wintering in a tent. I have sent by Captain Noyes to Nashville to try and get a permit for you and Minerva to come. He is acquainted with Colonel Sawyer, General Sherman’s Adjutant-General, who has power to grant these permits, and thinks he can get it.

He left here for Nashville this morning. No ladies are coming south of Nashville, so far as I know. If you were to apply to him for leave to come he would say to you that if the Government would be as much benefited by your coming as it would be were 175 pounds of corn shipped in your place, he would let you come. Mrs. Moulton wishes to come, and I think to accomplish it she will take an appointment as matron in the hospital at Decatur. Of course, it is entirely inadmissible for you to get here in any such manner."

"Huntsville, Ala., Mon., Sept. 26, 1864.—Forrest, with a large force, is raiding in this region, and I have been up nearly all night for two nights, moving troops, telegraphing, etc. He captured Athens, 25 miles west of here on the railroad, Saturday, and yesterday captured and burned a long trestle work a few miles north of Athens. Reinforcements came down yesterday from Chattanooga to go to General Granger at Decatur, but I received orders from General Sherman's headquarters to turn them about and send them to Nashville, which I did. I infer from this that Forrest is moving north. We hear all sorts of reports about what his intentions are, but can not form any definite idea about it.

"We have a good fort here, considerable artillery and some troops, and will try to give a good account of ourselves if attacked. A train was captured at Athens which had on it a mail. The road to Nashville via Stevenson is still open, but will probably be broken, and we shall have another blockade. I send this to Stevenson and hope it will get through.

"I took all the troops that I could possibly spare from the railroad and sent them to General Granger yesterday. Colonel Chapman took about 300 of the 13th. I do not hear a word from my horses. Two companies of the 18th Michigan were captured at Athens.

"Now, do not worry about me. I, as well as you,

am in the hands of a kind Father, who does all things for the best, and we can trust Him without a fear or doubt. I do not disguise from you that we are environed with perils, but I will try to do my duty and leave the event.

"I hear that recruiting is lively all over the North. This is good news for us, for the men are needed."

"Huntsville, Ala., Thurs., Sept. 29, 1864.—I suppose you learn from the newspapers that Forrest is playing smash in here. He first struck the railroad at Athens. His coming was a complete surprise. He captured the garrison there (a colored regiment) without much of a fight. Just as the surrender took place, reinforcements from Decatur reached there, the most of whom were captured. The 18th Michigan loses 300 and the 102d Ohio, 150 men. He then went north to a heavy trestle work a few miles from Athens and captured two regiments, burning the trestle. Then he moved on to Elk river bridge and captured and destroyed it; after which he pressed forward to Pulaski, where he encountered General Rousseau with reinforcements. They have been fighting, but we do not know the result.

"This morning I received dispatches from Decatur that Forrest moved on Tuesday night towards the Nashville and Chattanooga R. R., in the direction of Fayetteville. His force is 6,000 to 8,000 strong, with plenty of artillery. I keep scouting parties in the direction of Fayetteville constantly. I do not think he will come this way, although when he was at Athens I felt a little squally.

"Heavy reinforcements have come up from the front and have gone toward Nashville, and more are expected. So I think we are out of the woods. Colonel Chapman, with a part of the regiment, is still at Decatur.

"Just at this point I received the following telegram from General Granger at Decatur: 'Strengthen Huntsville all you can. Use every available cotton bale for

traverses in fort to defend against enfilading fire. Thoroughly barricade the streets. Defend all approaches to the fort as completely as possible.'

"I had been doing all this for several days, but, to be certain that everything is right, I started out and made a thorough examination of the works. I do not know whether the General thinks that Forrest is coming this way or not. I keep out scouting parties fifteen or twenty miles towards Pulaski and Fayetteville constantly, but as yet can hear nothing of his moving this way. If he comes, I have a good fort, some artillery and a gallant little garrison, and hope to be able to make a good fight. I think, however, that the order is merely precautionary, as this is the first time that he has said anything about the defenses. If he had information that we were in danger of attack he would have said so. His family are here and have had no communication from him on the subject. Then we can be reinforced in a few hours, if attacked, both from Decatur and Stevenson. The General is feeling very badly. He was surprised. The railroad under his charge is seriously injured and he has lost 3,000 to 4,000 of his command. These are hard blows for any officer to stand up under.

"No doubt you will know the result of operations here before you receive this. I am confident that a vigorous effort is being made by General Sherman to head off and destroy the force engaged in this raid, and I shall expect in a day or two to see large reinforcements moving this way. How fortunate that it did not happen before the capture of Atlanta, when no troops could have been spared!

"I have been much broken of my rest for four or five nights, and am very busy all the time. I am a good deal worn and fatigued with labor, anxiety and loss of sleep, but am well. If any one is ambitious for an important military command in times of peril, or thinks it is a soft

thing to be an officer, I am perfectly willing that he should have a chance to try it on. Oh, it will be paradise, indeed, if I am permitted to sit down at home once more with wife and children, family and friends, and know that the war is over, the flag triumphant, and my duty as a soldier done. Will not that be a happy day for us all?"

"Huntsville, Ala., Oct. 2, 1864.—I keep on writing to you, although I do not suppose that one of my letters has reached Nashville for over a week. Of course, I receive none from you. The railroad over which our mails pass is not used, and the other road is used exclusively to transport troops.

"When Forrest left the railroad, near Pulaski, he went east towards the Nashville & Chattanooga R. R., but, as far as I can learn, has not injured it. On Thursday I sent a scouting party nearly to Fayetteville, 28 miles north of this place, who learned that his army passed through there the night before, going east. The next day I sent another scout in a northeast direction and about 12 miles out. They ran into a large force of the enemy and had a little fight. On their return General Granger, who in the meantime had arrived here from Decatur, sent out another scout on the same road, and soon after we heard them skirmishing some two miles out of town. This was just at night. The scout came in and reported 150 rebels there. They lost one man, killed. We made every preparation for defense. In the evening a flag of truce came in with a communication from the rebel General Buford, saying that he commanded the advance of Forrest's army, and demanding a surrender of the town, fort, troops, etc., at this post. The substance of General Granger's answer was, 'Go to h—l.'

"Some further correspondence occurred during the night, the dispatches purporting to be signed by Forrest himself. He offered to let the citizens have two hours

after daylight to get out of the town. We allowed all to leave who chose to go, and most of them went. There was a terrible panic amongst them. They are nearly all rebels, and General Granger, Colonel Johnson and myself had all told them repeatedly that if we were attacked we would play smash with their old town. It was interesting to see them, on foot, on horses and mules and in all sorts of vehicles, run from their doomed town, as they supposed. They went in all directions, but mainly to the mountains near by.

“Well, about eight o’clock on Saturday morning several parties of the enemy appeared in sight and moved up to within one or two miles of the town. Whenever we could get a fair view of them we let the shells fly at them. They kept pretty well under the cover of the woods, and after an hour or so, there being no apparent increase of their force, we sent out scouts, who at noon reported that the enemy had left and were moving west, saying that they could take Huntsville, but that it would cost them more men than they could afford to lose. So the citizens returned and everything quieted down again. I was up all Friday night, and stayed at the fort last night, but slept most of the time. Tonight I am at headquarters and hope to have a good, quiet, ten-hours’ sleep.

“The 13th had its usual luck, or would have had it had there been a fight. About twenty minutes before we learned that the rebels were in our neighborhood, General Granger started all of them who were here, some 200, on the cars toward Stevenson to remove the wreck of a train that was fired into and ran off the track at Bellfonte the same morning. So they would not have been here at all, except Company E, which we brought up from Whitesburg during Friday night. The regiment returned last evening and this afternoon was sent to its old stations on the railroad.

“Last evening several thousand troops arrived here

to reinforce us. They are commanded by General Morgan, with whom I formed a very pleasant acquaintance at Stevenson a year ago. This force went down towards Decatur this evening on a reconnoissance. While it is in our vicinity we are in no danger of attack.

"We have no knowledge of the size of the force that made this demonstration on us. General Granger thinks it was Forrest's whole force. I do not. I think it was large enough, however, to satisfy them that it could take Huntsville. I was much relieved to have the General here to take the responsibility of the command. I was also much relieved to know that you were in Wisconsin, safe and snug.

"Jerry packed up my traps and carried them to the fort, and then took a musket and went into a colored company we have here and was ready to fight. The officers and men of the 13th are nearly all sick. I have reported the regiment as unfit for field duty, and mean that it shall lie still for a few weeks to recuperate."

"Huntsville, Ala., Oct. 4, 1864.—I am well but completely tired out. The raid seems to have passed us. We find that we were menaced by 4,000 men with artillery, and when they came they no doubt intended to attack, but gave it up. So we have lost another fight."

"Huntsville, Ala., Thurs., Oct. 6, 1864.—We have had lively times, but everything has settled down now into the quiet of utter stagnation, and last night I was allowed to sleep all night without interruption. The night before, just at bedtime, I received information that there were a thousand rebels nine miles from Larkinsville. So I had to put out in the rain and send out reinforcements and telegraph orders, and it was nearly midnight before I got to bed. It turned out to be a small guerilla party. The last we heard of Forrest, he was in the vicinity of Columbia. There are so many troops in

this vicinity that we had no fear of his coming this way again."

"Huntsville, Ala., Oct. 9, 1864.—All is quiet now, Forrest having recrossed the river without being much damaged. There will be a large force kept in this district, no doubt, which will lead to changes, and it is hard to guess how it will affect us. We may remain right where we are, we may be sent back to the river, and we may go to Atlanta. One is just about as likely as the other. We shall know soon.

"I have found one of my horses—the best one—in a contraband camp two miles from town. As father used to say, 'Give a man luck, and a little wit will do.'

"Most of the officers who are entitled to a discharge will take one when the original term of service of the 13th expires. The officers who went home with the regiment last winter are not held by reason of having done so, the War Department having overruled General Thomas in that respect. If the Major goes out, Captain Kummel will be Lieut.-Colonel. We shall not be entitled to a Major, the regiment being below the minimum (806 enlisted men). In that case, Fish may stay as Captain of Company C. If not, Bardwell will be Captain, and I think that Moulton will be a Lieutenant.

"I go up the road tomorrow on an inspecting tour as far as Stevenson. I take a special train and expect to be gone two days. Officers and men of the 13th nearly all sick, but I hope the cool weather will straighten them up."

"Huntsville, Ala., Thurs., Oct. 13, 1864.—I went to Stevenson and back on Monday on an inspecting tour. The regiment is still very sickly.

"Things are very unsettled here, and we are liable to be struck by heavy forces of the rebels almost any day."

"Huntsville, Ala., Oct. 16, 1864.—Everything is

mixed and in confusion with us. The reason is that the rebels are making desperate efforts to break up our communications, and troops are being constantly moved to threatened points. Today I am sending off parts of two cavalry regiments in my command to Nashville to be mounted. Colonel Johnson, the commander of this post, goes with them; and tomorrow morning, in addition to my other duties, I assume command of the post. This will give me about all the work that I can do, but I hope that it will not last long.

"General Granger came up from Decatur and called on us last night. He is very salubrious. His family are here and are quite popular. General Granger's treatment of the regiment and of myself is very kind and considerate, as much so as I could ask and more so than I could expect.

"The campaign now opening will be fought out between Louisville and Atlanta, and we are as much exposed as any other part of the line north of the Tennessee river, or more so. The tide of battle as it surges from point to point along the line may strike us any time, and it is hardly possible that we should escape it entirely, and I do not know that I care to escape it.

"I am weighed down with care and responsibility, and that responsibility is terrific, for it has to do with human life. Then I am torn away and kept year after year from home and family, and they seem dearer to me every day; and further, I lead a life of constant peril and uncertainty. All these things," added to the fact that the best years of my life are passing away and we are getting poorer every year financially, do sometimes press on my feelings pretty snug. When I last wrote I was not very well. I am better now, but everybody else is sick. I have a fine command; my reputation as an officer and gentleman is first-rate, and my military standing, position and character are all I could desire."

"Huntsville, Ala., Oct. 19, 1864.—I took command of this post on Monday morning and I do not have any more leisure. I write this while I am waiting for dinner. Hood has, or has had, a large force up towards Chattanooga. We hear that he is backing out, but know nothing about it. There are plenty of troops up that way to take care of him. We know nothing of Forrest's movements since he crossed the river. I do not think he will try another raid till we get the railroad which he destroyed repaired. If he comes here we usually have troops enough to make a pretty good fight."

"Huntsville Landing, Ala., Sunday, Oct. 23, 1864.—I go on a tour of inspection up the railroad tomorrow and expect to be gone two days. Lieut.-Colonel Horner, 18th Michigan Provost Marshal here, will command in my absence. We expect some more troops here soon, and if we remain here I shall probably retain my railroad defense command and move headquarters to Larkinsville. That arrangement will suit me very well. I hope matters will settle down before a great while so that I can form some idea where I shall be the coming winter.

"Lieutenant Bowerman's resignation has been accepted and I hear that he has gone home. A new order from the War Department holds in the service all those officers who had a veteran furlough with their regiments. It affects several of our officers who were intending to leave.

"Fifty or sixty recruits came to the regiment the other day, and we sent up to find a clerk amongst them. They sent us one, and it was George Larson. I was taken completely by surprise.

"Colonel Chapman has gone to Nashville to see about mustering out the non-veterans. The health of the regiment is improving."

"Oct. 27, 1864.—Hood's army passed us within fif-

teen miles of Whitesburg, and yesterday they attacked Decatur. They fought all the afternoon, and our troops drove them off. I have no particulars, although I get dispatches from there every hour. We heard the artillery plainly here. There are 150 of the 13th there, commanded by Captain Blake. I think our losses are light, as our forces had fortifications to shelter them. I do not think they are fighting much today. The probability is that the rebel army has moved down the river on the south side towards Tuscumbia.

"We just got information from a scout that our army is in hot pursuit and can not be far behind. It was said to have been at Gadsden on the Coosa river last Monday night. I have a number of first-class scouts and spies that I have kept at work on the other side of the river, mostly tracking Hood's movements. I think I have furnished General Thomas with the earliest and most authentic information he has had of the operations of the rebel army for the past week.

"General Granger was here when the attack commenced at Decatur, but left for that place immediately.* He has drawn away nearly all the force from here to Decatur and Whitesburg. All of these operations keep me

* They thought Hood's army was moving on the south side of the river, ten or fifteen miles away, and I had some splendid scouts there. After the head of his column had passed south of Huntsville and kept on west, we expected that they would try to cross the river at Whitesburg; but one night at midnight a courier came in with the word that the head of the army had passed the Whiteburg road and was pointed toward Decatur, less than a day's march from where they were. I got the artillery on the cars and had everything ready, because I knew that General Granger would be attacked. I called in all the pickets that I could spare, leaving the necessary pickets around Huntsville, but having the rest ready to march. After dinner General Granger came into headquarters and said, "Colonel, I can not find out anything and I have come up here to find what is going on." I said, "General, you will find out before night what is going on. Hood is advancing on Decatur and will get there before night." He said, "I do not believe it," but as we sat there talking we heard the distant boom of artillery and the General pricked up his ears and said, "What is that?" I said, "It is Hood at Decatur." He said, "It is impossible!" but he realized what it meant. I told him everything was ready and could be started right away and asked him if he wanted me to go with them. By the time he got to the depot everything was ready, and he got to Decatur in an hour. They drove Hood off and he went on down the river, destroying a pontoon bridge.—W. P. L.

up nights and make me lots of work. Adjutant Scott is invaluable to me in this crowd of business, and I have another good Adjutant at post headquarters, so you see I have good help.

"I have had no apprehension of an immediate attack here, yet I am very thankful that you are snug in Racine instead of being here. Hood has to be settled before we shall have much quiet."

"Nov. 3, 1864.—To give you an idea of the way business runs with me, I will give you my experiences after tea Sunday evening. I sat down in my room thinking that everything was quiet and promising myself a comfortable night's sleep, when a messenger galloped up with a dispatch saying that the rebels had opened with a battery on our troops at Whitesburg, which you know is in my command. I immediately went down to post headquarters, sent couriers to Whitesburg with orders, and was making other dispositions to prevent the enemy from crossing the Tennessee river there, when a man rushed into the office pale and almost breathless, announcing that the rebels were near the city on the New Market road in heavy force, and that they were burning every combustible thing as they advanced. Looking in that direction, sure enough the flames of several burning buildings corroborated the story.

"I immediately strengthened my picket lines and sent out scouts to ascertain what was there, gave directions for the disposition of public property, assigned their positions to what few troops I had, went to the fort and made the necessary arrangements there, and returned to headquarters to await further developments.

"In due time the scouts returned with the information that the force was only a raiding party of guerillas and citizens, who had burned some houses occupied by colored people connected with the contraband camp here—and the excitement was over. But all of this took

from one until two o'clock in the morning. In the meantime I received information that two gunboats had arrived at Whitesburg, so I went to bed feeling easy. There were no further demonstrations there.

"The next evening (Monday) I felt sure that all was quiet; when just as I was leaving the office to go to bed, a dispatch from the commanding officer at Larkinsville came, saying that he was attacked. It turned out to be nothing serious, but to find out that, and to make preparations to meet it should it prove serious, took half the night.

"Tuesday night we were moving some troops and had to wait for trains, so the Adjutant remained up all night and I got a good, undisturbed night's rest. Last night for the first time since the rebel army approached us we both slept all night. Yet, for all this, I keep perfectly well. How long our quiet will last I can not even guess. Hood moved down the river from Decatur, but I have no idea where he is. We have had reports that he crossed the Tennessee river to the north side of Florence, but these reports are not reliable.

"Large numbers of troops have gone forward to Decatur and Athens within the last three days, and I feel quite confident that the tide of war has rolled by us once more without striking us. The General has given me more troops here on the river and on the railroad, and I am feeling quite stout. The non-veterans will leave in about a week for Nashville to be mustered out."

"Nov. 6, 1864.—Since Hood has left our vicinity I do not have as much work on hand. We are having quiet times, just enough bushwhacking around us to make us remember that war is our business.

"The health of our men is improving rapidly. Yesterday morning we had a heavy frost, the first of the season. The weather is mild. There are about 160 non-veterans. They go north this week.

"We do not know where Hood has gone, but there is a large force concentrated at Pulaski, ready to strike him if he demonstrates this side of the river.

"Many of the best citizens profess to be anxious to have me remain here in command at Huntsville. My opinion now is that I shall spend the winter in this vicinity, perhaps at Larkinsville. It is a mud hole, but a woman that has wintered at Fort Henry ought not to be afraid of a little mud.

"I go up on Tuesday to vote with the regiment. Old Abe will be elected, but that will not end the war. We have to whip them and disperse their armies to do that. Our people North are deceiving themselves if they expect the war to close on the strength of Lincoln's election. It will have its influence, no doubt, in that it satisfies the people South that we are in earnest, but it will not rout and destroy armies. The hope of the country is the army and ballot box combined. Politics are good in their place, but 24-pounder howitzers are better to bring traitors and rebels to their allegiance."

"Nov. 9, 1864.—I went up to the regiment yesterday and voted for Old Abe. I went as far as Larkinsville.

"It looks less and less like leaving Huntsville, unless we are driven out, which we do not expect at present. I expect the Major down tomorrow to take command of the regiment. I have to work almost every minute of my time.

"Dr. Evans is here. He has been appointed Medical Director of this district and ordered to establish a general hospital here. I have taken a female seminary for that purpose, and the 'females' are very sweet on me, hoping to induce me to rescind the order and take some other building. It can not be done, though."

"Nov. 13, 1864.—I have been to Stevenson, changing troops on the railroad. Was out all Tuesday night and came back last night very tired. A ten-hours' sleep

straightened me up, however, and today I am as good as new.

"I think things are sufficiently settled now for you to come here, and I have just forwarded an application to General Thomas for leave. If granted, I can get it to you soon after the first of December, and if we have any trouble at all this winter it will likely come before that time; but I fear that we shall fail to obtain the permission. An application of the same kind made by the pilot of a gunboat to General Sherman has come back refused, with a statement that the General has prohibited women from coming south of Nashville. Yet the Chaplain got permission for his wife to come and she arrived at the regiment yesterday. This permission came from General Thomas. I think I shall move into another house where there are furnished rooms and where we can have better kitchen accommodations.

"I will tell you now what I have kept still about. I expected that Hood would cross the river and move in this direction, and I had orders from General Thomas what to do in case his army came here. I was ordered to fall back towards Stevenson, resist him at the streams, obstruct roads and retard his movements as much as possible. I think that danger is pretty much passed, at least it will be by the time you get here. With such orders in my pocket, and while there was any prospect of an occasion arising for executing them, I knew that it would be folly to ask General Thomas to let you come.

"I have taken the female college, a treasonable Methodist concern here, for a general hospital; and have had several interesting sessions with the lady proprietors about it. Dr. Evans will move here in a few days to take charge of it.

"I have had some nice presents lately. My chief scout gave me a gold watch, which he took from the dead body of a rebel Colonel killed by him in some fight be-

fore Atlanta. An artist here, Mr. Fry, gave me a beautiful picture of General McPherson, worth \$30, and the chief clerk of our post Q. M. gave me a gold pen."

"Nov. 21, 1864.—We are about moving into another house, where we can have more room and much better kitchen accommodations, besides having the whole house for headquarters. We have contemplated this for some time, but have only just definitely decided to make the change. Mrs. Rice, my landlady, is very sick. Last evening she sent for me. I found her scarcely able to talk. She said she thought she might not recover and she wanted to thank me for all our kindness to her since we have been here. I was with her for half an hour. I hear she is a little better today. We have endeavored to annoy her as little as possible and have improved every opportunity to do her a kindness, in view of her lonely and forlorn condition. For this she seems to be very grateful."

"Nov. 25, 1864.—I sit down this morning to write you the last letter I expect to write from Huntsville for some time. We are evacuating this line. Decatur is already abandoned, and when the troops from that place arrive here we shall take up our line of march for Stevenson. We expect to leave about Sunday. I have been very hard at work ever since we got the order on Wednesday.

"This course is rendered necessary by Hood's movement north, concerning which you are no doubt better posted than we are here. There is no enemy near us, and none is expected; and the evacuation is purely on the ground of military policy.

"We march to Stevenson, and as we shall have no mail facilities until we get there you will not hear from me again as soon as usual. I send some money, \$400, by Colonel Towne, a reliable man. Eighty dollars of this money belongs to ———. I got it from him because he

is rather worthless and has a family of motherless children at Allen's Grove which he has neglected. The enclosed letters from the oldest girl explain their situation. This girl is only fourteen years old. The family must have the full benefit of this money, even though you have to go out there yourself to look after them. At any rate, send the girl some money. In this way you will help soften the sorrows caused by the war, and you thus help the cause for which we are fighting, a cause that grows dearer to me and more sacred every day.

"The citizens here, loyal and disloyal, express much regret that we are to leave. Many of the loyal people, including hundreds of colored folks, are leaving or will leave with us. This evacuating is a terrible job. Fort Henry is not to be compared with it, and that you know was quite a task.

"Business has been lively here today. There are several stores here, and this morning I removed all restrictions from sales and dealers are selling at cost. I bought a pair of boots for ten dollars which would have cost \$18 or \$20 yesterday; and everything else is going in proportion. The reason for this reduction is that it is doubtful whether they can get cars to take their goods away, and they would be cleaned out in two hours after we leave. A great many men are compelled to go and leave destitute families behind them. There will be none left who are liable to conscription, and but few who ever professed loyalty. I have seen a great deal of anguish and almost despair in the last two days, I assure you, and can do but little to alleviate it. I have often thought of you and our dear babes, and thanked God devoutly that you have not been called to these bitter experiences. I issue rations freely to these people, without authority and regardless of personal consequences; but they are liable to be robbed of them as soon as we are gone.

"There will be stirring times in Tennessee for a few

weeks and our communications may be cut off, so if you do not get letters you will know the reason. Our brigade is ordered to garrison Stevenson, and whether the tide of battle is to surge that way time will determine. Direct your letters hereafter to Stevenson. We are all well. Minty is cooking for our march. Jerry says to tell Minerva that he is 'just tollable.' We will postpone for the present talking of your coming South this winter."





Stevenson, Ala., Dec. 4. 1864.—Here we are, safe and sound. We evacuated Huntsville last Sunday morning, went to Brownsboro that night, to Paint-rock bridge Monday, to Larkinsville Tuesday, to Bellefonte Wednesday, to this vicinity on Thursday, and came in on Friday. We had pleasant weather for our trip, but we had an immense wagon train, the roads were very bad a part of the way, and I found myself overworked. We were not pursued by any considerable force, but were bush-whacked considerably.

“An immense crowd of refugees and contrabands followed us, not less, I think, than three thousand; and there is much suffering amongst them, as they are all very destitute indeed. General Granger, who marched with us, did everything in his power to alleviate their sufferings, which act raised him in my estimation very much. This refugee crowd was bushwhacked the third day out and a terrible panic resulted. It is reported that a great many young children and infants were abandoned by their mothers. This occurred amongst the contrabands.

“Colonel Given is sick, Colonel Doolittle is North, and I am commanding the brigade until one or the other returns to duty; then I go back to the regiment. There is now no communication with Nashville, and we have but little idea what is going on up there.

“It will not do for you to come here now at all. The whole situation is too precarious and uncertain. Besides, we can get no accommodations. I have a little office for brigade headquarters, in which four of us sleep, and we mess along any way we can. I shall live in my tent when I return to the regiment. Our regiment can

be very comfortable here, but a whole brigade can have but little accommodation."

"Stevenson, Dec. 8, 1864.—I write to you at the usual time, although I am as completely isolated from you as I would be were I in the Fiji Islands. Communication with Nashville is entirely cut off and we have no idea what is going on up there. You, I suppose, know all about it. The last we heard from there was that Hood was near Nashville. I expect to hear next that he has crossed the Cumberland and gone to Kentucky.

"I am still in command of the brigade, but as soon as the road is open Colonel Doolittle will return and take command, when I shall go to the regiment once more I hope. We are hard at work building fortifications and getting ready for any rebel force that may stray off in this direction."

"Stevenson, Ala., Dec. 11, 1864.—We are progressing well with our fortifications. The weather is unusually cold and there is considerable suffering amongst the refugees, and even the soldiers are none too comfortable. Whether we are to have any trouble here with the enemy is uncertain, but I am not looking for an attack. Yet it may come, and we are rapidly getting in that frame of mind that we do not care much if it comes or not. It costs a man weary days and weeks of anxiety, toil, and almost suffering, to do his duty to his country in these times. I have nothing of interest to write about and if I had this letter will probably be a month old before you get it."

"Dec. 15, 1864.—It seems like folly to keep writing letters to you when they accumulate on my hands, yet they may be of some interest to you when you get them. When that will be I can not even guess. The blockade still continues, and except a very few vague and unreliable rumors we know nothing of what is transpiring north of us.

“Our life here is almost perfect stagnation now—nothing of interest going on. I have moved the regiment to better ground and nearer my headquarters, and I spend part of each day there. Then I ride around and look at the fortifications, and visit the regiments of the brigade when the weather is pleasant, and thus manage to get through the day. Our fortifications are nearly complete, and Stevenson is very strong now. I apprehend no attack, however. This uncertainty is wearing.”

“Dec. 18, 1864.—Some time or other you will get a batch of letters from me which I have written during our blockade. In them you will find a history of our movements for a month.

“Well, tonight we got orders from General Thomas to go back and reoccupy the railroad to Decatur; and tomorrow we expect to leave here for Huntsville. We do not anticipate any resistance, and shall probably get there on Tuesday, as we go by railroad.

“The rebels occupy Decatur in some force and we may have to go down and clean them out before we settle down anywhere. We get with the orders to move the news of the glorious victory over Hood, telegraphed to General Granger by General Whipple (Mrs. Sandford's brother), who is General Thomas' chief of staff. Hood is badly damaged and will probably be ruined before he can get his army off—but you already know all about this. You probably will not hear from me again for a week, as communications will be rather unsettled for awhile longer.”

“Huntsville, Ala., Dec. 25, 1864.—I write now with some little expectation that you will receive the letter within a reasonable time, for I hear that they have at last got a mail through to Stevenson for us, which should reach us tomorrow.

“Monday morning General Granger ordered me to take the 13th, the cavalry and a battery and go to Hunts-

ville and assume my old command. I commenced the movement Monday afternoon, the infantry and artillery moving by rail. We knew nothing about the situation of things here, so we advanced cautiously, the cavalry reconnoitering ahead of the train. We reoccupied the place on the 21st, the few Confederates here fleeing at our approach. It has not been strongly occupied during our absence, and we find things much as we left them. The people profess to be glad to see us back here, although I think the most of them lie about that.

"We have taken a comfortable sort of a house for headquarters, partly furnished; and when you hear that Hood's army, including Forrest, is across the Tennessee river and everything gives promise of a season of quiet on this side, if the winter is not too far advanced you may expect marching orders for this place, but not until the tide of war has rolled farther off.

"The next day after we got here my cavalry had a severe fight just a few miles out of town with a part of Roddey's command, and we were victorious. The rebel loss was at least 100 in killed, wounded and prisoners. Our loss is quite light. We have now some 80 prisoners of war captured since we arrived in this vicinity, several of whom are from here. We smashed a new company raised here during our absence.

"General Granger moved down the river with the balance of his command to Decatur, but found the place so strongly occupied that he did not deem it prudent to attack. He returned with his fleet to Whitesburg, came up here and waited for General Steadman, who passed here on Saturday with a large force in that direction. General Granger left me in addition to the 13th, the 73d Indiana, and took the rest of his force down the river again to co-operate with Steadman in taking Decatur. Our force is so large there that the rebels will probably evacuate without a fight. We know nothing of Hood's

army except that it was badly defeated before Nashville and is retreating towards the Tennessee river. He will get across badly damaged; retreat as long as he is pursued; and then halt, reorganize, and in sixty or ninety days will have a force that will require another hard campaign to disperse."

"Dec. 29, 1864.—We have finally got a mail through up to the 15th. Huntsville is rapidly resuming its old appearance, and the citizens generally profess to be pleased with our return. The rebels did but little mischief during our absence.

"We know but little of army movements except those that pass under our immediate notice. I suppose Sherman is in Savannah, and I think the rebels are right when they say that the loss of that city is of but little consequence to them; but the destruction of their railroads on his march, and the capture of their cannon and locomotives by Sherman, is a serious disaster, almost irreparable.

"Hood will lose half of his army, and the balance is powerless for mischief for many months. This is the worst blow the Confederacy has had, but it all avails but little towards closing the war so long as Lee sits defiantly in the gates of Richmond. When that army is routed and destroyed, and not till then, can we begin to look for the war to close.

"I am glad to see a call for 300,000 more men. They will be needed, for the term of enlistment of half the army expires next summer and fall."

1865.

"Huntsville, Ala., Jan. 2, 1865.—Company G, Lieut. Wagener commanding, was surprised and captured at Paintrock bridge on Saturday morning at about four o'clock, and the bridge was burned. Some of the men

escaped. I think there are thirty to thirty-five missing. One man was wounded. The bridge will be rebuilt in a few days. The routine of duty here keeps both the Adjutant and myself quite busy all the time.

“The rebels are across the river, and the campaign virtually over. There will now be a reorganization of the army, and where it will place us is more than I can tell. I presume when the next campaign opens we shall be in the field. I think we ought to be.”

“Huntsville, Ala., Fri., Jan. 6, 1865.—On Wednesday I went up the river to where Paintrock bridge was burned by the rebels on the Saturday before, which used up the day. On my return I found the Fourth Army Corps, commanded by General Wood, coming here for the purpose of refitting for the next campaign. It is about 12,000 to 15,000 strong, and is encamped outside the city. Helping to get them settled, assigning quarters to officers, etc., is what has kept me so busy. General Stanley is the permanent commander of this corps, but he was wounded at Franklin and is absent. I find General Wood a very pleasant gentleman. The presence of the corps here does not affect my command at all.

“Company G loses 37 men captured at Paintrock bridge. The bridge will be repaired tomorrow.

“I think the army will soon be reorganized, and I feel as though they ought to let us go into the field in the next campaign. I am satisfied that the 13th would be better off today had it gone with Sherman last spring than it is now.”

“Huntsville, Ala., 11 o'clock p. m., Jan. 11, 1865.—I write at this late hour because I have had no time to do so before. I am constantly occupied, early and late, and it is with difficulty that I get time to write at all. In addition to my other duties, the command of our brigade is thrown upon me again. Colonel Doolittle is commanding

a brigade in the 23d Army Corps. This is Colonel Doolittle of the 18th Michigan.

"Everything moves along nicely with me. Our town is full of Generals. Wood, Kemble, Beatty, Elliott, Granger, and others are here. My relations with them are very pleasant indeed. Granger and Elliott called upon me tonight. I knew the latter as Colonel of the 2d Iowa Cavalry, and went up the Tennessee river with him in April, 1862, to Pittsburg Landing.

"I am about making an entire change of force on the railroad, and shall probably go to Stevenson in a day or two to superintend the necessary movements. I have received a reinforcement of two regiments, the 84th Illinois and the 18th Michigan, to enable me to increase the strength of garrisons here and on the railroad. When Colonel Doolittle returns I shall be relieved of the command of the brigade, and I hope of the post, so that I can devote my whole time to the railroad and river defenses."

THE FIGHT WITH LYON AT SCOTTSBORO—BRAVERY OF THE
COLORED TROOPS.

(Letter from Colonel Lyon to the Nashville Union.)

Huntsville, Ala., Jan. 14, 1865.

"A fight took place at Scottsboro, twenty miles west of Stevenson, on the evening of the 8th inst., between the forces of the rebel General Lyon and the garrison at that place, consisting of detachments from Company E, 101st U. S. C. T., and from Company E, 110th U. S. C. T., the former commanded by Lieutenant John H. Hull, and the latter by Lieutenant David Smart, the whole under command of Lieutenant Hull. This affair deserves more publicity than it will get through the ordinary medium

of an official report, as it helps settle the oft repeated question, 'Will the negro fight?'

"Lieutenant Hull's command numbered fifty-three muskets in all, but eleven of his men were on outpost duty at the water tanks over one mile west of the depot, in which the balance of the command, forty-two strong, was stationed. Here the little garrison was attacked by the whole force of the rebel General, reinforced by several guerrilla companies that infest that region, and numbering from 800 to 1,000 men, with two twelve-pounder howitzers.

"After skirmishing with the enemy and holding him in check for some time, the garrison was driven into the depot, upon which three determined charges were made, each one of which was repulsed with severe loss to the enemy. The rebels then withdrew beyond musket range and opened upon the depot with their artillery; but the garrison remained in it until it had been struck with four shells, three of which exploded in the building. Lieutenant Hull then withdrew his command to a mountain four hundred and fifty yards distant, cutting his way through the ranks of the rebels, who attempted to intercept his progress, in a hand-to-hand fight. One rebel seized the Lieutenant by the collar, but was instantly killed by him. The pursuit was short. The rebels had been too severely handled to approach within reach of the muskets of these dusky warriors; and, after firing a few random shots with their artillery into the mountain, they left for the Tennessee river. Their loss was one Colonel and seventeen men killed, and forty or fifty wounded. Ours was six wounded.

"The men on duty at the water tank were captured, but before reaching the river they stampeded, at great personal peril, and all of them escaped and are now with their commands.

"There were some interesting incidents that took place during the engagement, worthy to be mentioned.

"After the men had been driven into the depot, Lieutenant Hull went out upon the platform to reconnoitre. The enemy's bullets were flying thickly around him when he discovered his orderly sergeant, a colored man, approaching him. The Lieutenant ordered him back into the building. 'I wish to speak to you,' said the sergeant. 'Very well,' replied the Lieutenant, 'speak quickly'. 'The men don't want to surrender,' continued the sergeant. The response from the Lieutenant was, 'Go back and tell them that while a man of us lives there will be no surrender'.

"The sergeant delivered this message, and a wild shout of joy went up from the beleaguered garrison—a shout that assured their gallant commander that there would be no faltering on the part of his men in the deadly conflict which was rapidly thickening around them.

"Another incident. A colored sergeant named Anderson had his leg torn off by the explosion of one of the shells—and afterwards loaded and fired his musket three times! This brave soldier has since died of his wounds.

"It is worthy of mention that these soldiers were mostly new recruits, and had never before been in action, and a majority of them had not even been mustered.

"The whole affair lasted some three hours, and to give an idea of the desperate character of the fighting I will mention that in one at least of the assaults the rebels came so close to the building that they seized the guns of our men as they were projected through the loopholes in the brick walls of the depot and attempted to wrench them from the grasp of those inside.

"Lieutenant Hull, a resident of Ripley County, Indiana, was formerly an enlisted man of the 83d Indiana, and is a brother, I am informed, of the gallant Colonel

Hull, of the 37th Indiana, whose name is so familiar in the Army of the Cumberland.

"I am not acquainted with the history of Lieutenant Smart, but it is just to add that Lieutenant Hull speaks in terms of the highest praise of his courage and efficiency in the contest.

Respectfully yours,

WM. P. LYON,

"Col. 13th Wis. V. I., Comd'g."

"Huntsville, Ala., Sun. Eve., Jan. 15, 1865.—Sunday brings me but little respite from labor, and it is late in the evening before I can find time to write to you my usual Sunday letter.

"I returned last evening from a trip of two days up the railroad. My principal business was to post and rearrange the troops along the line. I was on the cars all night Friday night, and of course I came home pretty well tired out. Captain Stevens of the 18th Michigan, Brigade Inspector, went with me. I went to Stevenson.

"We have quite a family now, the Brigade Staff being with me, three officers and three or four clerks and orderlies. This will only last, however, until Colonel Doolittle's return. We expect him every day.

"I have just received the commissions for the new officers. They are Kummel, Lieut.-Colonel; Cobb, Captain; Auld, 1st Lieut., and Gibbs, 2d Lieut., Co. A. Hall, Captain, and Cheney, 1st Lieut., Co. B. Fish, Captain; Bardwell, 1st Lieut.; Loucks, 2d Lieut., Co. C. Patchin, 1st Lieut., Co. D. Briggs, 1st Lieut., Co. F. Pratt, 1st Lieut., and Beckwith, 2d Lieut., Co. H. Wemple, Captain, and Hollister, 1st Lieut., Co. K. The rest are the old officers. Captain Randall writes me that under a late order he is entitled to be mustered out of the service and is going out. He veteranized, you know. If there is such an order I think Captains Blake and

Noyes, Lieutenant Balis, perhaps the Quartermaster and Dr. Evans, will go out, which will give a chance for more promotions. I intend to make Matson a Lieutenant in Company G, unless the Quartermaster goes out, in which case I shall probably give him that position."

"Huntsville, Ala., Sun., Jan. 22, 1865.—I was up the railroad looking after matters there last week and returned here last evening. We are just commencing to build block houses for the defense of the road. We make them artillery proof and it requires a great deal of work to build them. I pay more attention to this part of my command than to any other.

"A new order lets out all of our officers who have served three years consecutively in any one grade. Under it Blake, Hewitt, Randall, Balis and Wemple go out. They are all mustered out except Balis, who leaves tomorrow. Captain Kummel was here a few days ago and mustered in as Lieut.-Colonel.

"I have just received an order to go to Nashville as a witness for the defense in the case of Colonel Anderson, of the 12th Indiana Cavalry, who is on trial for ordering a young man, who was probably a guerilla, to be shot last summer at Brownsboro. I shall probably start on Tuesday morning and shall be absent about six days. I will write you from there.

"Everything moves quietly and comfortably here. The presence of an army gives a feeling of security to which I have been a stranger for many months."

"Huntsville, Ala., Wed. Eve., Jan. 25, 1865.—I did not get ready to start for Nashville until this morning, and as the train was detained by the breaking down of a bridge near Brownsboro, I postponed until tomorrow morning. I leave at 6:30, and as the weather is now quite cold for this country I am not much delighted with the idea of turning out before daylight and then

riding in a caboose or box car. There is no change in my command or in the situation of affairs here."

"Huntsville, Ala., Feb. 3, 1865.—I returned from Nashville last evening. Our stay here is uncertain. A good many movements and changes are taking place, and no one can tell how soon our turn will come to be sent to some other field of labor. One division of the 4th Corps has just gone from here to Eastport, and I learn that another division is ordered in the direction of Knoxville. It is possible and quite probable that the remaining division of that corps may be kept on duty here and in this vicinity, in which case we should be sent to some other place.

"If I do not go out of the service next fall, I will try to get a leave of absence next summer and visit you. I can be mustered out September 26th next, but you know I made some promises to the regiment to remain with them.

"When I got back I found that the Adjutant had moved headquarters. We have full as good a place as before. I wrote you from Nashville that Colonel Doolittle had returned and taken command of the post. I have my old railroad command, which gives me enough to do without crowding me. I am very pleasantly situated indeed, if it only lasts. The evidence that I have more leisure is the fact that I write longer letters. This soldiering is rather uncertain business.

"I was handsomely entertained while in Nashville by Major Bigney, and had a pleasant time. Nashville and Edgefield look much as usual; about the same amount of army wagons, mud, mules and shoulder straps as there was last winter."

"Huntsville, Ala., Sun., Feb. 5, 1865.—I have not been more pleasantly situated since I have been in the army. I have just enough to do to prevent time from passing heavily, without being at all crowded. Then I

have good quarters, a pleasant command, and business which suits me. The same doubt and uncertainty hang over our future movements that have kept me from sending for you. Colonel Doolittle, of the 18th Michigan, is making a strong effort to get his regiment in the 4th Army Corps. If he succeeds it may throw me in command of this post again, a position that is an unmitigated nuisance to any one, and which I am anxious to keep out of."

"Huntsville, Ala., Wed., Feb. 8, 1865.—The division of the 4th Army Corps that left here some days since has returned, and we found it necessary this morning to give up our headquarters, and it has taken us all day to find another place. Everything in the shape of a house here is full to overflowing, and I think we shall not be as comfortably situated hereafter. I have not seen the house assigned to us. Moulton and his wife are to live with us. She is to oversee the mess affairs and try to stop some leaks through which we are satisfied large amounts of rations are lost. Ultimately she will probably do our cooking and we will get rid of our negro help. Our expenses are so heavy that the Adjutant and I both thought on consultation that this experiment was worth trying.

"Everything seems to indicate a radical change in our affairs here very soon, either of commanders or location, and perhaps both. I do not think we shall remain in Huntsville long, but where we shall go I have not the least idea. We received 98 new recruits from Wisconsin last evening. Captain Kingman is home on leave of absence and will probably call on you while there."

"Huntsville, Ala., Sun., Feb. 12, 1865.—We have gotten settled and are very comfortable again. We live much better and I think cheaper since we got Mrs. Moulton. We discharged Minty, and by so doing stopped

some leaks. She is a good, faithful woman, but has a lazy, good-for-nothing husband, who was a perfect nuisance to us; and we could not get rid of him without letting her go, too.

"Companies C and G started for Claysville yesterday, but Moulton remains here on duty at our headquarters. The Adjutant has a brother here in business who lives with us. He served three years in an Illinois regiment as a private. I have taken a long ride today through the camps of the 4th Army Corps, visiting the 24th Wisconsin."

"Huntsville, Ala., Wed., Feb. 18, 1865.—I find myself very busy again. Colonel Doolittle left for Nashville this morning, and I have to command the post during his absence, which will be several days. General Granger expects to go North in a few days on leave of absence.

"We live quite in the suburbs of the town, some little distance from where the rest of the officers are quartered. I see Major-General Stanley sometimes, and my relations with him are very pleasant. He remembered me as having served in his command at Corinth.

"An old lady here, a Mrs. Rogers, one of the F. F. V.'s, has just returned from Washington, where she went to try and get her grandson, who is a rebel prisoner, paroled. I gave her a letter of introduction to Senator Doolittle, who has treated her with great kindness and said many nice things to her about me. She thinks I have more influence than any of the Generals in the department, and I hear of her talking about it everywhere. It quite sets me up."

"Huntsville, Ala., Sun., Feb. 19, 1865.—Colonel Doolittle has been promoted to a Brigadier, and this will probably lead to some change in my duties. If he is assigned to some other command, which is quite probable, I will be apt to stay here, permanent commander of the

post. In that case, I think I will try to get the railroad defenses off my hands. All this is on the supposition that our command remains here, which is by no means a settled point yet.

"I ride a little brown mare. She is a perfect little beauty. She would suit you, for she is kind and gentle as a lamb.

"I frequently see General Stanley, and I hear of his saying complimentary things of me. Do you think that if I leave the service next fall I could make a living for us in Racine? I sometimes have my doubts about it. If the war was over I think I could make a *living* here, and a good deal more. There is a splendid opening here for a few good Northern lawyers. Now do not think that I am contemplating moving here, for I make no such calculations, at least not yet.

"Lieut.-Colonel Kummel writes us that a fragment of the 15th Wisconsin, Colonel Heg's old regiment, some sixty in number, has been assigned at their own request to the 13th. They have not yet joined us.

"It seems almost strange to me to live as I now do week after week and not expect an attack; yet up the railroad my men have fights with the guerillas quite frequently. These are usually small affairs, however."

"Huntsville, Ala., Thurs., Feb. 23, 1865.—General Granger is going North on leave of absence, and General Doolittle takes command of the district in his place. It looks so much like our remaining here for some time that I am tempted to give you marching orders for Huntsville. Indeed, I sent to Nashville two days since for a pass for you and Minerva, and hope that by the time I get it, which will doubtless be in a few days, I will see my way clear to tell you to come. Captain Kingman is in Wisconsin, and if you can get ready to come back with him it will be convenient for you. Should the permit be refused, I shall take it as an indication that we are not

to remain here. I do not dare to have you bring either of the children, much as I would like to have them with us.

“The men from the 15th Wisconsin (Colonel Heg’s regiment) reached us last night. I learn that there are some sixty of them. Dr. Cady, our new Assistant Surgeon, has arrived. He lives at Kibbourn City. He used to practice at Canaan Four Corners, Columbia County, N. Y. He knows lots of people that I used to know. I like him.”

“Huntsville, Ala., Feb. 26, 1865.—I took command of the post and brigade again yesterday. General Doolittle has taken command of the district. So I have plenty of work on my hands again and am likely to have for some time to come. I am getting my heart so set on your coming that I begin to feel almost nervous for fear that we shall be ordered away.”

“Huntsville, Ala., March 2, 1865.—I write this morning in the office, surrounded by a crowd of officers, therefore can write but little. I do not hear a word from my application for leave for you to visit me. The failure to answer is equivalent to a refusal, and I fear that we must give it up. There may be a good reason, but I do not believe it, yet we are compelled in this service to endure a good many annoying and humiliating things.

“I see the people North are in high spirits over the evacuation of Charleston and Wilmington, etc. I am entirely unable to see the importance of these evacuations to us. I can not see that these movements will have much influence in closing the war. We must crush and destroy their armies before the war will end, and we are making but little headway in that direction in the East. But we must be patient, and if there is another year of heavy fighting we must not be surprised or disheartened. We are bound to conquer in the end.”

“Huntsville, Ala., March 5, 1865.—I hope the war is drawing to a close; I believe it is. One victory like Thomas’ over Hood is worth more to our cause, does more to put down the rebellion, than the evacuation of twenty cities. It uses up their armies, while the evacuation of these places concentrates their armies and makes them actually stronger. The war will continue until we succeed in dispersing and breaking up their armies. I hope, and almost believe, that Grant and Sherman will do this in the East, as Thomas has in the West; but the people must be patient. It can not be done in a day or a month.

“The most hopeful sign of the times is the activity North in raising troops. I am glad that the Governor gave George Ginty a regiment. He is worthy and capable. I rejoice at his success. I hear that he is ordered to Nashville, and shall be pleased to get him down this way; but the new regiments are being sent towards Chattanooga and Knoxville, and very likely Colonel Ginty’s will go in the same direction.”

“Huntsville, Ala., March 8, 1865.—We are in fine spirits today, for we have just heard that Sheridan has cleaned out Early in the Shenandoah valley, capturing him and nearly his whole army. We all believe this and rejoice, for it is by such blows as these, and these only, that this war will be ended.

“I attended a review of the 4th Corps yesterday. There were 6,000 or 7,000 troops in line and they made a fine appearance. There are no signs of any movement of troops here yet. About 20,000 lie around here doing little or nothing.”

“Huntsville, Ala., Sun., March 12, 1865.—The railroad is again repaired, and the first train came through from Nashville last night. I found out yesterday why everything has worked against your coming here. I received an order assigning the 13th Regiment to the 4th

Army Corps, and this corps commences moving tomorrow for East Tennessee, probably Knoxville. No troops have come on yet to take our place, and it may be some days before we are relieved. At the same time I received a permit for you to come to Huntsville. I am rather pleased to get out of this than otherwise. It is time the regiment moved and had more active duty; and it is more creditable to serve in an army in the field than back in the rear. I am satisfied that I should have lost less men had we gone with Sherman last spring than we have lost by reason of malaria. Beside, if but a small force is left back here, they will be annoyed with raids all summer, and will be in more real peril than we shall be in at the front. I do not see much of a fighting prospect ahead.

“The activity in volunteering at the North is the most hopeful sign of the times. We shall be able to confront the rebels everywhere with superior numbers, which will soon, I trust, finish the war.

“In my next I will send the permit. I do not send it now, fearing you would be the more disappointed when you read this letter.

“The guerillas fired on the train last night between here and Stevenson, killing a soldier and wounding the engineer severely. The guard drove them away. I shall have command of a brigade in the 4th Army Corps, I am told.”

“Huntsville, Ala., Wed., March 15, 1865. We are still here, but expect to get off on Friday or Saturday. I have been relieved of all of my commands, but the regiment is not yet relieved. We expect the troops tomorrow to take our place. It will be some new regiment.

“The 46th Wisconsin, Colonel Lovell, of Kenosha, passed here yesterday for Athens. Colonel Ginty’s regiment, I hear, is at Tullahoma. The movement of the 4th Corps is progressing. One advantage in going to the field

is that my expenses will be less. I have to keep up a General's headquarters with a Colonel's pay."

During the first of March Captain Kingman was home on leave of absence. Before leaving for the South he came to Racine to call upon me. I was expecting a passport in every letter, and was ready to start for the South any day that it should come. I decided to go South with Captain Kingman, for I felt that I could go as far South as Nashville, and thought that if I could go no further Mr. Lyon could no doubt come to Nashville to see me.

I left for the South on the 13th of March, with Captain Kingman and Minerva. We left Chicago at 9 p. m., on the 16th, riding all night. We reached Cairo at 8 o'clock the next evening, just in time to take the boat. The packet Armada was just ready to start, so we went on board immediately, considering ourselves very fortunate, for there were some ladies there who had been waiting three days for the boat.

MRS. LYON'S DIARY.

March 15, 1865.—The boat is tied up to a tree on the Cumberland river. The wind is so high they dare not run for fear of running into the woods, for the banks are all under water. The river has not been so high in fifteen years. The water is up to the chamber windows of all the houses along the shore. Yesterday one of the houses was floating in the river and some men took a boat and went out to it. They found in it the bodies of a man and woman and five children. I presume we shall hear of more such cases. We have seen a number of horses and cattle floating down the river, all dead.

March 16, 1865.—The boat was tied up all night. I wonder if it will be tonight. We rode all day. We thought we saw the body of a man in the driftwood today. We still pass lots of cattle floating in the river.

March 17, 1865.—The boat was tied up again last night. We have gone very slowly today, for we go against a strong tide. We arrived at Nashville after dark.

“March 18, 1865.—I am very tired, for I have not slept much on the boat. I have had no trouble, have not needed any passes, nor has it cost me anything yet excepting porter’s fees. At Smithland we changed boats. Here we took the Cumberland river. We went on the Superior, whose business it is to transfer troops. The 44th Wisconsin was on this steamer. I was the only woman (except Minerva) on the steamer, and felt considerably out of place.

As soon as we reached Nashville I went to a hotel, ordered a room and went to bed. I wrapped myself in my shawl and got into the dirty sheets. There was so much noise in the house that I could not get to sleep until late. I then heard a mouse nibbling at my lunch, which was on the table at the head of the bed. Then the bugs would bite me. I would get almost asleep, when the mouse would nibble again, and so on until morning.

Sunday, March 19, 1865.—Ira Dutton came up this morning from Huntsville, but did not know that we were here. He told me that our regiment is assigned to the 4th Army Corps and is ordered to Knoxville. They would have started today but there was no regiment to take their place. I shall go on to Huntsville, and if they will take me will go on to Knoxville with them. If I can go I can see more of the country than I expected to.

Now I have had some more good luck. Ira just brought General Granger aide-de-camp and introduced him to me. He tells me that General Granger and wife

are going this afternoon to Huntsville on a special train. Major Bigney told him that I wanted to go to Huntsville. After making a short call he left, but soon returned with a note from General Granger inviting me to accompany them this afternoon. I very gladly accepted the invitation. The railroad is now repaired from here to Stevenson, and by going with them I shall go through without waiting at Stevenson, as I had expected to do. Ira asked me if he should send a telegram to the Colonel, but I told him no, that I wanted to surprise him.

March 20, 1865.—I started for Huntsville with Minerva at 2 p. m. Mrs. Granger and her sister were with the General. I had met him before. I found both ladies very agreeable. We had quite a jolly night of it. Our sleeper was a caboose, and our easy chairs were cracker boxes. There were two chairs in the car, which we occupied alternately. Of course, we had to do something to keep awake, as we could not lie down. I thought the General's special car would have a few more conveniences. He apologized for the accommodations, but I was glad enough to go if the accommodations were poor. The road was very rough. It has not been balasted since it was repaired, and this is the first train that has been over it.

Huntsville, March 21, 1865.—We arrived here safely, notwithstanding all the dangers we have escaped. Whenever we would get sleepy, some of the officers would tell of some escape or of the trains being fired into. Ours was a wild train and would not be expected; therefore the General thought it was in no danger of being fired into. When we reached here a beautiful barouche met them at the cars. The General kindly invited me to ride with them, and Minerva rode with the driver. He took the ladies to the hotel and then took us to William's headquarters. I went in and found Mrs. Moulton. William had gone down town.

We reached here about nine o'clock in the morning. They did not expect William back until dinner, so I had a good rest before he got here. When he got back he came up to the room, not expecting to see any one, and was very much surprised to find me here. The first thing he said was, "I have just written for you not to come here. We are ordered away and go in a day or two." But he forgave me, however, for coming. Mrs. Moulton said she would not have been more pleased to see her own sister than to see me.

Jerry also had a great surprise. Mrs. Moulton sent him for something into another room where Minerva was sitting. We were on hand to hear what he would say, and when he saw her he stood perfectly still with his mouth wide open and his big eyes bugged out, staring at her. She said, "Why, Jerry! Ain't you glad to see me?" He said, "Sartain, sure, I thought it was your ghost until you spoke."

March 22, 1865.—There is a railroad as far as Knoxville, and William wishes me to go with him; and if the regiment should be ordered farther, I can return from there at any time; and since I am here he wants me to see all of the South that I can. The band came last night and serenaded us. They play beautifully now. They have improved very much. They always come and serenade me as soon as they know I have come to camp.

Huntsville, March 24, 1865.—William and I went to see the city. It is a beautiful city, the pride of the South. It is beautifully situated. There are a great many very handsome homes here, and every appearance of luxurious living. The colored quarters are all separate from the main house. A great many residents have left their homes and left their houses filled with furniture, carpets and everything, just as they were living here. William has taken the Academy again for a hospital. The citizens do not like it, but there seems to be no other place.

We have orders to start for East Tennessee in the morning.

March 25, 1865.—We started this morning at nine o'clock. The train ran off the track six miles out and had to stay there seven hours. I saw the hills on which the rebels had guns planted and often fired at the trains, especially if they were transporting soldiers. We arrived at Stevenson safely.

March 26, 1865.—Went through Chattanooga and the mountains today. Saw Lookout Mountain, where General Hooker fought and bled above the clouds. The scenery here is very grand. We saw Mission Ridge also. The city is built in the valley near Lookout Mountain. We had our dinner here. The boys built fires and made coffee in a few minutes. We had hard tack and coffee and a little cold meat.

Near Loudon we were going through a ledge of rocks that extends out over the Tennessee river, when an axle broke and two or three of the cars were wrecked. They were smashed into pieces as small as kindling wood. The engine and tender, and I think some baggage cars, went through this ledge of rocks all right. The cars loaded with supplies were broken up the most. A car that the mules were in stood on one end and the poor animals were jammed into the lower end of the car. The regiment were riding on the top of the cars, and when they saw there was something the matter they turned the brakes and ran to both ends of the train and there was not a man hurt. Their thoughtfulness in turning the brakes saved the rest of the train. The caboose that we were in just hung over the river. It was a miraculous escape. They thought that some of the mules would be dead, but they chopped the car open as soon as they could, to get them out. As they got them out they would shake themselves and walk off. Some limped, but none

were killed. We went back to Loudon and stayed until the track was repaired.

March 27.—We took the train yesterday towards night, the road having been repaired. Today we got to Knoxville. We found orders that they were to guard and conduct a train of ambulances across the country, and the men were to march. I expected to go back from Knoxville, but William says that I shall not go home, but go as far as they go with the train, for there is plenty of ambulance room. We went ten miles on a fearful road over the mountains.

March 28, 1865.—We started this morning at six o'clock. We went over the mountains, and forded the rivers. There is only a track for one horse, and we are traveling with six mules. The people here all ride horseback and have no use for roads. I have been very nervous all day. We went through places where there is no road, and it seemed impossible to get through. But we did, however, get through to New Market about five o'clock. We came through Strawberry Plains. Had our dinner there, coffee and hard crackers again.

The 4th Army Corps makes a large army. They put up the tent and we ate our supper and thought we should be there for some time. We fixed up our bed as well as we could and I went to bed. This was my first experience in sleeping on the ground. William and the Adjutant sent over to town and found that they were ordered to go to Bull's Gap at six o'clock tomorrow morning. In coming from town they rode over an opossum. The darkies were much pleased to get it. They sat up nearly all night in order to have it for breakfast.

Now we have gotten to the end of the railroad and we women must go back to Knoxville. The Adjutant goes with us. William left him to take care of us. We had to get up early to get packed again to move.

March 29, 1865.—After the march of yesterday it

took some courage to get started. The Adjutant and Jerry went with us. The Adjutant went to town for a conveyance for us, and we had to say good-bye to our husbands. The Adjutant found a mule team and double wagon, and we all got in with our traps and went to the depot. We waited there for the train, but it did not come on time. After a while we learned that it had run through a bridge and would not be in for several days. The Adjutant then found a place in town where we might stay a few days. We are making ourselves as comfortable as we can. We are staying with a Union family who are Quakers.

New Market, March 30.—Cool and rainy. We find these people very friendly. They are very glad to accommodate us. Mrs. Pierce showed us a room in the center of the house that they built on purpose to protect her husband and boys when they come home. Mr. Pierce is home now. He is not well, and the rebels let him alone, but they are bent on getting the boys, because they are Union boys.

Our life is very monotonous. It seems too bad to stay here when the regiment is so near, only about thirty-five miles from here. Mrs. Moulton and I took a long walk over the hills. It is a very pretty country. A little girl brought me a nice bouquet because we are Union people; but this family are very careful about talking, for fear of being heard. They shut the doors if they want to talk.

April 2.—Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. Moulton and I went to the cemetery. Mr. Pierce is a very strong Union man. When we got there he was not afraid to express himself. He would like to get away from here.

The Adjutant went yesterday to Bull's Gap to help with the month's report. He has returned today. William sent for me to go up there to see him again. They

do not know how long they may stay there. Mrs. Moulton and Minerva will have to go on a wagon with the trunks. They have made up a train with a pony engine and one box car, and that is all there is to use this side of the break in the road. They are not willing to take passengers, but decided that they would take the Adjutant and me.

April 3.—We were nearly all day on the road. Had dinner on the cars, what the men had provided for themselves, about like a soldier's dinner, something to keep the stomach from getting empty. William met us at the depot. We walked to the camp. They have selected a very pleasant spot about half a mile from the depot, and all the way up hill. I was so glad to get there.

Bull's Gap, April 4.—I expect we shall stay here some time, they are so nicely situated. The whole 4th Corps makes a fine show in camp. We shall settle down now and have a nice visit after all.

Later.—We have just had orders to march to Greenville at six o'clock in the morning. What a long rest!

April 5.—We marched through to Greenville, 19 miles. I was the only lady from the 13th. We started off behind balky mules. They ran down every hill, and would not go up the hills. They finally ran off a bridge at the bottom of a hill. Colonel McConnell came to my rescue and I then rode with Mrs. Moody in a pleasant ambulance with the 2d Division. Got to camp and put up the tent to stay. We think we will get a good rest here.

COLONEL LYON'S LETTERS.

"March 19, 1865.—I was awakened about ten o'clock last night by one of the boys, who told me I had a telegram from home but there was no bad news in it. It was

from Janesville, announcing my nomination as Circuit Judge. I am entirely in the dark about the position of affairs there, but if matters are as I suppose I see no earthly chance for my election. I concluded, however, that a defeat would not hurt me much and so accepted the nomination. It is tantalizing to be a candidate for so important a place and know nothing of your position or prospects. The time is so short between the nomination and the date of election that I shall probably lose most of the army vote. I shall not be unhappy about it if I am defeated, and you must not be."

WRITTEN AT GREENVILLE.

"We made a long march and reached here, 75 miles above Knoxville, last evening. We have orders to move on to Jonesboro, 35 miles further. Adelia travels in an ambulance, and we are well and happy.

"The 13th did not vote. I know that I am beaten and I did not care to swell my vote with that of my own regiment. They would all have voted for me. I have never expected for a moment to be elected. I suppose I am defeated by at least 5,000. I know that some of my best friends were committed to Judge Noggle long before I was nominated, and could not do otherwise than support him.

"Everybody is in good spirits over the news from Richmond."

MRS. LYON'S DIARY.

Greenville, April 6, 1865.—There seems to be no rest for us. Yesterday we were indulging in the hope of staying here for some time and had quite a settled feeling. If I had not been tired I would have unpacked my

trunks, but I was fortunate in not doing so. We are again ordered to march to Jonesboro, 35 miles farther. I shall have to go behind the mules again.

We started. The mules ran down the hill as usual, and when we were three miles out we broke an axle. I then rode in an ambulance for ten miles, seated with the driver. Stayed here all night. Some of the boys march right along with us over these mountains to keep the ambulance from turning over, the road is so steep and sidling. I had much rather march than to ride in this way, but they will not allow me to for fear I will get sick; and then we have to ford so many rivers, when I have to be in the carriage. I sometimes think we never can get up and down the bank; but I find it much better sitting with the driver. Since we have been on this march some of the men run on ahead of the regiment, when we are to stop over night, and gather hay or straw, or get pine boughs for me to sleep on. They do not seem to think that I am in the way at all. They have shown me so much kindness in preparing something for me to sleep on, I shall never forget it.

Jonesboro, April 7.—The General sent his ambulance for me to ride in this morning. I am very glad, I shall be much more comfortable. He apologized for not doing it before. He said he thought I had been provided for more comfortably, and that he would see that I was supplied with all the comforts he could command.

We came through very comfortably, and have found a good, large house to live in. We have the parlor, and a large room with a good bed, where we can rest very well.

Jonesboro, April 8.—Find the people very pleasant, although they are rebels. We shall board with them until Minerva comes.

Jonesboro, Tues., April 17.—We have just heard the joyful tidings that William is elected Judge. The first

we knew of it was a shout from the regiment that made the welkin ring. We thought they had got a mail and that they had news of some great victory; so William and I started out to see what the noise was about. As soon as they saw us they shouted, "Hurrah for Judge Lyon". The mail had come and brought papers announcing the fact of his election. We could hardly believe it, it was so unexpected. We had a curiosity to see how many hundred votes he would be beaten by, but had no thought of election. It is two weeks today since the election, and we have only just heard of it. I never saw William so nonplussed. I am so happy I can hardly contain myself, for now William can leave the service honorably and come home. They think now that we will not go farther East, since Lee's surrender.

The 4th Army Corps, we now hear, was sent here to go through to Richmond and reinforce the troops already there. The deserters are daily coming in. This morning sixty of Vaughn's command came here and gave themselves up. The war is over, but poor President Lincoln could not live to see the end. His assassination is awful!

COLONEL LYON'S LETTERS.

"April 17, 1865.—I suppose there is little or no doubt of my election. I was never so surprised in my life, for I never had the least expectation of being elected. I shall come home as early as I can honorably and properly do so, certainly by September and probably before, to make the necessary arrangements and preparations for my new duties. You must not feel too hard towards those of my best friends who opposed me. They had an undoubted right to do so.

"We have just heard the shocking tidings of Presi-

dent Lincoln's assassination. This is an awful thing for the country. It makes my heart bleed."

MRS. LYON'S DIARY.

April 20, 1865.—We have had orders to march back to Greenville. It has rained so much and been so unpleasant that I dread to return the way we came. We were in hopes to go back by way of Richmond. We started at 12 o'clock. It is very warm, roads almost impassable. Bade Jonesboro good-bye.

April 21, 1865.—We started at five o'clock this morning and marched three miles beyond Greenville. It was so warm that many of the boys threw away their blankets, and some threw away their overcoats, they were so burdensome. They say if the war is over they will not need them again. We came to a beautiful spring and the men filled their canteens. I saw one man drop out of the ranks and go and lie in the corner of the fence, and I asked the orderly to tell the surgeon that there was a man left. He came back to see him and found him dead. He had drunk too much cold water, and being so very heated it had stopped the heart's action. There were several ill from the same cause.

April 22, 1865.—We started at five o'clock in the morning so as to get the cool of the day. Had a hard march. Got to Bull's Gap in advance of the other troops.

"Bull's Gap, Sunday, April 23, 1865.—We have sent all the things to the cars. Stayed all day under a borrowed fly to a tent. Captain King invited us to take tea with him. He lives in a part of the depot. We will take the cars here for Knoxville.

April 24, 1865.—Last night while we were waiting

for the cars there came up as hard a thunder storm as I almost ever heard, and so many of us were driven into the depot that the men went into empty cars. The train did not come until after midnight, and as it was then raining so hard and was so muddy, the question was raised as to how I was to get to the cars, but Jerry said that he could "tote" me, which he did. It was nearly night when we got to Knoxville. We were delayed by trains ahead of us being off the track.

April 25.—We got to Chattanooga, had another view of those beautiful mountains, went over this bad road at a tremendous rate, but safely. William got me to playing whist before we got to the Whiteside bridge so that I would not notice it, but I found it out. I had dreaded it. When we first went over it our attention was drawn to it. Standing in the door of the car we could see the engine and a letter S formed by the train between us and the engine. I have never been over such a crooked road, and it made me feel nervous.

April 26.—We stayed on the track all night within seven miles of Stevenson. There was a train off the track ahead of us. There have been so many wrecks on this road that you can not go a mile without seeing where there has been one, so I am told. The guerillas fired at a train in front of us and at one behind us. I think we were fortunate to escape as we did, there were so many dangers, both seen and unseen.

April 27.—We came through the tunnel near Tullahoma. It is 2,226 feet in length and it takes five minutes to go through it, and it is as dark as a dungeon.

We are encamped in a very pleasant spot about seven miles from Nashville, in a grove on a hill, cool and shady. We shall go into Nashville next week and see our acquaintances. There is a rumor that the Fourth Corps is to be sent to Texas, but nothing definite.

When we got off the cars, a sick man was also taken

off who had congestive fever the doctor said. He was lying on the ground and I went to him and asked him if I could make him a cup of tea. He said no, but that he would like to have his face washed. So I got a dish and some water and a cloth and washed his face and hands. He had a high fever and I wet his head. He was very grateful. I then made a cup of tea and some toast, but he did not eat much. [Two days after that he died of *small pox*. I was a little alarmed after I heard of that.]

COLONEL LYON'S LETTERS.

"May 9, 1865.—Yesterday was quite a gala day here. The Fourth Army Corps, mustering 20,000 muskets, was reviewed by Major-General Thomas. The day was very fine and everything passed off nicely. Our women never saw anything of the kind before, and of course were delighted. Adelia brought a side-saddle from home and I have a nice, gentle little mare which she proposes to ride about the country. We are pleasantly situated in a beautiful grove on Mill creek, about four miles south of town, and are enjoying unadulterated camp life. When we were gone a few days ago the boys built an arbor over our tent and made us a rude bedstead. We eat from a rough table set under a tree, and have no floor in our tent.

"We are all watching with great interest the final disposition to be made of the army, with strong hopes that we shall be sent home before many weeks elapse. Certainly there is no more active service for us in this war. The Government has failed to pay the troops as it should. There is eight months' pay due this corps. Adelia will stay as long as the prospect is good for our being soon discharged."

LETTER FROM MRS. LYON.

Tuesday, May 9, 1865.—We attended the review. It was the most gorgeous sight I ever saw. The bugler makes more music in the calls than I ever heard before. He passed in review alone and played all the bugle calls. We had an ambulance at our disposal, and we went around to see the sights. I saw much more of Nashville than I did when we were living there.

I must tell you how our bedstead is made. The posts are four posts driven into the ground, and the end and side pieces are nailed onto them. Some small trees were split and laid on them, the flat side up, and over that is a straw bed. The quilts are in a bad plight. William has gone to bed so often with his spurs on that they are pretty well used up. I frequently got my arms through the holes, but I have had them washed clean and have mended them the best I could, and get along with them the best I can. The blue spread covers it all and looks nice. We can't get any more here. I forgot to tell you about the headboard of our bedstead. There are three boards four inches wide driven into the ground lengthwise. This keeps the pillows in place.

MRS. LYON'S DIARY.

May 11, 1865.—Cold and stormy. We got so cold that we tied up the tent and went to bed to keep warm. It is raining so hard we have had to take a lunch in the tent. We could not build a fire to cook anything, nor set the table out of doors. It cleared off towards night, so we had a fire built before the tent and it made it quite comfortable, and we had a good supper. I often find that our goodies in the trunk come handy.

Camp Harker, May 20, 1865.—They have named the camp "Camp Harker," after some General I believe. There is still no change in our condition. We are to move camp soon. William and I have been to see the place, about half a mile from here, and we shall have more room.

LETTER FROM MRS. LYON TO ISAAC LYON.

Camp Harker, May 24, 1865.—We had a hard thunder storm last night. A heavy storm seems very near when you are in a tent. I would jump at the peals, they sounded so near.

William and I were sitting on a puncheon on the grass, and as George went into the tent he called our attention to a swift on the trunk I had been sitting on a few minutes before. They captured it and I have it in a bottle for you.

We had a call from Father Tracey and Mr. O'Riley. I like Father Tracey very much. He has been with this army corps considerably.

MRS. LYON'S DIARY.

Camp Harker, May 26.—Camp is being moved, with the exception of headquarters, which will be moved when we go to Nashville.

Camp Harker, May 27.—This morning when I first wakened I looked up; and on the upper part of the tent, right over the bed, were ever so many centipedes. I spoke to William. We were quite alarmed and got up and out of that tent about as quickly as we could. They were different lengths, showing they had several famil-

ies. We did not get any of them on us. The men took the tent down and killed all they could find. They said there were numbers of them, but we escaped being bitten.

Camp Harker, May 28.—A large party of us took a trip today to the Hermitage, General Jackson's home. We had two ambulance loads, and nearly all our officers went on horseback, as a body-guard. We went through the garden to the tomb where General Jackson and his wife are buried. At the head of the tomb is a beautiful large magnolia tree in bloom, which filled the whole yard with perfume. There was a great variety of flowers in bloom and Lieut. Knilians bought me a beautiful bouquet of roses. Hickory canes cut on the plantation were also for sale, and I bought two for the two fathers.

We took our lunch, expecting to picnic, but the old servants offered us the use of the dining hall, a large, beautiful room, which they said was seldom opened. There was a very nice mahogany extension table, made in the old fashion, and they brought us the old family china, and gave us all the buttermilk we could drink. (Buttermilk is a great luxury with the Southern people.) We saw the old family carriage, made entirely from the old ship Constitution; but the gray-headed negroes were the greatest novelty about the plantation. Old Aunt Betty said she cooked for General Jackson forty years. They have numbers of visitors. We had a very pleasant day.

LETTER FROM COLONEL LYON.

"Camp Harker, May 29, 1865.—I expect to get a leave of absence, which I have applied for; and in that case we shall go home about the middle of June. I do not like to resign, because I think we shall be mustered out during the summer and I wish very much to stay in

the service to the end of the war. My leave will be for twenty days if I get one. The surrender of Kirby Smith practically ends the war, and saves us probably from being sent to Texas."

MRS. LYON'S DIARY.

Camp Harker, June 1, 1865.—We have moved camp. I found it all done when I came back from town. We take long rides every day. I enjoy it very much now, the mare is so kind and gentle.

Camp Harker, June 10.—We had quite an excitement last night. I awoke with the feeling that there was some one in the tent, and I raised up and saw a man on his hands and knees looking up at me. I screamed, "William, there is a man in the tent." I awoke all the inmates of all the tents around us with the scream. The man was looking for William's trousers, I suppose, and found garments he did not expect to see. He got out very quickly. William jumped up and tried to catch him. He felt under his pillow for his pistol the first thing, but I had objected to his having it when I was there, so he did not find it. He shouted, "Stop that thief," and immediately there were a number of men out of their tents, but they did not know what they were called out for. The man had to run between the tents to get away, and he went like the wind and escaped. Yesterday the Paymaster was here and paid off some of the troops, but he did not pay the 13th. The thief had been through all the tents but one and had taken all he could find, but he did not get anything from us.

June 13.—I am starting for home. General Beatty kindly takes me to Nashville in his ambulance. Adjutant Scott goes North with me.

June 17.—Arrived home at five o'clock in the morning, having stayed over in Chicago a couple of days. Attended the Sanitary Fair.

LETTER FROM COLONEL LYON.

“Wed. Eve., June 14, 1865.—Our transportation starts for Johnsonville tomorrow morning, and General Wood informed me this evening that it is understood that the Second Division also goes tomorrow and our division on Friday. We probably shall not get off, however, before Saturday. If not delayed, I think I can get home by Thursday of next week, but a delay of a day or two at Johnsonville is not at all improbable. So do not look for me until the last of the week. I am very busy getting ready to move, and in the absence of the Adjutant am compelled to look after all of the details of business in person. The men mustered out will get off tomorrow evening.

“I suppose you are steaming through Indiana now. It is intolerably lonesome here since you left, and we need the excitement of a march to help our spirits.”

June 20, 1865.—William reached home on leave of absence for 20 days.

COLONEL LYON'S LETTERS.

“Cairo, Ill., Sun. a. m., July 9, 1865.—We did not get here until after midnight, having been detained sev-

eral hours by a collision ahead of us, fifty miles from here. I found the Major and Lieutenant Fowle in Chicago. Saw nothing of the Adjutant. We leave on the 'Clara Dalson' at 11 o'clock this morning for New Orleans. The weather is somewhat warm here. We get Government transportation from here, which is worth \$10 to each of us, and our meals and staterooms cost us \$20 more."

"On Steamer Clara Dalson, July 12, 1865.—We are now steaming past Milliken's Bend, 28 miles above Vicksburg, where we expect to be before noon. We left Cairo at 2 p. m. Sunday. Arrived at Memphis, 240 miles below Cairo, at 5 p. m. Monday. Were near Helena yesterday morning. Passed the mouths of White and Arkansas rivers and Napoleon yesterday afternoon, and this morning find ourselves here. We are 600 miles below Cairo and over 1,000 miles from Racine. We are yet 400 miles from New Orleans.

"We are having a delightful trip. We have a good boat, and good fare; weather comfortably cool, with considerable rain. We expect to be at New Orleans by Friday. We hear nothing of the corps moving as yet. We have green corn every day, and found plenty of ripe peaches at Memphis. The country is low and flat, but large plantations are becoming more frequent.





New Orleans, Fri., July 14, 1865.—We arrived here at eight o'clock this morning, sound and well. I found that our corps have moved and are moving for Indianola, Texas. Our division went several days ago. Lieutenant Fowle and I leave tomorrow on steamer Zenobia.

"This is a beautiful city and the cleanest one that I ever saw. There is some talk that our division goes to Austin, which is said to be a healthy place. I hope so. I go on board of the steamer soon."

"Green Lake, Texas, Sunday, July 23, 1865.—I wrote you from New Orleans on the 14th inst., since which time I have had no opportunity to get off a letter. I left New Orleans on the morning of the 15th and went down to Corps Headquarters, six miles, where I changed from the Zenobia to a larger and better steamship, on which we left that evening, reaching the mouth of the Mississippi Sunday morning.

"We found a heavy gale blowing on the Gulf from the south, so we lay there until Monday night—the gale subsided—we put to sea and reached the coast near Indianola Wednesday evening. We had a very rough passage, but I was not seasick. We lay at anchor, tossing in a rough sea, unable to cross the bar into Matagorda bay until Friday morning, when we succeeded in getting over and ran up to Indianola, 18 or 20 miles from the Gulf. There we learned that the regiment was here. We took a lighter (a small schooner) and went up the bay 12 miles to Lavaca. Here we found a good hotel and a very nice little town, and remained until yesterday morning; then got a conveyance and came to camp, 15 miles west. The Adjutant overtook us at the Balje,

or mouth of the Mississippi, and transferred himself to our boat.

"I found that the regiment has had a tough time. There was no fresh water at Indianola and they had to march directly here, 20 or 25 miles, which they did in a night, the men suffering badly for water. I found Colonel Kummel very unwell. Mr. Foote was very seasick on the Gulf, and is quite feeble yet.

"My poor boys seemed overjoyed to see me. They gave some hearty yells when I came into camp, and I think I had to shake hands with every man in the regiment during the afternoon. They were getting very restless, but I think they are better reconciled now to their lot. Desertions from the corps are frequent and quite numerous, though much less from the 13th than from many other regiments. The men feel outraged and wronged because they are sent here while so many thousands who have rendered less service are being sent home. It is our principle business to encourage and reconcile them, and I assure you I was needed here and badly, too, for that service.

"You would like to know what sort of a country this is. I will tell you. Everything except the climate is damnable. From this to the coast is one vast, level plain, perfectly naked, without a tree or shrub, covered with a thin growth of coarse grass which affords pasturage to thousands of cattle and horses in a semi-wild state that roam over it in every direction. Snakes, scorpions, tarantulas, centipedes, and almost every venomous and loathsome reptile, abound here, and the streams are infested with alligators. The boys killed one between seven and eight feet long in the lake close to our camp yesterday, and one eighteen feet long has been killed by the command since it came here. Our camp is on a clean piece of prairie which is less infested with these reptiles than are some other locations, though it has oc-

curred several times since they have been here that the boys have found snakes (I think venomous ones) in their blankets.

"This lake is a shallow, fresh water one, from one to two miles wide, which sometimes nearly dries up. The water is as warm as dishwater, but otherwise good.

"I am boarding with our new doctor (Woodruff), Chaplain Foote and wife, Colonel Kummel, Captain Fish and the Adjutant. We get but little to eat, except that we have most excellent fresh beef. This, with coffee and steamed hardtack, is our bill of fare—no vegetables—no nothing that makes eating a pleasure. The country produces nothing in the way of vegetables to speak of.

"When the balance of the corps gets here we shall 'move on,' like poor Joe in Bleak House—probably in a week or two. The First Division goes to San Antonio, the Second to New Braunfels, and the Third to Austin, the capital of the State, which is 150 miles from here. What in the name of common sense we are going there for, or why we are here in Texas at all, is more than I can find out or even guess at, and I am unable to find any one who is any wiser on this subject than I am."

"July 25, 1865.—The weather would be very hot were it not for the trade winds, which come up about nine or ten o'clock in the morning and blow a stiff breeze from the south all day. But we shall lose the benefit of this when we get into the interior probably. Everybody says that the country improves as we advance into it, and that at Austin we will get better water and more to eat. If we do I will apologize for slandering Texas. Do you think I am sorry that I did not resign at Nashville? Not a bit of it. My presence here is absolutely indispensable to the welfare of the regiment, and right here, beyond all question, is my post of duty as long as I can reasonably remain.

"My time expires September 25th, only two months hence, and then I can be mustered out, get my three months' extra pay, and I presume enough mileage to pay my expenses home—neither of which would I get if I resign. So I tell the boys that if my health keeps good I will stay with them until that time. Then it will take me about twenty days to get home.

"At Lavaca I met a brother-in-law of Mr. Sheldon, of Burlington, named Chrysler. Mrs. Chrysler looks just like her brother. They had not heard from their friends North during the war, and of course were much pleased to get recent news from them. They have been here many years, are well off, and are very loyal. I hear of Judge Irvin, our Judge when I commenced practice, living some thirty miles from here on our road to Austin. I hope to see him.

"It cost me over \$80 to get here, the best I could do. I had Government transportation from Cairo. It will cost me more than \$100 to get home, and if I should fail to get my final pay in New Orleans, which is quite probable, I shall just about be out of money when I get ready to start home, and there will be none in the regiment then.

"General Beatty and General Wood have advised Dr. Cady to resign. He is in the hospital at Indianola. He will probably take the advice. Captain Pratt and Lieutenant Loucks have resigned and gone home."

"Green Lake, Tex., July 26, 1865.—I am well and in good spirits, notwithstanding we have nothing decent to eat except fresh beef, and nothing but warm water to drink. I keep cold coffee without sugar in my canteen, and drink that. I have to sleep on the ground, for the reason that there is not a pole nor a board within ten miles with which to build a bunk. Only two more months, and then I will leave for good."

"Green Lake, Tex., July 28, 1865.—The corps gets

here very slowly, and we can not get away from here for some days, perhaps not in two or three weeks, and by that time the order sending us so far into the interior may be countermanded. Indeed, we hear a rumor that we are only to go to Victoria, some 25 miles inland from this point, but the rumor is not very reliable. We are fitted up now so that we are very comfortable, except that we can not get enough decent food.

"The Major reached us on Monday night last. He and I are in the same tent. I have a bunk and mosquito bar over it and sleep very comfortably. Before we got fitted up I lay on the ground outside and a sudden shower one night soaked me to the skin. We have but few flies here. The boys kill lots of alligators two or three miles from camp. Time hangs heavily on my hands, and did I not expect to make one of the dear home circle so soon I should be unhappy."

"Aug. 1, 1865.—Yesterday we received a mail and in it two letters from you of the 9th and 13th of July, the first I have had from you since I left home. It makes me feel as though it had broken up the feeling of isolation that prevails here. The country seems to be pretty healthy and the men seem to improve—I think perhaps because we all live short. I think no army since the war began has been so miserably supplied as is this army. The coarsest and plainest food is all we can get, and even that is frequently scant and of poor quality. There is one advantage in this, and that is that we can not spend much money.

"General Stanley and Corps headquarters arrived here last evening. I do not think we shall go to Austin. The understanding now is that one division goes to San Antonio de Bexar and the other two remain at Victoria, 20 miles from here. Which division goes up the country we do not know. There will probably be no movement for two weeks yet. We all, officers and men, feel

wronged and outraged that we are kept in service. The law under which we volunteered declares that we shall be discharged as soon as the war is over. The war is over. Throughout the whole broad land there is not an organized force of rebels in arms. The people of the South have all returned to their allegiance and in good faith are endeavoring to restore civil government. There is no earthly use for an army here, and yet the Government is paying 150,000 men.

"I do not mean by this that there is so large a force in Texas. Probably there are not 75,000 soldiers here, but the organizations to which they belong contain that number of men. Only a little over half of the 13th is here and none of the absentees return, yet all have to be paid. I am astonished that the people at home do not insist on having the army mustered out on the ground of economy. I myself was opposed to doing it too hastily; but the time has now come when the regular army and the colored troops are ample for all the purposes that an army is required for.

"Of course it makes no difference to me whether this corps is mustered out or not, for I can get out of the service any time. I have already written to you that I have concluded to remain until September 25th, when I am entitled to be mustered out. Then there is a bare hope that the regiment will be mustered out by that time."

"Green Lake, Texas, Aug. 10, 1865.—None of our officers or men from Wisconsin have returned yet, but we expect some of them during this month. The mosquitoes are awful here. The weather has been rainy for some days and they have increased in numbers frightfully. The sleeping in camp is done in the day time mainly. The men have no bars and it is impossible to sleep without them at night, so the men dance all night. They have an old fiddle, and half a dozen fiddlers take

turns at the instrument, and a hundred men at a time break it down in regular stag dance style on the prairie by the hour. Last night they wanted to know if the frolic disturbed me, but I told them no, to wade in and enjoy themselves—yet they kept me awake for hours. My bar affords me ample protection and if I do not get sleep at night I take it in the day time. Looking over the camp now, 11 o'clock a. m., you can not see twenty-five men, yet there are 350 at least in it. They are all asleep. The weather is hot, the thermometer seldom below 80 degrees day or night, usually in the day time from 90 to 95 degrees; but during the day we get a breeze from the Gulf, which relieves us greatly.

“I need not tell you that I am impatient for the time to come when I shall be home again for good. I think when I walk into our shanty, hang up my hat, and take you and our little ones (one at a time of course) in my arms, I shall be about as happy a fellow as you can find around there. I find it necessary to use some restraint or I should be counting the days that intervene before my muster out, but I do not do it, at least aloud. I will say to *you*, however, privately, that it is just 45 days, or one and one-half months.

“If I could take the regiment home with me I should be just about perfectly happy, but I see but little prospect of being permitted to do that. We shall leave in a few days for San Antonio I expect. We do not know when. The First Division has already gone to Victoria. San Antonio is distant from here 120 or 130 miles. It will require about three weeks to get letters there from Wisconsin.”

“Green Lake, Texas, Aug. 15, 1865.—I have but little to write. Weather very hot, mosquitoes very thick, and I continue well. We have rumors that the 4th Corps is to be mustered out. I hope the order will come before my time expires. I find that if I am mustered out

before the regiment I do not get the three months' extra pay. This is very unjust, and yet it is in perfect keeping with the policy pursued by the Government toward us.

"The 4th Corps has been dissolved by a War Department order. Captain Hart has resigned, General Wood, we hear, is ordered to report for duty to General Reynolds, who commands in Arkansas. This looks like a breaking up of the command. In the meantime we keep as patient as we can under the circumstances. We do not do very much soldiering now. No supplies of clothing are sent us—the men are ragged—get scant and poor rations—and of course are restless and dissatisfied."

"Green Lake, Tex., Aug. 22, 1865.—Still no change in our condition or prospects. We keep constantly hearing that we are to start up the country in a few days, yet we see no signs of going. The Adjutant received letters that told him that he ought to be in Chicago by the 5th of next month to proceed with his business arrangements, so he mustered out at once and left last evening. I miss him very much indeed, and can not supply his place. Captain Knilans and Lieutenant Knox (Company I) left here two days ago as delegates to the Union State Convention to be held at Madison on September 6th. Captain Steele has leave of absence and went with them.

"Your letter to Hastings is just the thing. I have shown it to some of the officers and they think it can not be beaten, although I should probably not have advised you to write it, yet I am glad you did so.

"The two doctors in the hospital, steward, Captain Fish and myself constitute our mess. We live cheap, but oh, such living! Our crackers are so old that the worms have taken up their abode in them; but we rap them on the table and nearly all fall out. They are also musty and mouldy, and are not very appetizing. I do

not know but I shall kill myself by eating too much when I get home. The health of the regiment is pretty good now, and I seriously think the principal reason for the improvement is that the doctors are unable to get any medicine. The weather is very warm but the nights are growing perceptibly cooler. Mosquitoes are on the decrease, owing to dry weather."

"Green Lake, Texas, Aug. 27, 1865.—I have not written to you since the 22d, for the reason that we are in the midst of a great storm and no mails have gone out or arrived for several days. It has rained terribly the most of the time for three days and the roads are almost impassable. It seems to be holding up now, and I hope the mail will go out tomorrow. No vessels can get in or go out the pass below Indianola. General Wood, who has been ordered to Little Rock, has been at Indianola for several days unable to get away. The storm comes from the northeast and is unusual for the season. The water has been over the bottom of our tent several times. The men are getting sick a good deal. Ague and remittent fevers predominate, but yield readily to treatment. One trouble is that we can get scarcely any medicine at all. The neglect and utter indifference of the authorities to the welfare of these men is fearful. No supplies of medicine or clothing, very poor rations and insufficient in quality at that—is our lot. This, in addition to being held in service after their contract with the Government has been fully executed, is pretty rough treatment for the men who have breasted the tide of war for four long years and whose valor and fortitude have saved the Government from total ruin. And the most aggravating thing about our situation is that there does not exist the least necessity for our services. For all any good we do the Government we might as well be in the Fiji Islands, and yet we see no indication that the corps will be mustered out soon."

“Green Lake, Texas, Fri., Sept. 1, 1865.—Yesterday we were moving camp about two miles to better ground, and I had to muster the regiment, all of which made a lively day’s work. The health of the regiment is bad. Fully one-third of the men are unfit for duty. The sickness would not be severe, but we have no medicine, and the men get worse and worse for want of treatment. One died in Company F today, an Indian; and we shall lose several more. The officers on the sick list are Captains Kingman and Patchin, Lieutenants Cheney and Beckwith and Colonel Kummel. The latter has applied for a leave of absence and if he gets it will start for home soon. Captain Kingman will be mustered out as soon as he is able to travel. Captain Parker has also sent in his resignation.

“We have a clean, pleasant camp on the bank of the lake, on the bare prairie, not a tree about us. The weather is hot, but we get a breeze every afternoon which makes us comfortable. Mosquitoes are reasonably plentiful and very large and energetic. I find my bar a perfect protection. We get no light on our future destiny, but rather expect to go up the country, at least as far as Victoria. That place is 22 miles from here. I have pretty much given up the hope of being able to take the regiment home with me, which I assure you is a sore disappointment to me.”

“Green Lake, Texas., Sept. 5, 1865.—The days drag along slowly enough, but I keep myself in as patient a frame of mind as possible. Coarse food, poorly cooked, and very poor water, is enough to use up almost anybody; so the sick list is very large. Fully one-third are reported sick—none seem to be dangerously so. In other respects our condition is improving. We get better rations and have received clothing.

“We are terribly troubled with mosquitoes. They

come in myriads and early in the evening drive us under our mosquito-bars.

"The weather is generally very hot. Altogether our situation is not pleasant here and I am anxious for the time to come when I can leave. I ride nearly every afternoon to a farm house between two and three miles from here for a drink of water out of a cistern. It is a great luxury. The country is infested with robbers between here and Victoria.

"I have sent my last \$10 to New Orleans for quinine. It is the only thing to break up the fevers, and it is so long since the regiment was paid that there is no money in the regiment, and while mine lasted it was common property, and a man would be a heathen to not send for the medicine if he had any money. I really needed it myself for comforts, but it may save life.

"I sit here in this pestilential country, surrounded with more discomforts and in more real danger than I have been in for a long time, and wait as patently as I can. I should have been glad to have crossed the Gulf before the equinoctial storms, but that seems out of the question now. No signs of being mustered out, or any movement, at present. I command the brigade and Beatty the division."

"Green Lake, Texas, Sept. 8, 1865.—I have only a moment in which to write. The Adjutant had to come back to get his papers corrected—he was very sick on the way back, but is better. He arrived here yesterday morning. Captain Knilians got paid in New Orleans and sent me \$50 to enable me to get out of this. I sent immediately to Victoria to get an order from General Stanley to muster out now. I expect it tonight. If I get it shall start in two or three days, and hope to be home by October 1st, perhaps a little before. If I do not get it I must stay my time out. If you do not get a letter for a week after you get this you may infer that I am en route

home. The Adjutant leaves this morning for New Orleans, where he will wait for me. Captain Kingman goes with me."

Soon after September 8, 1865, the date of the last of the above letters, the regiment received orders to march to Victoria, and at once moved to that place. As the term of the judicial office to which my husband had been elected was to commence so soon after that time, he felt that it was necessary for him to return to Wisconsin as soon as possible to make preparations for his new duties. He therefore forwarded to the proper officer his resignation as Colonel, which was promptly accepted. He then returned to Wisconsin, reaching Madison about the first of October. Owing to the resignation of his predecessor before the end of his term of office, his judicial duties commenced on the first day of December, 1865, and from that time forward were constant and exacting.

Later an order was received that the regiment return to Wisconsin, to be mustered out of service. It reached Madison the latter part of December, when it was mustered out and the men joyfully returned to their homes and the peaceful pursuits of civil life.



*Address of Colonel Lyon at Madison, Wisconsin, on the
Occasion of the Presentation to the State of the
Battle-Flags of the Wisconsin Regiments.*

(July 4, 1866.)



Governor Fairchild: It now becomes my pleasing duty, in behalf of more than ninety thousand soldiers who went forth from Wisconsin during the late war to aid in the preservation of the Union, formally to surrender to the State, through you, its honored Chief Magistrate, these standards which from time to time it committed to our care.

"It is right and proper that this day, dear above all other days to the hearts of freemen, should be selected for this interesting ceremony. It is meet that these banners should be returned to the keeping of the State amid the roar of artillery, the ringing of bells, the inspiring strains of martial music, and in the presence of these congregated thousands of people, so many of whom have marched beneath them through all these weary, anxious years of war, and through so many scenes of peril and suffering and death. It is well on such a day and on such an occasion that you receive these banners from the hands that have borne them so proudly and so gallantly, and with fitting ceremonies deposit them with the archives of the State.

"They whom I represent today neither expect nor desire that I should enlarge upon the subject of their services or speak the language of adulation. Yet I will not attempt to disguise or suppress the emotions of glad exultation with which I regard these mute yet elo-

quent witnesses of the heroism, the fortitude, the fidelity to duty of Wisconsin soldiers.

“When treason began its wicked work, and when the institutions of freedom and the cause of human liberty were in deadly peril, thousands of our sons rallied around these banners; and at every call of our revered President and Commander-in-Chief, thousands and tens of thousands more rushed to the rescue; and they bore these banners to every field of danger and duty. They carried them in every memorable campaign and through most of the fiercest battles of our terrible struggle for national life. From the Potomac to the distant western frontier, from the Ohio to the Rio Grande, wherever there were foes to face or duty to perform, these banners were borne.

“Some of them waved proudly over scores of the bloodiest battlefields of the war, East and West. They were at Shiloh, Iuka and Corinth; at Perryville and Stone River and Chickamauga; at Mission Ridge and Franklin and Nashville; at Manassas and Fredericksburg and Cedar Mountain; at Chancellorsville and Antietam and Gettysburg—glorious Gettysburg! where you, sir, received the stern baptism of fire and of blood! And many of them were conspicuous in all the battles which marked the triumphant advance of our armies upon Vicksburg and Atlanta and Richmond and many other strongholds of the rebellion.

“But I must not dwell longer upon these inspiring themes. My comrades do not require that I should do so, but they do require that I should improve this most auspicious occasion in their name to thank the people of Wisconsin for their constant sympathy and their untiring devotion to the best interests of the soldiers in the field.

“Those who were not in actual service can never fully understand the value of that sympathy and that

devotion. It was a tower of strength to the soldier to know that at his distant home every patriotic heart felt for him the deepest solicitude, and that in almost every town, village and hamlet throughout his State organized efforts, earnest and presevering, were being made to promote his welfare.

“These considerations nerved his heart and strengthened his arm in the hour of peril. They gave him fortitude when surrounded by circumstances of discouragement, and faith in the ultimate triumph of the cause so dear to his heart. Thus was his patriotism intensified and thus did he become invincible.

“It was the soldier’s duty to toil and struggle and fight, and, if so ordered in the good providence of God, to suffer and die for our cause; but toil was lightened and suffering and death were easier to be borne when he knew that from thousands of devoted hearts constant aspirations were ascending to Heaven for his success and safety, and that if he fell his memory would be kindly cherished by the good and true who cared for him.

“The evidences of the deep interest of our people in the welfare of our soldiers are too numerous to admit of more than a passing notice. It was manifested in the princely contributions to the funds of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, in the active and efficient work of the numerous soldiers’ aid societies, in relieving the wants of the destitute families of soldiers, and in thousands of instances of individual effort and individual sacrifice—all for the same beneficent purpose and all tending to the same great end. And the State, through its Legislature, true to the exalted patriotism of the people, provided as far as practicable by legal enactments for the protection and welfare of our soldiers and their families. It sent out its accredited agents to watch over and care for us and to protect our rights; it gave us

the elective franchise; and it appropriated immense sums in the aggregate for the benefit of our families at home. And from people and State, all through the long and bloody and sometimes apparently doubtful contest—came to us words of cheer and hopefulness and approval that filled our hearts with joy unspeakable.

“It was this spirit that sent the lamented Governor Harvey to the bloody field of Shiloh to minister to the wants of our sick and wounded and dying men; and when the turbid waters of the Tennessee closed over him forever, the same spirit prompted her who was nearest and dearest to him to dedicate her life to the same holy work.

“And it is the same spirit, still fresh and vigorous in our State, that has organized and that fosters and sustains those beneficent institutions made necessary by the casualties of the war—the home for disabled soldiers and for soldiers’ orphans.

“I have alluded to some of the good effects of all this care and solicitude for the welfare of our soldiers; but it developed another and more important result, to which I will briefly refer.

“When the war commenced very many people were deeply apprehensive that our young men who entered the service might return to us more or less demoralized. They feared that the associations of the camp, the irregularities of military life, the absence of the salutary restraints of home, and the necessary familiarity with scenes of violence and blood, might render them less industrious, less moral, less peaceable, and therefore less useful citizens than they otherwise would have been.

“But the war closed and these men returned to our midst and quietly took their places in civil life, showing no signs whatever of the existence of that demoralization which so many feared. The only change we find in them is that they are more thoughtful, more self-reliant

and more earnest men, and therefore better and more valuable citizens than they were before.

“Why is this? I have already hinted at the reason. It is because the people at home manifested so deep an interest in them; because they gave so many substantial evidences of that interest, and maintained intercourse with them so constantly that our soldiers felt themselves ever in the presence of their families and friends. The restraints of social life and the sweet and tender influences of home were ever over and around them, guarding them from evil and preserving their integrity and character.

“Hence the wonderful phenomena of a vast army, which had been in the field for years, disbanded and scattered in every community throughout the whole land, without discord, without demoralization, and without any disturbance of the quiet, peaceful currents of civil life.

“This is a sublime spectacle; and I repeat with emotions of profound gratitude that the most efficient, the most powerful agency in producing a result of such priceless value, was that spirit of deep, heartfelt sympathy for our soldiers, and that active interest in their welfare, so universally manifested by our people at home during the whole period of the war.

“And now, sir, having acknowledged our obligations to our people, I return for a few moments to the theme which the occasion presses more directly upon our attention. These banners are the glorious symbols of our national unity, the material representations of the institutions of freedom and of the patriotism of the people. Like the cross to the believer—to the soldier the flag under which he fights is the cherished emblem of his faith and his hope and the object of his devoted love. To his mind, the honor of the flag is synonymous with individual honor and with the honor and glory of the

State and the Nation, and includes them all. Every patriotic heart cherished the same sentiment.

"Hence do these banners become to us the symbols and emblems and mementoes of all the labors and sacrifices and prayers of all the people for the success of our arms. In this view they have a history; a history eventful, thrilling and glorious in some of its details, and yet inexpressibly mournful and touching and sad in others. A history which may never be traced on parchment or fully uttered by human lips, yet which is written in indelible characters upon the hearts and memories of thousands throughout the land.

"The mother who sent forth her son with prayers and blessings and bitter tears from her peaceful home, to fight and die for his country, and who sits today by her desolate hearth-stone and weeps because he returns no more, and yet who thanks God that she had an offering so valuable to lay upon the altar of her bleeding country; the wife whose husband sleeps his last, dreamless sleep upon some distant Southern battlefield, and from whose life the light and joy and beauty have gone out forever; these, and every sorrowing, desolate heart made such by the war, are amongst the custodians of this wonderful history. So, also, is every soldier who has marched and fought beneath these banners; so, also, is each patriot who has labored in civil life for the success of our arms, or who has breathed fervent prayers to heaven for the triumph of the right.

"But I must hasten to a conclusion. When these banners were entrusted to our care we promised with hands uplifted to heaven that we would defend the honor of the State and the Nation, of which these were the symbols, under all circumstances and to the last extremity; and in behalf of those to whom they were thus entrusted I solemnly declare that this promise has been faithfully performed.

“So we return these banners to the State, from whence we received them. They are bruised and torn and tattered; but, thanks be to God, there is no stain of dishonor upon one of them!

“Receive them, sir, from our hands, and deposit them with the archives of the State. Let us always fulfill our sacred obligations to those who are maimed or who fell in their defense, and to their helpless families; and as we gaze with affectionate veneration upon these sacred symbols of our national faith, let us never forget the lessons of patriotism and of fidelity to duty which their history inculcates.”



*Reunion of Company K, Eighth Wisconsin Volunteer
Infantry, Geneva, Wisconsin, October 8th.*



Comrades of Company K, Ladies and Gentlemen: There can be few more joyous occasions on earth than the meeting of those who in pursuit of some great and glorious object have endured together for years peril, privation and suffering, and who have been long separated by the chances and vicissitudes of life.

"Hence it is that to you, comrades, who so long and so faithfully served together as soldiers in the armies of the Union during the late rebellion, the occasion of this reunion is one of most intense interest and delightful enjoyment.

"The friendships formed between those who voluntarily banded together and went forth to fight, and if need be to die for their country, who marched and toiled side by side, and who stood shoulder to shoulder in the dark and terrible hours of battle and carnage, are among the deepest and most lasting of earthly friendships.

"As you clasp the hand and gaze upon the loved features of each brave comrade, memories of some thrilling scene through which you have passed together, with some memorable event which stirred the hearts of both either with gladness or sorrow, come back to you with the vividness of reality.

"It may be that those memories are of the time when in obedience to a sacred duty you sternly tore yourselves away from the fond embraces of sister, or mother, or child, or wife, who clung to you with such unutterable love, and leaving behind you desolate homes and breaking hearts, your own heart bleeding at every pore, you

for the first time went forth to the fields of war. It may be that they are of the time when the march was weary and long, beneath a scorching southern sun, or through storm and darkness, and when the luxury of repose, even for a brief period and upon the hard earth, was necessarily denied you. Perchance they are of the time that you ministered, oh! so tenderly, to your comrade when disease was upon him and he lay prostrate and helpless, racked with pain or scorched with fever, and no gentle hand or loving voice of sister, mother or wife could be felt or heard to alleviate his sufferings or soothe his fevered brain. Perchance these memories are of the hour when the fierce conflict raged, when the air was filled with the iron messengers of destruction tearing through your ranks, and when the brave, the good, and the true died that a nation might live; or it may be that they are of the time when the rebellion had been crushed and the nation was saved, and amid the plaudits of a grateful people (to use from memory the language of another), "the mustering-out order came and you turned your faces northward, and marched, with joy unspeakable, to the music of "Home, Sweet Home!"'

"These and kindred memories are awakened by this glad reunion of comrades who have been long separated, and they serve greatly to enhance the interest of the occasion.

"But as we mingle here in affectionate intercourse, and live over in memory the stirring scenes through which we have passed, we can not forget that there are many vacant places in our ranks today! They who once filled them can answer no more at our roll calls! We shall meet them no more on earth, for 'The silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl is broken!' They fell before 'the pestilence which walketh in darkness and the destruction which wasteth at noonday.' Their lives ebbed

out on the battlefield, or wasted away in camp and hospital, from wounds or by the ravages of disease.

“ ‘They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,
No sound shall awake them to glory again.’

“With drums muffled and arms reversed, with slow and measured steps, with saddened hearts and tearful eyes, we followed their lifeless remains to their last resting places and tenderly laid them there to await the resurrection morning.

“ ‘Our bayonets earthward were turning,
And the drums’ muffled notes beat around,
But they heard not the voice of our mourning,
Nor awoke to the bugle’s sound.’

“Brave, heroic men! Although life was sweet to you, and your hearts were filled with bright anticipations of the future, yet with a sublime patriotism you freely gave your lives to your country. The tree of liberty has been fertilized and made vigorous with your blood! Your memories shall be cherished, revered and blessed for evermore!

“Surely, while life and sensibility remain to us we shall not fail to render heartfelt tributes of affection to the memory of these, our fallen comrades.

“Nor would we forget those of our number who survived the perils of the war but have since passed away. Within a few days one of these, a good and faithful soldier and a true friend, was suddenly called from our midst. As the years roll on, one after another of our number will also receive the final discharge. But the remnant of our company will meet year after year, as we meet today, and will not forget their dead. The ranks

will be thinned, and the lapse of years will silver the hair and palsy with age the bodies of the survivors; yet shall there be in the hearts of each a tender cord that shall sweetly vibrate with deep and pure affection for the loved and the earthly lost of our little band!

“Let us now turn from the dead to the living. Few more sublime scenes were over witnessed upon earth than that of the mighty uprising of the loyal American people in 1861, to preserve our Government and with it the institution of freedom. With slight exceptions this nation had enjoyed profound peace for almost fifty years. Industry and enterprise were reaping rich rewards. Commerce, science and art were rapidly extending their benign influences. Education was becoming more and more general. Every element of a lofty civilization was in active operation. Outside of the accursed influence of slavery, individual freedom, social, political and religious, was respected and secured. The rule of the Government was so mild and so parental, interfering so slightly with us, that practically we scarcely realized that we had a national Government; and we had come to believe that institutions fraught with so many blessings and under which we had grown to be a great, prosperous and happy nation were in no danger of being assailed, much less destroyed. But we were most grievously mistaken.

“Suddenly, and as unexpectedly as a peal of thunder from an unclouded sky, there burst upon the country the startling intelligence that a gigantic rebellion, having for its object the overthrow of our Government, had been inaugurated, and that armed traitors were seizing our forts, arsenals and munitions of war, which other perjured traitors had wilfully left undefended or placed within their reach. At first the loyal American people were stunned, almost overwhelmed with astonishment. Immediately came the call of President Lincoln for 75,-

000 volunteers for three months. Thousands in excess of that number, among them many of you, tendered their services to the Government and were not accepted. We all earnestly hoped and believed that the storm would soon abate. Soon after the first call, another was made for 300,000 volunteers to serve for three years, or during the war. In response to that call, and after the disaster at Bull Run had made is quite apparent that a long and bloody contest was before us, the most of you volunteered as soldiers in the army of the Union, and from thenceforth for four long, weary years, and until the rebellion was utterly crushed out and the dear old flag waved triumphantly over every State, you bore an honorable part in the great contest for the preservation and perpetuity of the Union.

“It is not my purpose today to speak in detail of your services, or to recount your exploits. These are written in imperishable characters upon the pages of your country’s history. Suffice it now to say that a lofty patriotism, a burning love of country, was the moving power that sent you to the tented field and that renewed your hearts and strengthened your arms to meet every demand upon you, giving you patience and fortitude in times of privation and suffering, and matchless courage in hours when danger and death surround you.

“Many of you came forth from the fiery furnace of war unharmed in body, for which I devoutly thank God; and some of you carry upon your persons the wounds which you received in the conflict. Permit me to say to you who are still suffering from the effects of wounds thus received, you have in your sufferings our deepest and most heartfelt sympathy. We pray earnestly for your entire restoration, and we commend you to the loyal and true as men worthy of the rewards to which those are entitled who in the cause of their country have received the stern baptism of blood and fire.

“Before the expiration of your term of enlistment it became apparent that the war would continue beyond such term, and the Government made an appeal to you to remain longer in the service. You had become veteran warriors, and the continued service of large numbers of these seemed almost indispensable to the success of our arms. You had served faithfully and well for nearly three years. At the close of your term of enlistment you could have retired from the service without any danger of imputation upon your character as soldiers, and without any violation of your duty to your country. And then, too, your souls hungered and thirsted for all of those sweet sympathies and tender endearments of home and family and friends, of which you had been deprived so long. These had been the burden of your thoughts by day and of your dreams by night, through all those years of waiting. And yet, stifling these strong heart-yearnings, many of you, all, doubtless, who could consistently do so, responded gallantly to that call, and re-enlisted as veterans for an additional term of years. Thrice glorious is that page of history upon which is recorded the story of such heroic, self-sacrificing devotion to country!

“I must now be pardoned if I make a few remarks personal to myself. When in September, 1861, we organized Company K at Racine, you selected me as your commanding officer. I occupied that position one year, when I was assigned to another field of duty, after which I saw you no more as a company. The first year of his service is certainly the most trying in many respects in a soldier's experience. But during the time I was thus associated with you I received invariably from each member of the company the most kind and considerate treatment and every reasonable evidence of your respect and affection. I regard that year of service as the most memorable year of my life crowded as it was

with events never to be forgotten. I parted from you with emotions of profound sorrow and I watched your future career with intense interest, rejoicing with you in spirit in your successes and sorrowing with you in your afflictions. I never again expect to be associated with a body of men on earth that I love more deeply; and I shall carry with me to my grave a grateful remembrance of all your kindness. From the depths of my heart I thank you and honor you.

“As the war approached its conclusion and our armies were about to be disbanded great apprehension was felt and expressed that by reason of their long service in the field our soldiers had become unfitted for the pursuits of peace and good men trembled for the effect upon society of this supposed demoralization. This fear was not an unreasonable one, because disastrous results had always before followed the disbanding of large armies. But the army was disbanded, and behold, to the astonishment of men the soldiers quietly resumed their places in the ranks of civil life and became at once industrious, honored and useful citizens. There was no friction, no demoralization, no letting down of the standard of public or private morals. The reasons for this are quite apparent, and I will briefly discuss them here. After the close of the war I had the honor to be selected to return to the soldiers of Wisconsin the banners which they carried through the war. That duty was performed at Madison July 4, 1866, and in some remarks there submitted I discussed this subject more at length than would be proper here.

“Suffice it to say that the reasons for this wonderful fact are to be found: first, in the character of the American soldiers, and second, in the nature of the influences which surrounded them. Our soldiers were fighting to preserve the Government, and for the preservation and extension of civil liberty. They were men of intelligence

and culture, and the nature of the contest in which they were engaged led them to reflect deeply upon the duties and obligations of the citizen to the Government and to society, in peace as well as in war. Obeying the requirements of those duties and obligations in war, at the risk of everything they held dear, was it strange that they should also obey them in peace, and thus become at once good citizens?

“Again, the soldiers were constantly kept within the reach of home influences. Never before was there so deep an interest taken in the welfare of an army by any nation or people. The whole country abounded in agencies and efforts having for their object the comfort and improvement of the soldiers. Amongst these were the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, most beneficent organizations, with the operations of which you are all familiar. Delicate women gave their time to nursing the sick, the mails came to the army loaded with kindly messages of love and encouragement, home bounty in thousands of cases cheerfully relieved the wants of those destitute families whom the war deprived of their natural protectors. The hearts of the people were with the army and their constant prayers ascended to heaven for the welfare of the soldiers and the success of our arms.

“Surrounded by such restraining and purifying influences, our soldiers in the field were as safe from demoralization as though they had remained in their quiet and peaceful homes.

“Citizens: You who for the love of country sent forth your dear ones to the fields of war, you who contributed of your substance to alleviate the sufferings or promote the comfort of the soldiers of the Union, or to aid their families at home when in need, you who spoke or sent to your country’s defenders words of greeting and of sympathy, you who with tender hands nursed

them when they were stricken down with wounds or by disease, you who offered fervent prayers to heaven for their safety and success, can rejoice today that you contributed to this grand result.

“Comrades of Company K: Having testified in the presence of this people of your fidelity in war and peace to the obligations of American citizenship, I must hasten to a conclusion. These institutions of freedom are of priceless value. They are the hope and joy of the world. Struggling, oppressed and down-trodden humanity everywhere hail them with delight, and watch and wait for the time, and pray that it may speedily come, when their glory shall fill the earth. It is our high duty to see to it that these institutions are maintained inviolate. ‘Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.’ You were faithful sentinels when perhaps the safety of armies depended upon your fidelity. Be you also faithful sentinels upon the watch-towers of freedom! Exert all the powers and influence which God has given you to the preservation of that for which you fought, and which we now enjoy, to the end that our children and our children’s children to the remotest generation may enjoy the same rich blessings; and to the end also that by force of our example all kings and princes and rulers of men in all the earth shall be constrained to acknowledge and practice the sublime truths that, ‘All men are equal before the law,’ and that every man upon this broad footstool of God, however lowly his condition, is entitled to ‘life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.’

“Comrades: Our pleasant reunion draws to its close. We must soon separate, but we do so in the joyful hope that this separation will be only for a season, and that many delightful reunions await us in the future. May the God of our fathers bless you and help you and make all your future lives useful, prosperous and happy!”

IN MEMORIAM.

Oration Delivered at Oakhill Cemetery, Janesville, Wisconsin.



I have sometimes doubted the propriety of devoting to the delivery of addresses any portion of the time occupied in these memorial services, which are so appropriately held each year throughout the country over the graves of our dead soldiers. There are conditions of mind that are far better expressed by silence than by words; there are emotions of the heart too deep for utterance. In the first light of a great joy, or in the first darkness of a great grief, the heart turns within itself to revel in its happiness undisturbed or to suffer its affliction in silence and alone. But after the first emotions, whether of pleasure or pain, have passed, and we come to contemplate more calmly the event that has brightened or saddened our lives, we naturally seek the congratulations or sympathy of others and derive a satisfaction in giving utterance to our surcharged feelings.

“This may be our state of mind today. When these brave men whose services we are here to commemorate, fell in the defense of the nation, whether on the field of battle, or in prison or hospital, you bowed your heads and wept. You thought of their sacrifices, of their sufferings, and of their untimely death. You knew that no mother, sister, or wife, was there to wipe the cold death-damp from the brow, or to whisper in the ear of the dying hero those words of love that are so precious to one just entering the dark Valley of the Shadow of

Death. And if the blow fell not upon your own immediate circle (and oh, how few escaped!), you thought of the desolated homes of others less fortunate, and of the hearts crushed with anguish, from which the light and joy and beauty had gone forever. Oh, how feeble and impotent were mere words to give utterance to all you felt! For such feelings there was no appropriate expression but that of deepest silence.

“But since these memorable experiences years have elapsed. Time, which in the good providence of God is ordained to assuage the bitterest anguish—else life would be unendurable to most of us—time has softened the keenness of the pangs we then endured, and we can now with a degree of composure speak to each other of our irreparable loss. Indeed, we can stand, as it were, in the immediate presence of our honored dead, and while our feet press reverently the green sod beneath which they repose, we may derive a mournful satisfaction in recounting the story of their deeds—how promptly they responded to the calls of a lofty patriotism, to do which they were required to tear asunder the dearest earthly ties—how faithfully and unselfishly they performed their ceaseless round of duty—and how fearlessly, even cheerfully, they made the last great sacrifice.

“Whether we regard the nature of the sacrifice or the cause in which it was made, the men who gave their lives to the country in our late terrible struggle for national existence are entitled to the everlasting gratitude not only of every American citizen but of every lover of liberty throughout the world. These men died for the cause of civil and religious liberty. They died to vindicate the capacity for and right of man to self-government. In the words of our late lamented President, Mr. Lincoln, ‘They died that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from

the earth.' In what nobler cause could a man lay down his life? He who dies for the cause of human liberty dies for the cause of justice, of humanity, of religion; for all these depend greatly upon the existence of national and individual freedom.

"And then what shall we say of the magnitude of the sacrifice? Say what we will, moralize upon it as we may, death is a most momentous event. To bid adieu to earth, to close our eyes upon all its scenes of beauty, to surrender its pursuits, its cherished hopes, its sweet affections, and all that makes life so pleasant and joyful—thoughts of these fill the hearts of the purest and best, at times, with dark apprehensions. To solve the dread mystery of death—to go forth upon that journey from which we may return no more—to approach the portals of the untried future world of which we hear so much, and of which, save by the power of a lively faith, we know so little, may well appall the stoutest heart. The sacred influences of divine grace may cheer and encourage us, and give us fortitude to meet our inevitable destiny with composure; but how seldom do poor imperfect mortals rise to that plane of Christian faith which enables them fearlessly to exclaim, 'O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?'

"It is because this is true that in all ages of the world the highest honors have been paid by the living to the memories of those who have given their lives for the good of our race—of those who have died to vindicate some great principle. The martyrs in every good cause have sooner or later received the applause and veneration of the world. The men and women who for their love of Christ were in former ages thrown to wild beasts, or swung upon the gibbet, or burned at the stake, were not more truly martyrs than were those who gave their lives for the salvation of our country and the preservation of liberty. And when, throughout this broad land, thou-

sands of our people assemble on the appointed day in the silent cities of the dead and tenderly strew the first flowers of the glad springtime upon the graves of our martyred heroes, they but obey a most natural and yet a most exalted impulse of the human heart.

"We must not forget that nearly all of those whose heroic deeds we this day commemorate died in the morning of their lives. When they went forth from our midst to face the wild storm of war, their cheeks were flushed with health, their eyes sparkled with love and hope and bright anticipations for the future, their hearts throbbed with pure and holy affections. How beautiful, how full of peace and gladness did life appear to them! Its purest, richest, best treasures seemed within their reach, and they doubted not their ability to stretch forth their hands and gather them and be happy. No fears of disappointed hopes and crushed affections came to mar the beauty of that joyous, glorious future which their ardent imaginations had pictured, for they had not been called upon to endure the sorrows and disappointments which in later years are so prone to cast their dark shadows upon our hearts and wean our affections from this perishing earth. To them their future pathway seemed to be strewed with flowers as bright as those which loving hands are this day scattering upon their graves.

"Blessed be God for the buoyancy, the trusting faith, the lofty purpose, and the pure and holy impulses of youth! These are oases to which the weary, heart-sick traveler over the desert of life may turn and be refreshed. But when the dark hours came, when Treason lifted its head and sought the nation's life, and when it became apparent that the tree of liberty must again be fertilized with human blood, or else wither and die, the effect upon our young men was most wonderful. They were equal to the exigencies of the occasion. From farm and shop

and office, from the halls of learning and from the sacred desk—from every calling and pursuit in life—they rallied to their country's standard, ready to endure toil, peril, and if need be death, that the nation might live. The strong ties of affection, the cherished hopes and plans of life, the grim presence in their path of 'The pestilence which walketh in darkness and the destruction which wasteth at noon-day'—all these were powerless to keep them from the post of duty and danger. This sentiment of patriotism was no transient emotion in their breasts. It was a deep, all-pervading, enduring principle. It made them self-sacrificing, faithful, brave, and yet kind and tender. In a word, it developed them into the full stature of heroes and rendered them invincible.

"I have just alluded to one characteristic of a true soldier upon which I love to speak. I said he was kind and tender. Those of you who saw something of our armies in the field understand this full well. Some of you have seen him in every phase of a soldier's trying life. You have seen him voluntarily and cheerfully take the place of a disabled brother soldier on the lonely and perilous outpost in the immediate presence of the enemy, and there, through hours of darkness and tempest, faithfully keep the ceaseless vigils of liberty. You have witnessed his self-sacrificing, generous spirit manifested in a thousand ways. You saw him nursing his sick comrade with all the ineffable tenderness of women, and you have seen him shed scalding tears when some loved one fell. Oh, how precious are the tears of a soldier over his dead comrade! They show that a tender, loving heart is compatible with the highest courage. So sang some sweet poet long ago in words familiar to all:

" 'Go, watch the foremost rank in battle's wild career;
Be sure the hand most daring there has wiped away a
tear.' "

“Such were the men whose grand achievements and sublime patriotism we this day commemorate. Standing here in this quiet, lovely retreat, set apart for the final resting place of your loved ones, after ‘The silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl is broken’—with the bright sunlight of heaven upon us and all nature rejoicing in the smile of its Creator, with this strange blending of both sweet and mournful influences upon us, standing here upon this thrice hallowed spot, in the mystical presence of our dead heroes, and remembering their patriotism and sacrifices for us and our children, our hearts would be cold indeed did we not experience in some degree the emotions which stirred the heart of Israel’s great lawgiver when the mysterious voice said to him from the midst of the burning bush, ‘Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.’

“But our gratitude is not confined to those of our martyred sons who rest so peacefully here. Our hearts expand to include all who fell in the Nation’s defense, wherever their lifeless forms may repose. These are not all gathered where a grateful people may stand by their graves and scatter these beautiful tokens of remembrance over them. In thousands they sleep where they fell, and sorrowing friends may never know the place. This sad thought is not without its consolations. There is, after all, a propriety in burying a fallen soldier upon the field from which amid the tumult and carnage and wild scenes of battle his heroic spirit ascended to God. Who has not felt the force of this thought when he has read the sad and touching story of the burial of Sir John Moore!

“ ‘We finished our task, and left him alone
On the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But left him alone in his glory.’

“Although we may not literally scatter flowers upon those unknown graves, yet will we do so in spirit; and the honors which we here pay to *our* dead shall be the emblem and symbol of the gratitude we cherish for every fallen Union soldier, wherever his final resting place may be. In this enlarged spirit let this pious observance be continued through the years as they come and go, and let us never weary in rendering due honors to the memories of our illustrious dead.

“‘Bring flowers, bright flowers, o’er their graves to shed,
Fit crowns for the brows of our gallant dead.’

“Turn we now for a few moments to the consideration of another but kindred theme. My duty would be but poorly and imperfectly performed did I fail to speak of our obligations to the living. The dead are at rest, but the living, who have been bereft of their stay and support, have yet to suffer and mourn. Upon the brave hearts and strong arms of these men, aged parents, loving wives, and helpless children leaned and relied. The strong arms are nerveless, the brave hearts have ceased to beat, and parent, wife and child are treading the dark pathway of life in sorrow and alone. They need our warmest sympathy; many of them need material aid. It is our duty and our high privilege to give them both. They have suffered much. When their loved ones went forth to the rough fields of war, the anguish of parting was almost unendurable; but who shall tell the depth of agony that overwhelmed them when the tidings came that the son, or husband, or father had fallen? Words can not express it. None but those whose hearts have been suddenly crushed by some terrible blow can ever appreciate it. There are doubtless thousands of widows and helpless children in our land today made such by the cruel fortunes of war, who, in addition to all this

mental suffering, are living in straightened circumstances, if they do not actually suffer for the necessities of life. The Governments, both national and State, have done much to relieve this class—all, perhaps, that it is practicable for them to do—and yet many meritorious cases are unrelieved. I do not know that there are any such in this community. If there are, those unfortunate persons are entitled to your free and liberal aid. You can not entirely lift from their hearts the burden of their great sorrow, but you may lighten that burden by ministering of your abundance to their necessities. If you will feed them and clothe them, and, as you have opportunity, by kindly offices bind up their broken spirits, there shall fall upon your ear and heart in tones more ravishing than strains of sweetest music, the divine assurance, ‘Inasmuch as ye did it unto these helpless, sorrowing ones, ye did it unto me.’

“We shall now perform the pious rites for which we assembled, and then we go forth from this sacred place to the earnest struggles and unceasing duties of life. But the dead, to whom we pay these tributes of gratitude and affection, go not with us. Their bodies rest peacefully here awaiting the resurrection morning. They shall stand no more by our side on earth to encourage or to console us. With the returning seasons the grass shall grow and the flowers of summer shall bloom upon their graves, and the winter snows shall cover them, and the night wind as it sighs low and plaintively above them shall breathe sadly a dirge and requiem for the dead. Their work is done, ours is not; and we who stand here today will have failed to catch the true inspiration of the occasion if we go not hence with high resolve that from henceforth in the great battle of life we will shrink from no necessary toil, or danger, or sacrifice, but that like these heroic men we will obey the call of duty wherever it may lead us. The highest tribute

we can pay to the memory of those who died for our country—who died for us—is to show by lives devoted to the good of our fellow men, by earnest endeavor to make the world better and happier because we have lived in it, that their example of lofty self-sacrifice has not been lost upon us. Let us rise to the height of the great argument. In the beautiful language of our own illustrious Bryant, let us

“So live, that when our summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
We go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach the grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.’

“Our theme stirs our hearts, and we love to linger here and think and speak of the dead. But we must forbear. The lengthening shadows will soon admonish us that our exercises must close.

“And now, ye patriot martyrs, you may not hear our words of gratitude, or understand our emotions as we perform these affectionate rites over your earthly resting places; and yet, perhaps you are cognizant of them all. It accords with our feelings today to believe that even now your spirits walk the fields of Paradise in the vigor and glory of immortal youth and in the full enjoyment of the rewards which must await those who do their duty on earth. We may not know this certainly, yet our yearning hearts *will* ask:

“Where is your dwelling, ye sainted?
Through what Elysium more bright
Than fancy or hope ever painted,
Walk ye in glory and light?”

“But whether ye hear us or not, we will cherish the memory of your achievements; still will we remember you when we behold the victories of that peace which you helped to purchase with your blood, the growth of liberty, the increase of knowledge and of happiness; the rising, spreading glories of the land you died to save. Still will we render our tearful tribute to your memories; and if wicked men shall again menace with destruction our cherished institutions of freedom, we will come here to learn anew the lessons of patriotic duty, and in the august presence of heroes once more with voice and heart will we pledge life and everything which we hold most dear on earth to the cause for which you died—the cause of truth, of justice, and of liberty.”



Oration Delivered at Waterford, Racine County, Wisconsin, July 4th, 1859.



On this beautiful islet, and in this peaceful 'Temple of the Firmament,' we assemble today, in obedience to a time-honored custom, to commemorate the day and the event from which we date our existence as a free and independent nation.

"Eighty-three years ago this day, in the quiet, peaceful city of Philadelphia, in the old Independence Hall, a scene was enacted which was destined to exert upon the interests of the world, and upon the happiness of mankind, a more important influence for good than any other event which had transpired since the crucifixion and resurrection of the Savior.

"The actors in this great event were the delegates of the thirteen American Colonies in the Continental Congress there assembled—the event itself was the promulgation by that Congress of the Declaration of American Independence.

"It is almost impossible for us at this period of time fully to appreciate the sublime heroism of these men in thus boldly sending forth to the world this great declaration of their rights, and of the rights of humanity. The act itself was treason. In case of failure, the consequences to them and to all who should take up arms in support of the principles by them enunciated would be appalling indeed. By all the rules for estimating the chances of the contest, the failure and defeat of the colonists seemed almost certain. They were few in numbers—sparsely scattered over an immense territory—without arms, without munitions of war; exhausted and

impoverished by bloody, harrassing and expensive Indian wars, the chief burden of which the mother country had compelled the colonies to bear; a hostile, savage foe, infuriated by recent defeats and losses suffered at the hands of the colonists, thronged their frontiers and thirsted for their blood. They had no navy and no fortifications, they were without money and without credit—and, in a word, they were almost entirely destitute of every mere *physical* element of success.

On the other hand, the mother country abounded in all these. She had immense armies and fleets, and vast, boundless resources. She was in possession, by the occupancy of her fleets and armies, of all of the fortifications and strongholds upon this continent. She was engaged in no other war of magnitude at that time, to divert her attention or divide her forces. She was in the very zenith of her power and her influence among the nations of the earth. As has been most eloquently and truthfully said of her at that period, ‘She was rich in arts and in arms, the roll of her morning drum-beat encircled the earth, and upon her dominions the sun never set.’

“Yet, notwithstanding this frightful disparity in physical resources—notwithstanding that to all human appearance the colonies must be crushed in the approaching contest, these heroes faltered not. They knew that the colonies had been denied their just rights and had been oppressed and down-trodden by the mother country. They knew that their most sacred rights had been invaded and destroyed, and they saw no hope in the future that their grievances would be voluntarily redressed. Their motto was, ‘It is better to die free men than to live slaves,’ and they hesitated not to act. To them the path of duty was plain; and although it was the path of danger, perhaps of death, they never faltered in the pursuit of their purpose. Appealing to the Su-

preme Judge of the world for the rectitude of their intentions, and relying with a sincere faith upon the protection of Divine Providence, and pledging each to the other, 'life, fortune and sacred honor,' in its support, they sent forth to the world the glorious Declaration of American Independence—and thus inaugurated the American Revolution.

"It would be a pleasing task today to trace the history of that revolution; to dwell upon the heroism, the fortitude, the unyielding firmness of purpose, the deep devotion to the principles of liberty, the firm reliance upon the justice of their cause and the protection of the Almighty, displayed by our forefathers in that memorable contest. Did not other themes of more pressing, practical importance to us claim our attention today, I should delight to roam, for the brief period allotted me, in these interesting historical fields; to recall to mind the noble heroism of the men and women of the Revolution; to speak of their labors, their sacrifices, and their sufferings, and the glorious results which their valor and wisdom achieved. I leave these delightful themes reluctantly, lingering only to say that the brave actors in the stirring and momentous scenes of the Revolution have nearly all passed away. 'The places that once knew them shall know them no more forever.' There are doubtless those within the sound of my voice today who never have met, and who never will meet this side of heaven, a soldier of the Revolution. The men who fought for liberty and the rights of men at Lexington and Bunker Hill, at Saratoga, Bennington and Yorktown, at Brandywine, at Guilford, at Eutaw Springs and at Camden, and upon all the other memorable battlefields of the Revolution, whether amid the frosts and snows of the North or in the swamps and everglades of the South, have been gathered to their fathers.

“They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle;
No sound shall awake them to glory again.’

“But they live in the gratitude of their countrymen and of the friends of liberty throughout the earth, who will with one accord acknowledge that whatever of superior civil and religious liberty we enjoy, whatever of the elements of power and greatness we possess as a nation, whatever of influence for good our free institutions have exerted and are exerting upon the destinies of mankind, we owe it all to them. And so long as lofty virtue and heroic deeds excite the admiration, and the love of liberty inspires the hearts of men, so long will the memory of these heroes be cherished and loved by the good and the true of every land through all the ages to come.

“I pass to another and I fear to a less interesting theme. The great leading ideas of the Declaration of Independence are the perfect freedom and equality of all men, and that the true functions of human governments are to protect and to preserve that freedom and that equality; or, in other words, that governments were made for the citizens and not the citizens for the government. To us these ideas are truisms. They were not such in the days of the Revolution. The world at that time was imbued with monarchical sentiments and opinions, one of which was that the sovereign and not the people was the source of all power. It is true that some nations enjoyed greater privileges than others, but these privileges were regarded as *concessions* or *favors* granted by the sovereign to the people by the voluntary act of the sovereign, or obtained from him by coercion and force, and were never regarded as rights inherent in the people.

"The famous *Magna Charta*, the pride and boast of the English nation, was extorted by the barons from a reluctant monarch at the point of the sword, and none of them claimed or supposed when they were securing the important rights guaranteed by that instrument, that they were but reclaiming rights originally inherent in the people, which had been usurped by the sovereign.

"Again, even in constitutional governments like England, the idea of the political equality of all men had never been entertained. If rights had been conceded by the sovereign, or wrested from him by force, they were conceded only to, or enured only to the benefit of certain privileged classes, the great mass of the subjects deriving no benefit therefrom. These were mere appendages of the State, not an integral portion of it. Their rights as men were but imperfectly recognized, if at all. They were but the mere instruments of the State to sustain and uphold its power, without any admitted claim upon it for the enjoyment of any rights as men. This was the condition of the masses, and these were the sentiments and opinions which had long ruled the world when the Declaration of American Independence was first promulgated.

"The individuality of man, his rights as such, being almost entirely unrecognized, the sovereign or the State was the absolute lord—the people, the abject subjects; and all grants of privileges, even to privileged classes, were conceded as favors—never yielded as rights.

"It was in such ideas as these that the doctrine of the absolute power of the State over the subject took deep root and flourished—and the universal prevalence of these ideas was the great source of all the wrongs and oppressions which the world had so long endured, and under which humanity had so long groaned.

"It is true that men had lived who saw and realized that these prevalent doctrines were fatal errors, and de-

plored the consequences of them; but it remained for the fathers of the Revolution to make the first successful application in the administration of human affairs of the sublime principles that all men were created free and equal; that be he high or low, rich or poor, each individual is entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that these sacred rights were inalienable, and when a government failed to guarantee and protect them, it became not only the right but the duty of the people to abolish that government and establish in place thereof one which would afford such protection. They say:

“‘We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments were instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; and that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.’ And again, ‘When a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, *it is their duty*, to throw off such government and to provide new guards for their future security.’

“The assertion of these principles was the grand distinctive feature of the American Revolution, as the triumph of them was its chief glory and value. It was a mighty stride in the science of government, the equal of which the world never before saw.

“But these great principles, before they became permanently established, must pass another ordeal. True,

they had been promulgated in the Declaration of Independence, and the battles of the Revolution had been fought, and the blood of patriots shed, to establish and to confirm them. But how was a government to be organized and set in motion, established and made permanent, that should make secure to the people these great principles of equal rights and of individual freedom? How accomplish these, and at the same time preserve the sovereignty of the independent States and secure the proper strength and efficiency of the general government? How should conflicting views and opinions be reconciled and conflicting interests harmonized, so that every element of discord should be hushed and a government reared—compact, simple, strong, permanent, and yet free—a government that should fully realize the hopes, the grand ideal of its founders? These were grave questions, and full of difficulties; but the course of events had paved the way for their successful solution.

“Struggling in a common cause, engaged in the pursuit of a common object, enduring together common privations and common sufferings, through the changing fortunes of a long and perilous war, the people of all the colonies had formed for each other the warmest attachments and had learned to cherish for each other the most profound fraternal feelings. They who at the commencement of the Revolution were as strangers to each other, widely separated by distance and by interest, without any of the ties existing between them which bind nation to nation, or State to State, were then for the first time brought together, and for the first time learned that their hearts beat in unison, and that in their sublime patriotism and love of liberty they were all brothers! From the North and the South, from seaboard and frontier they rallied together around the standard of their common country. Together they faced danger and death, together in the deadly conflict they offered

up their lives a willing sacrifice upon the altars of freedom. The same breeze wafted their expiring sighs, and the same gory battlefield drank their blood. Together they had met and deliberated in council in the darkest hours of the contest, and together had they invoked the Divine blessing and the Divine protection upon their cause. This union of purpose and effort, these fraternal feelings that seemed to pervade all hearts throughout the length and breadth of the land, tranquilized every element of discord and led to a union of the States.

“Again, the dangers and sacrifices of the struggle had led the people to reflect upon and discuss the principles for which they were contending, until the whole people were inspired with an unconquerable devotion to the cause of liberty. The memorable sentiment of Patrick Henry, ‘Give me liberty or give me death,’ was the burden of every heart. This deep, all prevailing sentiment of the people enabled our forefathers to frame and adopt a system of government for the States thus united, which guaranteed to every citizen liberty and equal rights; or, in other words, a system based upon the principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence. Thus it was, through the blessing of Divine Providence, and prompted by the most exalted patriotism, that our forefathers were enabled to overcome every obstacle, to surmount every difficulty, and to establish the first really free government that the world ever saw—the first government that reserved the sovereign power to the whole people, and guaranteed the largest rational liberty and perfect equality of rights to each and every citizen.

“Were any evidence necessary to prove the inestimable value of free institutions in promoting the happiness and prosperity of a people, that evidence is furnished abundantly by our own national experience.

“Three-fourths of a century is but a brief period in the history of a nation, and yet in that time what mighty results have been accomplished! We have already glanced at the condition of the colonies at the commencement of the Revolution. At its close, in 1783, their condition in most of the material elements of prosperity was even worse than at its commencement. They were still without resources, and burdened with a heavy public debt. They had no commerce, no system of education. Agriculture languished, and the arts of peace were neglected; and, superadded to all these, they had but just inaugurated a new and untried system of government.

“I will not stop to draw a picture of the present condition of the country. I leave that pleasant task to my young and eloquent friend who is to follow me. Suffice it for me to say that its progress in all the material elements of greatness has been unparalleled in the history of nations. This wonderful progress is but one development of the value of free institutions. What mind, except that of the Omniscient, can comprehend fully their influence and their priceless worth! The triumph of rational, individual freedom! The recognition of man as man and not as a mere tool or instrument of the State! The equal rights of all men! Perfect liberty of speech, of opinion, of conscience! Who will attempt to fathom their value to a nation, to humanity, to the world! Who shall say how greatly the enjoyment of these for three-fourths of a century by this people has contributed to promote the cause of human progress, or how much it has added to the sum of human happiness! Who, looking down the long vista of the ages to come, though he were gifted with prophetic vision, could form even a faint conception of the mighty influences for good which the triumph of these principles is yet to exert upon the destiny of the human race!

“Here it would be pleasant to stop, or at least to occupy the remainder of the time allotted me in giving utterance to kindred thoughts, or in elaborating those already expressed. But he who is chosen to address an audience of his countrymen on this sacred day has obligations resting upon him which he can not avoid, has solemn duties to perform which must not be neglected.

“If he knows that any of the great fundamental principles of freedom and equality upon which our institutions are based are being violated—if he finds that the attachment of any portion of the people to those principles has become weakened or impaired, it is the duty of the orator upon these occasions (as it is the duty of every citizen upon all proper occasions) to raise the voice of warning, to give the alarm of danger, and not to lull to repose. If there is oppression in the land, if wrong prevail, if fraud and corruption exist in high places, if the God-given, unalienable rights of any class be stricken down, it is his imperative duty (and accursed be he who shrinks from it) to denounce to his assembled countrymen the wrong and the wrong-doer and to call upon his fellow citizens by all the sacred memories of the past and all the glorious hopes of the future, by their veneration for their fathers and their love for their children, by all that is valuable in freedom or ennobling in a patriotic devotion to our country, to arise in their might and by the proper use of the all powerful yet peaceful means within their control, to abolish the wrong and correct the abuse, and to see to it that the Government fulfill the purposes for which it was organized.

“The framers of the Constitution declared in the preamble to that instrument the objects for which the Government was formed. They say:

“‘We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.’

“Does this Government in its practical results come up to this high standard? Is justice established and liberty fully secured? That the *theory* of our Government is perfect, that in its practical operation we have become the most free and prosperous nation that exists or that ever has existed, I joyfully admit; but it becomes my duty to say that thus far we come far short of carrying out fully the beneficent designs of the founders of the Government, that we have thus far failed in many respects to give practical effect to the principles of freedom laid down and inculcated by the early fathers and embodied in the theory of our institutions.

“We can not, if we would, close our eyes to the sad and mournful truth that under the flag of our country, and tolerated and sustained by the legislation and public sentiment of very many of the States of this Union, an institution exists which dooms to hopeless servitude millions of our fellow beings; an institution which denies to its victims every right dear to humanity; which consigns him to a life of ignorance, degradation and servile toil; which reduces him to the condition of a chattel and transfers him like a beast of burden from one owner to another by purchase and sale; which denies him education and social rights; which seals up from him the Bible and almost every other fountain of consolation and knowledge; which tears his wife from his helpless arms and his children from his desolated bosom; which, in a word, renders his whole earthly existence one dark scene of desolation and ruin and unutil-

terable agony! God forbid that we should this day forget our brethren in bonds. Let us remember, though it be with bitter regrets, when the morning of our great national anniversary dawns upon us, and is ushered in by the ringing of bells and the deep, booming roar of cannon, with music and with every other possible demonstration of our great joy; when we meet in village, in town, and in city, in thronging multitudes to celebrate the day and to exult in the consciousness of the possession of so much liberty and in the contemplation of our unexampled prosperity, when every heart is jubilant and every bosom burns with the fires of a lofty patriotism, O! let us then remember that to four millions of the people of this favored land our returning anniversary brings no emotions of delight, that it fails to alleviate in the slightest degree their weary round of ceaseless, hopeless servitude!

"Listen to the mournful eloquence of one of these victims of oppression [Frederick Douglass] upon an occasion like this, speaking to us the sentiments of his afflicted race. He exclaims:

"I am not included within the pale of this glorious anniversary! Your high independence only reveals the immeasurable distance between us. The blessings in which you this day rejoice are not enjoyed in common. The high inheritance of justice, liberty, prosperity and independence bequeathed by your fathers is shared by you, not by me. The sunlight that brought life and healing to you has brought stripes and death to me. The Fourth of July is *yours*, not *mine*. You may rejoice—I must mourn. To drag a man in fetters into the grand, illuminated Temple of Liberty, and there call him to join you in joyous anthems, were inhuman mockery and sacrilegious irony.' How appropriate to the subject and the occasion was the plaintive language of the captive children of Israel, in which language he

from whom I have quoted further bewailed the sorrows of his people.

“‘By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord’s song in a strange land? And well may our sorrowing bondsmen exclaim: ‘How shall the captive in chains join in the anthems of liberty?’”

“Let it not be said that the introduction of this subject gives a partizan character to my remarks. Not so. It is a subject above and beyond mere partisan considerations. It involves the most vital interests of humanity, of morals, of religion, of liberty itself. It is a question that must be boldly met. What time, then, more appropriate for its consideration than when, as is the case today, the whole nation is in council and the cause of human freedom is the subject before it? Although this giant wrong is in a measure beyond our *direct* influence, still it can be reached and its progress checked indirectly, if it can not be entirely eradicated. We can bring to bear upon it the powerful influence of a correct public sentiment. We can prevent its extension. We can withdraw from it the countenance and support of the general government, and thus prevent the reopening of the infamous African slave trade, which is now so seriously threatened. We can prevent wars of conquest for the purpose of extending its area. In short, by united, earnest and persevering effort we can restore the country to its earlier and purer faith and purpose, that ‘Freedom should be national, and slavery, if it existed at all, should be sectional.’

“There have been other serious departures from the original principles and purposes of the government,

which demand our serious attention. I can only glance at some of these. Corrupt men of all parties have been elevated to places of trust and responsibility. The standard of our national morality has often been lowered in our intercourse with other nations. We have not always kept in view the great, fundamental principles of freedom and equality, which it is our especial mission to preserve and perpetuate. We have often as a nation disregarded and violated the immutable principles of justice, which no nation or people may violate with impunity. Intoxicated with the consciousness of our power and greatness, we have too frequently forgotten that 'The Lord, God, Omnipotent reigneth,' and that His smiles and His protection are just as necessary for our preservation now as for the preservation of our fathers when He led them through the danger and peril and darkness of the Revolution to victory and independence.

"The length to which my remarks have extended admonishes me that I must bring them to a close. A few additional remarks upon our duty as American citizens, and I am done.

"The institutions of freedom founded by our fathers, have descended to us, not only to be enjoyed by us but to be preserved, enlarged, improved, and finally to be transmitted unimpaired, strengthened and perfected, to our posterity. We have but a life estate in them, it is true, the reversionary interest being in our children and our children's children to the remotest ages; but we are now the stewards of this precious inheritance, and upon us rests the solemn responsibility of preserving it inviolate and intact for the benefit of those who are to succeed us on the stage of action.

"This responsibility is not confined to our posterity, or to those who may hereafter live beneath the flag of our own country. It extends to all mankind; for the

principles of true liberty which we profess, if fully illustrated and carried out in our individual and national life, will in due time radiate throughout the whole earth, carrying with them destruction to tyranny and deliverance to the oppressed, elevating and ennobling humanity, and beautifying the world.

"All mankind then are deeply interested in this sacred trust. And when impartial history shall have recorded the manner in which we have discharged its sacred obligations, the verdict of the world will be rendered upon our acts.

"But the true patriot requires no such consideration as this to prompt him to his duty. To him freedom is a living, practical reality, and he loves it for its own sake. He loves it because he knows that the enjoyment of it is the only condition adapted to man's greatest prosperity and happiness, and to his highest moral and intellectual development.

"He has a burning desire that everything which interferes with its full, complete and perfect enjoyment be swept away, and that all kindreds and people and nations and tongues should speedily become the recipients of its blessed influences. And when, with something akin to prophetic vision, he looks into the future and obtains a glimpse—faint though it may be—of the peace and glory and happiness ineffable that shall reign over all the earth when the triumphs of freedom shall be consummated, his soul yearns for its speedy accomplishment and the sublime invocation of the poet Heber, though upon another theme, expresses the swelling emotions of his heart:

"Waft, waft, ye winds, the story
And you, ye waters, roll;
'Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole.'

“And these sentiments and aspirations, stirring the very depths of his soul, become vital, permanent principles of action, and prompt him to the faithful and untiring discharge of a patriot’s duty.

“So may it be with us! So may it be with every American citizen! May the contemplation of these subjects, and a just appreciation of the solemn obligations of American citizenship, sink deep into our hearts! With a zeal that knows no change, with a courage that never falters, and a faith that knows no doubts, with united heart and purpose, by every instrumentality within our reach, by fostering education, by promoting virtue, by encouraging industry, and above all by the proper use of a freeman’s peaceful but all-powerful weapon, the ballot, let us labor to purify our own institutions from every taint of oppression and wrong and corruption, and for the triumph of freedom throughout the world.

“Let us labor to hasten the coming of that auspicious day when the patriot’s work shall be done, when wrong and oppression shall cease, and the whole earth, purified, redeemed and free, shall rejoice in the glorious sunlight of liberty forever.”



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